The Orient and Its People

Mrs. Mary E. Phillips



Rajah and Rani---Hindu Prince and Princess.
Nawab and Begum---Muhummedan Prince and Princess.

THE ORIENT

AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY

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SEVEN YEARS A MISSIONARY IN NORTHERN INDIA.

पुस्तक

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PREFACE.

In the Orient are the two vast empires of India and China. In their antiquity, extent, fertility, and greatness of population, they rank first among the nations of the earth. In these two countries are nearly 700,000,000 of people, about one-half of the earth's inhabitants, all bound by the shackles of idolatry, superstition, and ignorance. For the breaking of these fetters, and enlightenment of these millions of our fellow men, we are called upon to sustain Christian missions, in which many Christian people have but little interest, because they fail to realize that the heathen are men and women like ourselves, of the same mental and moral capabilities; that for like reasons we all eat and drink, buy and sell, attire and adorn ourselves; that the same motives prompt the heathen and Christian father to toil for his family; that it is one love, mother love, that calls forth the fond caressings and gentle lullabys of Christian and heathen mothers for their tender babes; that human laughter and human tears have but one language the wide world over; and that the heathen are so near of kin to other

people that only different surroundings, teachings, and religions, seem to cause diversity. I have striven to picture the people of India and China in their every-day life, hoping that some, reading these sketches, may feel better acquainted with our brethren and sisters of those countries; that love and interest, as well as duty, may prompt them to aid in the redemption of that part of Christ's inheritance.

Milwaukee, 1876.

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THE ORIENT

AND ITS PEOPLE.

A GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Hindústán or India is one of the peninsulas of Southern Asia. From its situation and natural resources, it is the richest country of that Continent, "an epitome of the whole earth." To the ancients it was a Wonderland, a Golden Chersonesus, gorgeous with barbaric pearl and gold; redolent of fragrant odors and spices, and densely populated by a singular people, distinguished for their arts, science, literature, many strange customs, and especially for their devotion to a peculiar religion. To the imagination of the Western world, it was a Golconda of riches, a prize coveted by all, which, for nearly thirty centuries, the armies of many kings fought to win for their masters. Its greatest length from Kushmír to Cape Comorin is 1,900 miles, and its breadth 1,600 miles. Its area is 1,527,698 square miles, nearly half as large as all the area of the United States. It is bounded on the north and east by the Himálaya Mountains, and on the south and west by the sea and the river Indus. The Himálayas separate it from Tibet and China.

This is the highest mountain range on the globe, many of its peaks rising from 15,000 to 30,000 feet above the sea. The chain commences in Burmah, and extends to

Affghánistán, a distance of over 2,000 miles. Its width is from 100 to 150 miles. It is made up of a succession of ridges of mountains, running in every direction, according to the course of the streams and rivers that have for ages been furrowing out the valleys. There is scarcely any level land, and that which is cultivated by the millions of people living in the mountains is made into terraces. The farmers commence at the bottom of the valley, build a little wall, and level as much land as possible, then form another wall, and so continue up the side of the hill or mountain. I have seen a tea plantation, the first terrace of which was by the side of the stream in the valley, 4,000 feet above the sea, and the last field over 7,000 feet. Many of the lower hills are cultivated to the very top, on which stands an idol temple, and near it the public threshing floor. The highest places throughout India are selected for the temples.

There are no roads in these mountains, but only paths from one foot to six feet in width. These generally follow the water courses, and when, to shorten the distance, it is necessary to cross a ridge a mile or two in height, the path takes a zig-zag course one or two hundred feet either way, at a slight elevation, until it reaches the top, and then down the other side in the same way. To cross one of these ridges is about all a traveler wishes to do in a day, especially with an Indian sun over his head.

There are no wheeled vehicles in the mountains, and all the burdens are carried by ponies, cattle, sheep, goats, men and women. Most of this labor is done by men, mountaineers, a race by themselves, very hardy, and who carry day after day fifty to one hundred pounds each,

going from eight to ten miles a day. In some mountain provinces the men carry their burdens on their backs, in others on their heads, and to change this custom, even for an hour, would throw them out of caste. I once helped to place a pack on the head of one of my carriers, instead of to his back, when he was very much overcome by the thought of losing his caste.

Although there is plenty of the finest water, the people seldom wash or bathe their bodies, believing that if they should do so sudden death would ensue. This idea is peculiar to the mountaineers, for the Hindú inhabitants on the plains are the most cleanly people of the earth. One of their rules is to bathe the body before meals. I had with me, on a trip in these mountains, several Hindús from the plains, and a number of mountain men. We found an abundance of the finest strawberries growing in spots where sheep had been herded during the rainy seasons of previous years. So thick was the fruit upon the ground that we could scarcely walk without treading upon it, yet my fellows of the plains would not touch one of the berries because they had not bathed or rinsed their mouths with water, while the others had to be driven away from their feast of the luscious fruit.

The poor men needed something, for at home in their villages they ate what they could pick up in the forests and fields, and on this journey all they had to eat was parched barley, ground into flour, which they carried in little hempen bags, holding a quart or two each. When meal time or desperate hunger came, they would put a little of this meal upon a flat stone, and moistening it with water, dipped from the stream with the hand, would knead it into a ball, and then eat it with great satisfac-

tion. One day, after going up a steep ascent, as I was leaning on my staff, puffing and panting, one of these men with only a dhóti (loin cloth) and skull-cap upon him, looked with pity on me, and after glancing around to see that no one was observing, handed me half an onion, evidently thinking it would revive me.

There are a number of passes through which mostly traders of the northern side, from Bhót or Thibet, come with their flocks of sheep and goats, and herds of the yuk, Thibétan oxen, all laden with salt, saltpetre, lamb-skins, wool, fur, and other commodities, for which they obtain wheat, rice, and goods from the plains, among which, latterly, tea from the southern Himálayas, forms a part. They do not use tea as other nations, but boil the leaves, putting in butter, and then eat the whole mixture, leaves and all. Throughout India, nothing that can be eaten is rejected. They never peel a potato, throw away a turnip-top or the outer leaves of the cabbage, nor do they despise the prickly thistles or weeds. The richer may eat the wheat and the turnip, but the poorer are willing and even glad to get the coarser grains, the weeds and refuse.

In these mountains, the traveler, during one day's march, can pass through all the varied scenery and climate of the torrid, temperate, and frigid zones. From the intense heat in the valley below, where he can enjoy oranges, banánas, and other tropical fruits, see monkeys sporting in the trees, parrots and birds of the gayest plumage flitting about him, he ascends to where he may comfortably recline in the sunlight, or pluck fresh apples, plums, and apricots; and again pursuing his journey, passing beyond the line of no vegetation, he may sit

shivering with the cold, and look around him upon one unrelieved mass of snow and ice. After reaching the tops of the hills, or lower mountains, he can look back upon the plains at his feet, extending into the dim distance, covered with forests, broken by the rivers and streams threading their way to the thirsty plains towards the sea; then, turning in the opposite direction, looking over range after range, each rising higher, until fifty and sometimes one hundred miles beyond, the horizon is terminated by a vast turreted rampart of ice and snow. One of the grandest sights that can inspire the heart of a traveler, is after he has arrived apparently within shooting distance of the great glaciers, but in reality several miles from them, and from a height on the opposite mountain of 18,000 or 20,000 feet. He should end his toilsome march in the evening, too late for seeing, and then, after a good night's rest, and such a rest it is, he comes out of his little tent in the early morning before the clouds in the valley are up.

The scene before him is inconceivable, except by those who have enjoyed it. An awful and undisturbed solitude is around him. He looks down into the valley, so deep that the rushing river appears like a line of silver light; the sides of the valley covered with a dense green vegetation, and higher up the pure glistening ice. Standing upon the roof of the world, he looks with fear into the depths beneath him, when, suddenly to the eastward, the golden light of the rising sun fringes the jagged edges of the icy pyramids, castles and towers, that rise up for a mile into the heavens above him, a picture so grand as to fill him with awe. As the day advances, the light of that oriental sun is reflected with such radiance around

those vast domes, that he is ready to exclaim, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and let the King of glory come in."

One day's enjoyment of such a scene is a reward for a month's toilsome journey. There is no doubt that the grandest and most sublime scenery of the world is in the Himálaya mountains. If men could have formed the Alps, only God could have created the Himálayas; and it is not surprising that the natives, looking upon these awful heights and depths, should believe them to be the homes of their gods, and come hither by millions to worship.

The mountains, especially the Himálayas, are the rain-producers of India. At the approach of the rainy season, the natives look to the mountains and watch for the coming of the clouds, and their appearance is a cause of great rejoicing, for their delay means famine and death.

While in these higher altitudes, I watched with considerable interest the making up of these great cloud battalions. At early morning I could look down into the valley upon an undisturbed white sea, but as the sun came up, this dense mass of vapor would rise, and, separating into all sizes of grand, fantastic shapes, form into line, and pass over the ridges and around the peaks, chasing each other toward the plains. The atmosphere during the daytime was that of a hot summer's day, but as cold as death at night. During the day, a coat was a burden, but at night a burden of blankets was a comfort.

The rainy season in India lasts about three months, usually commencing in June. The rains are very excessive, and particularly so upon the mountains, where in

some places frequently the rain-fall is three hundred inches in four months, but not so great on the plains, however, as our magistrate's report indicated. One evening, at our station dinner at the magistrate's, where all the Europeans, eight in number, were assembled, the gentleman at the head of the table remarked, that there had been an extraordinary rainy season, thirty feet of water having already fallen. The surgeon, a wide-awake Scotchman, always ready to catch the "Barra Sáhib" tripping, disputed the statement, but the magistrate declared it was positively so, as he had received reports from all parts of the district. The discussion continued late into the drawing-room, but the next day, the little doctor found that the native scientist at the head of this department had added all the reports together to make the thirty feet!

The rains in the mountains continue for days, frequently without intermission, and the ground becomes filled with water, producing land slides. During one of these rains at Nyní Tál, I saw an avalanche of earth, stones, and rock from the mountain side, that nearly buried a number of European houses.

On account of these heavy rains, moss grows upon the limbs of the trees, in which ferns, small shrubs, and creeping vines take root, and grow, giving the trees a very singular appearance.

During the rains, the dry beds of the valleys are filled with rushing torrents that swell the larger rivers. Some of these smaller streams are crossed by walking on the slender body of a tall pine that reaches from side to side over the gorge, and woe be to the traveler, who with a giddy head, has an unsteady foot. Some of the rivers

have two ropes about a foot apart, suspended across them. A small basket hangs from these by a pulley on either rope. The native enters the basket and goes rushing down to midway of the river, and then pulls himself up to the other side, by catching hold of the ropes above him. Another method is by a single rope. The native hangs suspended by his feet and hands, his feet foremost, and using both his hands and feet, works his way across. Other rivers are crossed by a bridge of four ropes, two above the lower, and laterally about four feet apart. Stay ropes are at the sides, and on the bottom are bamboos, tied on the lower ropes at intervals, through which a full-fed Bráhmin might fall without hitting himself. The first experience I had of such a bridge was on my arrival at the Ganges in the mountains. The morning was spent in coming down the mountain by a zig-zag path, and while yet far above the river, I saw a bridge of this kind swinging back and forth over the roaring, rushing current, and an object slowly crawling along on the bottom. When I reached the bridge, I met my Anglo-Yankee fellow-traveler, and brother missionary, who, with flushed face, trembling, whispered, "I have sinned, grievously sinned, in risking my life on that thing."

The storms that sometimes occur are in harmony with the mountains and valleys. I have passed through a cyclone storm at sea of four days' duration, enjoyed earthquakes and storms on land, but never experienced anything like the terrific grandeur of a thunder and lightning tempest on those heights. In that rarified air the hearing is so delicate, the sound so intense, and the glare of the lightning so blinding, that with the echoing and re-

verberating of the thunder from the many-sided valley; the vivid flashing and playing of the lightning above me, at my feet, and in the valley below; standing in the midst of the cloud, the thunder right in my ears, the light in my eyes, appalling and confounding me, it seemed as if the judgment day had surely come, and I must cry out to the rocks and mountains to hide me from the apparent wrath of the Infinite God.

I once enjoyed the rare sight of a storm below me. I was about a mile and a half above the bottom of a valley. Above was the clear sky, and the valley below was filled with a dense cloud in which the lightning flashed and the thunder reverberated. Above the storm, and out of its way, I looked down upon it with much satisfaction and enjoyment.

Along the base of the Himálayas is a strip of land from fifteen to twenty miles in width, called the *terrai.* During the rainy season it becomes a marshy swamp, through the rains that fall, and the overflow of the rivers. It is covered with trees, bamboos, running vines hundreds of feet in length, reeds, thorns, and tall grass; a dense netted cane-brake, the home of the wild elephant, tiger, hyena, boa-constrictor, leopard, herds of various kinds of deer and antelòpe, numerous kinds of fowl, beautiful plumaged birds, myriads of insects, and the hot-bed of pestilential vapors. The natives, who during the dry and cold seasons, cultivate parts of it, get out timber, wood and bamboos, or gather various gums, leave it at the beginning of the rains, and it is almost certain death for a European to sleep in it for a night in that season.

At Cape Comorin, the southern point of India, a range

of mountains commences, that extends about fifty miles from the sea coast, for nearly one thousand miles northward, called the Western Gháts. Ghát is the name for step. Their height varies from two thousand to five thousand feet above the sea. Several hundred miles from the Cape another range begins, that runs eastward along the Bay of Bengál, called the Eastern Gháts.

About two and a half degrees from the Cape, are the Neilgherry Hills, some of them rising to the height of seven thousand and eight thousand feet.

As the Hindús tell the story, the origin of the latter is thus accounted for: Rávena, the giant hundred-headed King of Lunka (Ceylón), had stolen Séta, the wife of the god Rám. In his hot pursuit of the destroyer of his marital happiness, with his sword high uplifted, ready to bring it down with dire vengeance on the heads of his enemy, Rám incautiously struck the face of the moon with the point of his weapon, and brought down a large slice of green mountain, to which he gave the name of Chundgherri, or Moon Mountain, but afterwards, wishing to forget his mishap, he changed the name to Neilgherry, or Blue Mountain. Devout Hindús can still see on the moon the place where the mountain was cut off.

The Vyndian chain of mountains, along the Nerbudda River, breaks the monotony of the vast extent of country north of the Gháts. With these exceptions, the southern part of India is a vast plain, with only occasional rocks, two hundred or three hundred feet high, rising like pyramids from the desert; some districts, like that of Bengál, not being diversified with a single rock or hill.

The Hindus, ready to give a supernatural origin for everything, thus account for these scattered pyramidal

rocks: After Séta had been stolen by Rávena, and carried to the island of Ceylón, Rám, her husband, went to Hanúmán, the monkey god and king of the monkeys, and begged him to assist with his army in the recovery of Séta. To reach the island, it was necessary to construct a bridge or causeway from the mainland. Stone was brought by the monkeys from the Himálayas, and when enough had been supplied, word was sent back to those yet on the road, when they threw their loads aside, and hence these hills.

These several mountain ranges and hills are of incalculable benefit to India, not only breaking the monotony of the great plain, but producing a grandeur and a variety of scenery, soil, and climate, such as is possessed by no other country on the globe.

In the Himálayas the great rivers of India rise. On the north side, about midway of the length of the range, the Indus commences, and flowing for two hundred miles through Thibet, it goes southward through a deep gorge, and after a distance of seventeen hundred miles more, empties into the Arabian Sea by thirteen mouths, extending along the coast for one hundred and fifty miles.

Near the source of the Indus the Brahmápútra rises. Brahmá, the name of a Hindú god, and pútrá, son. This river passes for a long distance through Thibet and then cuts through the mountain, near the eastern extremity of India, and flowing southward, empties into the Bay of Bengál. It is over fifteen hundred miles in length.

On the southern slope of the great ridge that separates India from Thibet, opposite the source of the Indus, and at an elevation of 13,800 feet above the sea, from under

the arch of a snow bed, runs a little stream. Others join it as it flows southward. At Deoprág it meets the Alakanunda, and after that it is called Gungá by the natives and Ganges by the Europeans. For a hundred miles it rushes over the rocks and through the gorges, the water churned to a milk-white foam, and filled with white stone dust worn from the rocks. At Hurdwár it enters upon the plains of India. Huri is the name of a god and dwár door. The Ganges being worshipped by the natives, the place where it breaks through the mountains is called the door of god. My home for six years was within forty-five miles of this place, and my district on the opposite side of the river from it. This is a sacred spot, where there are a number of fine temples. Formerly millions of people came to Hurdwár in the month of April of each year, but now only hundreds of thousands. With the spread of intelligence, through missionary labor, the number is annually diminishing. Every twelfth year is the Kúmbh melá, circle assemblage, when the sun completes the zodiac, and each sixth year the Adha Kúmbh, or half circle. Melá is the word for assemblage, a crowd, the e having the first sound of a, and the a its Italian sound. It was probably in former times only a religious gathering, but latterly it becomes on these occasions a great mart for trade. A score of different languages are spoken by the people, who come not only from every part of India, but from Túrkistán, Kabúl, Cashmere, Affghánistán, and Belúchistán.

The unwashed Bedouin, with his loose trousers and big turban; the richly dressed Hindú, with his tents, elephants, and retinue of servants; the Nágá, or naked devotee, his body smeared with filth, his hair, four or

five feet in length, braided and wound around his head like a turban, and bleached yellow by the ashes put upon it, then the sleek and well-fed Bráhmin, feeling very happy, as this is his time for tribute—from the highest to the lowest, all sorts are here. Strings of camels, miles in length, come laden with the rich camel hair goods, Cashmere woolen shawls, and various kinds of dried fruit and nuts. Acres of ground are covered with fine Arab horses, the chubby horses from Kábúl, or the snow-white, slender-legged, Bráhminí cattle of the plains. For ten days or more, the religious Hindús bathe, the Bráhmins take tribute, the thieves steal, the traders make money, and the whole crowd do what such a collection of unregenerate humanity would do in any country.

This is the place where cholera comes into the world. I was at this melá four years in succession, and in 1864 the cholera broke out among the vast crowd, estimated by government officers to number about two and a half millions. The government, to protect the country from the spread of this disease, sent native policemen in advance of the returning pilgrims, down through India, to erect shelter, and station food dealers away from the villages and cities. The pilgrims were not allowed to enter the villages or cities, but compelled to travel through the fields across the country, yet, with all these precautions, hundreds of thousands died from the disease. Nor did the cholera stop in India. It passed over the caravan routes, through Persia, Arabia, Turkey, through all Europe and the world.

At Allahabad the Ganges receives the Jumná, a river eight hundred miles in length. It continues to receive other tributaries, until by numerous mouths it empties

into the Bay of Bengál, sixteen hundred miles from its source. The Ganges is the most sacred river in India. The 160,000,000 of Hindús worship it, bathe in it, and annually millions die in it, expecting to obtain eternal life through the efficacy of its waters. "The most extraordinary virtues and purifying powers are attributed to it, which are believed to heal the sick, bless the dying, and cleanse the vilest of the vile from every sin in the calendar of crime, however atrocious, even murder, the most diabolical, not excepted. The Púráns declare that the sight—the name—or the touch of Gungá takes away all sin, however heinous; that thinking of Gungá, when at a distance, is sufficient to remove the taint of sin; but that bathing in Gungá has blessings in it of which no imagination can conceive."

The Godávery, in the southern part, is sometimes called the second Ganges, by reason of the supposed sacred and purifying properties ot its waters.

A large tract of country in the Northwest is called the Punjáb, on account of the five large rivers that flow through it. Punj is the Persian word for five, and áb for water. But none of these great rivers are navigable by the larger class of vessels, except for a short distance from their mouths, on account of the sand banks, inundations, rapids, and sudden changes in the channels.

The Hindús burn the dead bodies of their relatives on the banks of the Ganges, and throw the ashes into the water; or put the body on a raft of wood, with a lighted lamp on each corner, and pushing it out into the stream, watch the raft with eager eyes until it is sunk by the current, or the crocodiles overturn it for the load it carries. During the dry season, human skeletons, nicely cleaned

and bleached, are seen scattered on the sand. There is no telling how many Hindús a voracious fish-eater devours during a life time in India. One morning at Hurdwár, an English officer wished me to go with him for an hour's fishing. Just above us, on the stones in the current, was the dead body of a woman, the crows pecking at it. He caught a very fine fish, and suggested that it might be well not to mention the body to the company in his tent, among whom there were several ladies, until after we had eaten the fish for breakfast!

One of the strange sights that met us as we entered the Húgly river from the ocean, were the dead bodies floating by us with birds standing upon them. While at Calcutta the several ladies of our company wished to go to the railway depot on the other side of the river, and before we could get the boat near enough to the shore for them to enter it, we had to push away with our oars several dead bodies of men and women that had floated down the stream and lodged there.

As India lies mostly within the tropics, it is a hot country, and in some parts the heat is intense. The temperature of a place depends on its distance from the sea or its altitude on the hills and mountains.

On the island of Ceylón, and on the eastern and western coasts, the climate is much more agreeable than it is a number of degrees farther north and inland. On the coast there are sea breezes by day and land breezes by night, while in the interior the wind blows constantly in one direction, passing over the heated plains and gathering heat as it goes.

There are three seasons in India. The hot season commences in March, and continues till about the middle

of June, when the rainy season begins, which lasts till the first of September, the commencement of the cold season.

Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter are unknown, and as the cold season is the most delightful of all the year, the winter poet's line, in which he suggests that December might become as pleasant as May, in India, has to be reversed.

In the hot season there are seldom any clouds to be seen, and one day is as like another as it possibly can be. The sun rises like a big globe of fire and goes down in a blaze. The ground is bare, filled with crevices, and is hardened like stone. Soil that in the rains is soft as a sand heap, during the dry weather can scarcely be dug up, fire flying at every stroke of the hoe.

The thermometer ranges during this season from 65 to 160 degrees. It is not uncommon for it to be 140 at mid-day, and I have known it to be 110 in the house at ten o'clock at night. Sometimes it seems impossible for Europeans to survive the intense heat. Their houses are necessarily very large, and built of brick, the walls being one and a half to two feet thick, the ceilings from twenty to twenty-four feet high, and the rooms twenty by thirty or thirty by forty feet in size. There are generally a sitting-room, dining-room, and bedrooms, the latter being as large as any room in the house. Each bedroom has a bath-room attached to it, as a bath two or three times a day, and as many entire changes of clothing, are necessary in order to go through the day with any comfort.

The roofs of these houses are flat, and are made of strong beams a foot square, placed about four feet apart. On these are joists one foot apart, on which is laid a floor

of brick. On this floor a layer of refuse lime, gravel, and pounded brick is placed. A gang of kúlís, one for about every four square feet, sit on their heels and pat the surface with little wooden mallets for a day or two, while plenty of water is thrown upon it. A second layer of finer brick and lime, of several inches in thickness, is put on, beaten and watered in the same way as the first. Then another layer of still finer material, well beaten, and lastly, a fine coating of cement, in which is mixed a red color, that gives the surface a beautiful appearance.

It requires twelve kúlís, two masons, and a water-carrier about four days to finish twelve feet square of such a roof. When finished, it endures the hottest sun and the severest rains without injury.

To a European this is very slow work, and an American lately arrived, with his hurry and push, would prefer to drive the work on in his own way, but if he wishes a good roof and a substantial building, to suit the climate, he will have to yield to the skill of his native workmen.

Thousands of years of experience, handed down from father to son, have given the people of that country a skill in working with brick and mortar, that western nations have not yet acquired. The plastered walls of their mosques and temples, built many centuries ago, remain like polished marble.

The floors of the houses are made in the same way as the roofs, though resting upon the earth. The windows are usually in the doors. A veránda, ten or twelve feet in width, surrounds the house, except where it is walled in to make bath-rooms.

Such are the houses of the Europeans, those of the

natives being entirely different. Most of their houses are ten by twelve or fifteen feet, very low, built of sun-dried brick, the only opening being a door, and without a window or chimney. The walls and floor are made smooth, and smeared with a mixture of cow's dung and clay, and the roofs are made of bamboo poles thatched with grass. Such a house costs not more than five dollars.

The houses of the few, the richer class, are constructed with kiln-burned brick, very substantial, and often very expensive; two, three, and four stories high, some of them palaces from outside appearance, but with such small rooms and so many verándas as to be wholly unsuited to the tastes and comfort of a foreigner.

The Europeans generally close their houses during the hot season, from eight o'clock in the morning till evening, to keep out the heat. Various devices are resorted to for cooling the air of the house inside. A punká is a wooden frame about two feet wide, and as long as the room, covered with muslin, with a frill of cloth a foot in width, fastened at the lower edge. The punká is suspended by ropes from the ceiling. A long reed passes through the door or wall, the end within the house attached to a rope fastened to either end of the punká, the end outside being in the hand of the kúlí, who pulls until his time of rest comes, when another relieves him. During the day the punká is pulled in each room where there are occupants, and during the night it goes back and forth just over the face of the sleeper, except when the punkáwálla himself takes a nap. Then horrid dreams and nightmare wake the perspiring victim, and he goes for the fellow outside, bestowing upon him some caressing and encouraging remarks.

During the dry winds, for several months a tattie is used. This is a lattice of bamboo, fitting the door outside, and thinly thatched with the roots of a fragrant grass called Kuskus, through which the wind blows. A large earthen vessel is placed on the veránda, close to the tattie. One man keeps the jar filled with water, and another with a little cup throws water on the tattie. The wind, going through the wet grass, cools the house, sometimes too much for comfort.

Occasionally the monotony and temperature of this season is broken by a sand-storm. The animals and people are quick to detect the appearance of such a storm. The natives cover up their fires, herd their flocks, close their houses, and the servants shut our doors and light the lamps. Away in the distance, over the plain, is a red sand cloud, rolling over and over up towards the meridian. A rushing sound is heard, that in a severe storm is terrible. Soon the air is filled with sand, and a lurid, unnatural darkness prevails, driven away by rain and hail. Usually these storms last for an hour or two, but sometimes continue for a day or more.

I once had an experience of such a storm that I shall always remember. I left home in the morning to visit one of my schools, thirteen miles distant. The day before, I had sent a horse to be ready for me at a village half-way, but as usual, the native, concluding he could visit some friends by going to another village, left me to myself. Not being able to take the tired horse with the buggy any further, I sent it back, and hired for twelve cents, a two-wheeled cart, drawn by a pair of Bráhminí cattle, to take me to the end of my journey. After exam-

ining the school, and through the hospitality of the chief of the village, enjoying an excellent dinner, taking it in true native style, sitting cross-legged on a mat, and getting the food to my mouth without knife, fork, or spoon, I set out for home about four o'clock in the afternoon. The cart was of the most simple construction, not a pound of iron in the whole vehicle. There were two wheels and an axle; two bamboos, eight feet in length, fastened together at one end, where they were tied by a string to a stick resting on the necks of the cattle, then diverging, the other ends were tied upon the axle near the wheels, and between them for a bottom, were several small bamboos, tied with strings. The driver sat between the cattle, a tail in either hand, which he pinched and twisted, when not pricking the beasts with his goad, while he called them by the endearing names of son, brother, father, and at times by other terms that were not so tender or polite. For a seat I had a native bedstead, chárpái, (four-footed), the posts were four-little sticks a foot in length, the rails four slender bamboos, and the bottom made of woven twine.

We had not gone far on our return, before we saw and heard a sand-storm approaching in the distance, that continued into the night. Had I been in a place of comfort and security, I might have enjoyed the grandeur and beauty of the storm, but as it was, I looked upon it with considerable disgust and annoyance.

Soon it was upon us, filling our eyes with sand, almost blinding us, then a severe storm of hail, followed by a deluge of rain. I had on the thinnest clothing I possessed, my coat being a single thickness of silk. To protect myself, I put my head under my arm, and the bedstead

over my back, but I might as well have sat under a gridiron or a fisherman's net. The almost naked driver, chilled so that he could neither speak tenderly or harshly to his pets, and his hands so numb that he could not wring the beasts by their tails, was very unsociable. At first our Bráhminís left the road and went bellowing at a full gallop over the rough fields as if mad, giving us all we could do to cling to the thing on which we rode. Mazeppa, bound to the wild horse's back, was not half so uncomfortable.

The brutes finally exhausted their strength as well as our patience, and after several hours beating the thick darkness, we reached a village; and getting a coarse woollen blanket, I wrapped it around me, over my wet garments, and not waiting to think whom it might have previously covered, or what myriads of creeping, crawling things its meshes harbored, I laid me down to an enjoyable rest. The sun had just risen, when at the entrance to the hut stood my native, holding the horse by the bridle, and bowing and saláming as blandly as if all had been serene and lovely since last we met. My good pony, as if realizing my wants, soon took me to a good breakfast at home.

With the first rain, a new life commences. The trees put on new foliage, the birds a gayer plumage, the bare ground luxuriant vegetation, and the villagers are happy in plowing and sowing their fields, with a good hope of bread for another year. The first rains are absorbed by the thirsty earth, but the ground soon becomes saturated, and the surplus water fills the tanks, ponds, and dry beds of the rivers and streams. The rains, so essential to life, also bring death, for more sickness prevails

during this season, than in any other. The winds cease, while the sun sends down its fearful heat, producing, at times, a most uncomfortable atmosphere. A steamy dampness pervades everything. The clothing has to be dried by chance, as the sun comes out, the mildew cleaned from the books, and all articles that absorb moisture have to be carefully looked after.

The climate on the mountains, in the hot season, and on the plains, in the cold season, is most delightful. There is not much difference between the mean temperature of the coldest weather in India and the hottest months in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. On account of the great changes in the seasons, the temperature that is insufferably hot in the United States, is very agreeable in India, especially to foreigners; the natives, adapted to their country, enjoy the hot weather, and suffer from the cold during their winter.

The houses of Europeans, in Northern India, are constructed with fire-places, and fires are often built, and enjoyed, in the months of December and January, while in the gardens are growing all the vegetables and fruits that are to be found in the northern part of the United States.

India, with all its magnificent mountains, grand rivers, vast forests, rich mines, and, for its own people, most favorable climate, is, as far as history informs us, not any more improved than it was two thousand years before the Christian era, except what has lately been done by the English government.

The implements for cultivating the soil, irrigating the fields; gathering the grain, threshing, cleaning, and grinding it; for cutting, sawing, and using the timber;

cleaning, spinning, and weaving the cotton, silk, and wool; for mining, smelting, and using the ores; in fact, everything connected with the industry of the people, is so simple as never to have been invented; so rude in construction, as not to have been improved, since first brought into use thousands of years ago.

God gave them one of the richest countries on the globe, but the people departed from Him who is the source of all real, true life, whether physical, spiritual, political, social, or private, and bowing down to gods of their own devising, degraded and sensual as themselves, they have grovelled in their own ways and customs; and the land that might have been as the Garden of Eden, has been abused and cursed by its idolatrous inhabitants, and they, of the same origin as the first nations of the earth, are a race of serfs and slaves.

Christianity, with its true civilization, enterprise, charity, patriotism, devotion to duty, spirit of invention and progress; its faith in the life that now is, and its hope of the life to come, alone can redeem the land and its people, making the one to blossom as the rose, and bear fruit as a garden, and the other to become one of the finest peoples in the world.

The religion of Jesus Christ has undertaken the work, and is doing it grandly and well.

INDIA—AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The word Hindustán is of Sanskrit and Persian origin, Hindú the name of a people, and stán the Persian word for place; but the derivation of the word India has not been definitely determined. The river Indus separates India from Persia and the ancient world of geographical and classical history, and it would be very natural that early travelers from the Northwest should have given the name of the river they met to the country beyond it. The name India was not known to the natives until they learned it from foreigners. They called their country Bháratvarsha, or Bháratkhund, the country of Bhárat, also Hind and Jumbhúdwíp.

The Hindús affect to derive their origin from the moon, and one of its names in Sanskrit is Indú. It is very probable that the names Hind and Hindú were derived from their supposed ancestor. The ancient history of India is involved in such obscurity that all attempts thus far by the most learned scholars of the world to comprehend it, have been baffled. Sir William Jones says: "The dawn of true Indian history appears only three or four centuries before the Christian era, the preceding ages being clouded by allegory and fable." The Rev. Dr. Ward gives as his opinion that "a real and accurate history of this country, from its commencement to the present time, with the dates of events attached to them, is out of the question."

The Hindú astronomical books base their calculations on a Maháyúg, or great era of 4,320,000,000 of years, commencing at the conjunction of the planets, in the beginning of the Hindú Zodiac. This great age is subdivided into four periods, the first called the Sutyúg, or Golden Age of 1,728,000 years from the creation; the second period is the Tretyúg, or Silver Age of 1,296,000 years; the third, Dwápuryúg, or Brazen Age of 864,000 years; and the fourth, Kulyúg, the Iron or Dark Age of 432,000 years, the latter commencing 3,102 years before the Christian era. The Hindús believe that in the first age men were thirty-seven feet in height, and lived to be 100,000 years old. It is soberly related, and faithfully believed, that one of the ancient kings, named Ságur, had 60,000 sons, all born in a pumpkin, nourished in pans of milk, and all consumed and reduced to ashes by the curse of one of the Rishis, or saints."

The most that is known, from native sources, of the ancient history of India, and to which any respect can be paid, is that derived from the four Veds and two poems, the Ramáyana and the Mahábhárata. In these books no dates are given to the events described, nor are the persons and places referred to clearly defined. There are various reasons for concluding that these books are very ancient, and from their subject matter some general conclusions have been reached and accepted.

The Veds are, undoubtedly, the most ancient works in Sanskrit literature, and are supposed, by most scholars, to have been collected about 1,500 years before Christ.

The Ramáyana is a very lengthy poem, the name signifying the adventures of Ráma, who has been canon-

ized as one of the incarnations of Vishnú in the Hindú religious system, and is worshipped as a deity.

It appears that Satria Vartra was the common ancestor of two royal lines, the one called Chundrás, from the moon, the other Súriyas, from the sun. Ráma, under his surname of Chandrá, was the son of Dusarath, a prince of the solar dynasty in Ayódhya, or the Modern Oud. The poem gives an account of his youth, his education and residence at his father's court; his inauguration as heir-apparent; the intrigues of his mother-in-law, that resulted in his banishment to the forests of Central India; the theft of his wife Séta, by Rávena, the giant King of Lunká (Ceylon), the destruction of Rávena, and the recall of the prince and his elevation to the throne of his father. This is supposed to have occurred about 1,300 years before Christ. Hindú writers assign fifty-seven reigns between the founder and accession of Ráma.

Manú, the founder of Ayódhia, thus describes it: "Its streets, well arranged, were refreshed with ceaseless streams of water; its halls, curiously ornamented, resembled the checkered surface of a chess-board. It was filled with merchants, dramatists, elephants, horses, and chariots. The clouds of fragrant incense darkened the sun at noonday; but the glowing radiance of the resplendent diamonds and jewels, that adorned the persons of the ladies, relieved the gloom. The city was decorated with precious stones; filled with riches; furnished with abundance of provisions; adorned with magnificent temples, whose towers, like the gods, dwelt in the heavens,—such was their height; palaces whose lofty summits were in perpetual conflict with the clouds; baths and gardens. It was inhabited by the twice born, the regenerate,

profoundly instructed in the Veds, endowed with every good quality, full of sincerity, zeal, and compassion."

The Mahábhárat, or Great War, describes a contest between two branches of the Lunar race, the Pundús and Kúrús, for the possession of Hastinapúr, ancient Dilhí. A great battle was fought, lasting eighteen days, in which fifty-six royal leaders were engaged. The Pundús were victorious, and their ally, Krishna, is the hero of the poem, who since then has been worshipped as a god, the eighth incarnation of Vishnú.

Making all due allowance for the Oriental exaggeration in these two poems, it is evident that the country, at that early day, was widely settled, and thickly populated, with an abundance of wealth, and that the people were considerably advanced in civilization. Hemmed in, on the North and East by mountains, on the South and partly on the West by the ocean, the only inlet for immigration was in the Northwest, and hence it came from Western Asia, that teeming garden for populating the world.

After long intervals, there were several immigrations into India, the later crowding the earlier southward, until the whole country was occupied. The people, of the different migrations, religions, tribes, castes and trades, have always remained separate; and there is, at the present time, as much diversity among the people, and each class is as easily recognized, as it probably was three thousand years ago. A traveler in India is now seldom in doubt as to the caste, trade or religion of the person whom he addresses.

The first immigration is supposed to have been of Turanian origin, from the plateaus of Central Asia, a

country known to the ancients as Scythia. These people are now the aborigines of India, living a wild, predatory life, mostly in the forests, in the extreme parts of the country, and known as Kóls, Bhíls, Gónds, Mímas, Shanárs, Sóntáls, Dóms, etc. They number about fifteen millions, acknowledging no laws but the will of their local chief, and no institutions but those of the desert. It is supposed that they came into India soon after the dispersion at the tower of Babel.

The second was composed of the Dravidians, now mostly inhabiting the Southern peninsula, who are considered to have been of the same origin as those of the first, but to have immigrated some centuries later.

These have adopted many of the customs of the Hindús, and incorporated some Sanskrit terms into their language. They number about 32,000,000. The third immigration was that of the Hindús, probably from the plains of the Euphrates, of entirely different origin from the two former, being superior to them in mental and physical organization, and from their complexion, form and features, belonging to the Aryan, or Caucasian race, the same as the Celts, who first inhabited the British Isles. These are the people whose exploits and aspirations are recounted in the Veds, and their two celebrated poems. They were styled the fair complexioned Aryas, in comparison with the darker aborigines, whom they found in the country, and to whom they gave various opprobrious names and epithets.

This Aryan or Hindú invasion is supposed to have taken place about the time of the exodus of the Children of Israel from Egypt.

The next scene in the history of India, after the great

war described in the Mahábhárata, is the appearance of another band of immigrants from Scythia, under the leadership of Sheshnág, and styled the Serpent Race, from their having the serpent as their national emblem. They flourished for some ten generations, and from them sprang Gótamá Búdh, the founder of Búdhism 623 B. C. It is supposed that most of the fifty-six tribes of the Lunar race of Hindús became his followers.

It is doubtful if the Jews had any knowledge of India, while it is very probable that the embroidered work and chests of rich apparel bound with cords, and the precious cloths mentioned by the Jewish writers, were brought from that country, and the trade which made the "merchants of Tyre princes and her traffickers the honorable of the earth" was very likely with the products from India.

The first account of an armed invasion into India, though there is much doubt respecting it, is that of Semiramis, the celebrated queen of Assyria, who 1975 B. C. sent an army as far as the river Indus. She spent three years in making great preparations, sending to Cyprus, Phoenicia and other maritime ports, for naval architects to construct vessels of transport. Three hundred thousand oxen were slain and their hides sewed together in the shape of elephants, into which men and camels were to be placed when in battle with the war elephants which they expected to encounter in the army of India. A great army reached the Indus, when it was met by Stabrobates, the Indian king. The Assyrian army succeeded in crossing the stream, and a battle was fought. The Indian army was at first frightened at the mock elephants, but learning their true character, rushed

upon the Assyrian army with their thousands of mighty war elephants. The queen's army was utterly routed, and only one-fourth of them returned home.

The next account of an attempt to explore and conquer India on which reliance can be placed, was made by Darius, the Persian, 521 years B. C. He sent Scylax, a celebrated naval commander, who embarked a fleet at Caspatyrus, sailed down the Indus, and thence to Egypt, a voyage of two years and a half. The records of this excursion were lost, and not much is known of the enterprise except that the part of India conquered was made one of the twenty Satrapys into which the Persian empire was divided, and that the tribute from it was more valuáble than from any other part of the dominion.

Alexander the Great, 326 years B. C., having conquered Persia, turned his army towards India. Passing through Bactria, along the great caravan route, he reached the Indus near Attock, where he was joined by Taxiles, an Indian chief, and together they marched to the river Hydaspes (Jhílum) where they were attacked by Pórus, with a numerous army of braver men than any they had yet encountered. The war elephants of the Indian king did not avail him against the trained cavalry and infantry of the Macedonian leader. His whole army was routed and himself taken prisoner. He was brought into the presence of Alexander, and showed such dignity and kingly bearing, and when asked how he expected to be treated, his reply, "Like a king," so won the Grecian monarch in his favor, that he was left to rule over the country so lately taken from him. The conqueror continued his march to where now stands the city of Lahore, subduing all who opposed him. He

had heard of a great monarchy on the Ganges, and wished to add it to his conquests, but his army refused to go farther, and he was obliged to return. Arriving at the Indus, he had two thousand boats constructed by the Phoenicians with him. With these he sailed down the river to the Persian gulf, where he gave the command of the fleet to Nearchus, who, after a coasting voyage of seven months, conducted it up the Euphrates, while the Emperor with his army passed through Belúchistán to Babylon, which he made his capital. After the death of Alexander, Seleucus, one of his generals, receiving Syria as his share of the empire, claimed also India, and made several excursions thither, and also sent Megasthenes, an officer who had accompanied Alexander to India, on an embassy to King Sandracottus, as he was called by the Greeks, Chandragúpta by the Hindús, at Palibothra, the present Patna, on the Ganges.

Megasthenes was a Munchausen traveler, and tickled the ears of his friends at home "with fabulous tales of men with ears so large that they could wrap themselves up in them, of others with a single eye, without mouths, without noses, with long feet, and toes turned backwards; of people only three spans in height, of wild men with heads in the shape of a wedge, of ants as large as foxes that dug up gold, and many other things no less wonderful."

The city of Palibothra is described by several historians as being ten miles in length, two in breadth, surrounded by a wall with 574 towers, and entered by 64 gates. The king had an army of 400,000 men, including 20,000 cavalry and 2,000 chariots.

The Grecian historians mention the great number of

the cities, describe the religion, the civilization, wealth and population, the peculiar manners and customs, so definitely as to confirm all that the Hindú writers say on these subjects, and also show to us that there has been no apparent progress or improvement of the people of India by their own efforts since at least three centuries before Christ. Though of the same race as the leading nations of the world, yet twenty centuries have done nothing for them.

The era created by the appearance of Múhammed in the seventh century, was eventful to the world, and especially to India. His career, dating from the Hijrá or flight from Medína in A. D. 622, has influenced his followers until the present time, when they number nearly one-third of the world's population.

The ambition and rapacity of Múhammed led to great conquests, and the Moslíms rapidly overspread Persia, Syria, Egypt, and the adjacent countries. The reports of the wealth of India, the beauty of its women, and the idolatry of its people, excited the avarice, the passion, religious zeal and ambition of the Mussulmans, and they turned their attention to that country.

Several incursions were made without much success. In the reign of Khalípha Walíd, 711, an army of 6,000 men was sent from Bagdad, under Múhammed Kausím, a handsome youth seventeen years of age, whom the astrologers predicted would be victorious. This army landed at Debál, the modern Kúráchí, and meeting resistance from the inhabitants, they put the men to death, and made slaves of the women and children. Passing up the Indus, they were opposed at Hyderabád by a vast army commanded by a Rájah, but notwith-

standing the great disparity in numbers, the Hindú army was utterly routed. "The city held out under one of the widowed queens till the provisions were exhausted; and then ensued one of those scenes of unavailing courage and despair which not unfrequently illustrate the pages of Hindú history. The women and children were first sacrificed in flames of their own kindling; the men performed their ablutions, and with solemn ceremonies took leave of one another and of the world. Then, throwing open the gates, they rushed out, sword in hand, and hurling themselves on the weapons of the enemy, perished to a man."

The next invader was Subáktagí, who defeated the Rájah of Lahore and annexed the province of the Punjáb to the Affghán dominions. He was formerly a Turkish slave, but became governor of Kandahár, and soon after, the emperor of Persia. At the death of Subáktagí in 997, his son Mahmúd became governor, and throwing off his allegiance to Persia, aimed not only to be a great conqueror, but an apostle of his religion. He is known in history as Mahmúd of Ghuzní, this city being the capital of the province of Kandahár. No other invader of India was so terrible. During a reign of thirty-five years he made twelve expeditions into that country, storming the forts, burning cities, dethroning princes, with fire and sword slaying the men, and making captives of the women and children. His last expedition was against the famous temple of Somnát, when fifty thousand worshippers were slain by the spears of the Moslím. History states that the Bráhmins offered several millions sterling if he would spare the idol, but the Súltán scorned the offer, declaring that posterity should

never look upon Mahmúd as a merchant of idols. This prince was a lover of learning, and established a university in his capital, filled with books and curiosities, and also erected many magnificent buildings with the wealth obtained from India. He died in 1030, praised by the Múhammedans as a model prince, and considered by the Hindús as an incarnation of injustice and cruelty.

During the twelfth century Lahore became the capital in the place of Ghazní. Province after province was annexed until nearly the whole of Hindústán was subject to the military rule of the Afghán power. Their success is not surprising. The Hindús by their peculiar habits of life were not prepared to meet the hardy barbarians of the north, and by their religion were not disposed to contend with a people who were born for war, and whose religion was to be extended with the sword. With the progress of the empire the capital was again changed, this time from Lahore to Dilhí, and in 1206 Kúttúb, the founder of the Patán dynasty, assumed the royal title. This ruler had been a Turkish slave, and one of his successors was a woman, the Súltána Rezíá, of whom Ferishta, a Múhammedan historian, says: "The strictest scrutiny could find no fault in her, but that she was a woman."

At the commencement of this dynasty, a spiral column, two hundred and thirty-eight feet in height, called the Kúttúb Mínár, was erected, which is still standing, eleven miles from the modern city of Dilhí. This was built to commemorate the beginning of an empire; it is now the monument of fallen greatness and departed glory. Ruler after ruler passed away, frequently by assassination, few of them dying a natural death. The

government was an absolute despotism. The life, property and honor of the subject were in the hands of the despot, and yet the danger to those in power was not so much from their subjects as from rivals for the sovereignty. Many of these sprang up, and not succeeding in overthrowing the reigning sovereign, they set up thrones of their own in different parts of the country. Hordes of Affghâns, Arabs, Turks, and other Tártars in quest of spoil, joined the armies of these various kings.

Soon after another power appeared, coming, like all its predecessors, from the Northwest. The different Mógul tribes of the Scythian desert uniting under Zenghis Khán, suddenly changing from shepherds into warriors, an army of 700,000, laid waste the country for hundreds of miles, and took possession of the country to the west of the Indus.

Here they became Múhammedans, and looked with eager eyes to the conquest of India. Among them was Timúr Beg or Tamerlane, in early life an outlaw of the desert, who led a vast army into India in 1398. He went for plunder rather than conquest. "His track was followed by blood, desolation, famine and pestilence." The "fire-brand of the universe," he gave an order by which one hundred thousand prisoners were massacred in cold blood in a single hour. He regarded neither race nor condition, despoiling and destroying alike the Islámís and the Hindús; celebrating his successes by days of festivity, and like a true Mussulmán he offered up praises in the mosques for his bloody victories. Only five short months he remained in India, but during that time he made a record of blood that shall never be effaced while history is read.

In 1494 Báber (or the Tiger) of Samarcand, on the edge of the Scythian desert, a lineal descendant of Timúr Beg, came to Kábúl, and then as an invader and conqueror to India. Shortly after him arose Akbar, a native of India, a scholar and philosopher, very liberal in his religion, for he worshipped the sun with the Bráhman, repeated the namáz in the mosques, and discoursed with the Christian on spiritual and eternal life. He sent to Goa for Roman Catholic missionaries, the first who had ever appeared at the Múhammedan court, and was delighted with a portrait of the Virgin Mary, declaring their chapel, ornamented with trappings *borrowed from* the Hindús, to be a striking proof of the divinity of their religion, and proposed to test the two religions by having a málví and a friar leap into a furnace, each with his own Scripture in his hand. The grandson of Akbar was Sháh Jehán, who built Sháh Jehánabad, or the present Dilhí, and adorned it with aqueducts, mosques, and a palace, the latter described by Bishop Heber as surpassing the Kremlin, and inferior only to Windsor Castle. He also erected the famous tomb, the Táj Mahál, for his queen, Múmtází Mahál.

Of the four sons of Sháhjehán, Aurungzeb, by treachery succeeded him. He soon disposed of all his rivals by putting them to death or confining them in the fortress of Gwálior, where they were allowed no drink, but a decoction of opium, called pónstá, which acted as a slow poison. This emperor commenced his reign one month after the death of Oliver Cromwell.

The following is a sketch of his character:

"He was a man of a mild temper and cold heart; cautious, artful, and designing; a perfect master of dissimu-

lation; acute and sagacious, though not extended in his views; and ever on the watch to gain friends, and to propitiate enemies. To these less brilliant qualities he joined great courage and skill in military exercises, a handsome, though not athletic, form, affable and gracious manners, and lively and agreeable conversation. He was so great a dissembler in other matters, that he has been supposed to have been a hypocrite in religion. But although religion was a great instrument of his policy, he was beyond all doubt a sincere and bigoted Mussulmán. He had been brought up by men of known sanctity, and had himself shown an early turn for devotion; he at one time professed the intention of renouncing the world and taking the habit of a Fakír; and throughout his whole life he evinced a real attachment to his faith in many things indifferent to his interest, and in some most seriously opposed to it. His zeal was shown in his prayers, and reading the Korán, in pious discourses, in abstemiousness (which he affected to carry so far as to subsist on the earnings of his manual labor), in humility of deportment, patience under provocation, and resignation in misfortunes; but above all, in earnest and constant endeavors to promote his own faith, and to discourage idolatry and infidelity. But neither religion nor morality stood for a moment in his way when they interfered with his ambition, and though full of scruples at other times, he would stick at no crime that was requisite for the gratification of that passion."

When near death, he wrote a letter to one of his sons, from which the following is an extract:

"Wherever I look I see nothing but the Deity. I know nothing of myself, what I am, and to what I am des-

tined. The instant which passed in power has left only sorrow behind it. I have not been the guardian and protector of the empire. My valuable time has passed vainly. I had a patron in my own dwelling (conscience), but his glorious light was unseen by my dim sight. I brought nothing into this world, and, except the infirmities of man, carry nothing out. I have a dread for my salvation, and with what torments I may be punished. Though I have strong reliance on the mercies and bounty of God, yet regarding my actions, fear will not quit me; but when I am gone reflection will not remain. My back is bent with weakness, and my feet have lost the powers of motion. The breath which rose is gone and left not even hope behind it. I have committed numerous crimes, and know not with what punishments I may be seized. The guardianship of a people is the trust by God committed to my sons. I resign you, your mother and our son to God, and I myself am going. The agonies of death come upon me fast. Odipore, your mother, was a partner in my illness, and wishes to accompany me in death; but everything has its appointed time. I am going. Whatever good or evil I have done it was for you. No one has seen the departing of his own soul, but I see that mine is departing."

During the reign of Aurungzeb several formidable enemies appeared. The Síkhs, a sect founded by a Hindú of the Kshettriá or warrior caste, named Nánuk, from their mountain retreats ravaged the northwest part of India, and their descendants now occupy the greater part of the Punjáb.

There also arose in the territory traversed by the Gháts and Vyndiá Mountains, the Mahrattas, founded by

Sevájí, who commenced as a warrior and robber, attracting to his standard crowds of adventurers eager for plunder, and ready to follow such a bold and daring leader. The Mahrattas did much to overthrow the Mógul power in India, and increased so rapidly that they now number many millions in the provinces of Bombay, Gwálior and Nágpúr.

The Affgháns inhabit the mountainous region between Persia and India. In a war with Persia they defeated the troops, destroyed the capital, Ispahán, and put to death all the royal family except one son, Thamas, who sought refuge among the pastoral tribes of the elevated plains of that country. Of these warlike shepherds a number joined him, among whom was a young chief named Nádir. The latter soon so distinguished himself by his zeal and ability, that he won the hearts of the troops from his chief, and became the ruler of Persia. Not content with this, he subdued the Affgháns and turned his attention to India. The greatest warrior Persia ever produced, "the boast, the terror and the execration of his country," he "slaughtered the inhabitants of Dilhí without regard to age or sex—captured Oud—seized upon the imperial treasures, $15,000,000 in specie, $5,000,000 in plate, $75,000,000 in jewels—the renowned peacock throne, valued at $5,000,000, and other valuables, to the amount of $60,000,000, besides elephants, horses and camp equipage of the deposed emperor. In a final treaty, he obtained the famous Kóhinúr diamond by trading turbans with the emperor, and departed from the country, leaving Múhammed, the son of Aurungzeb, the emperor still upon the throne, but so despoiled and disgraced as to lose the respect of his subjects. Eight

years after leaving India, Nádir Sháh was assassinated, and Ahmed Sháh, one of his officers, became his successor, who in 1756 repeated in India nearly all the horrors of Nádir Sháh's invasion. This was the end of the Mógul power.

For nearly eight hundred years had the Múhammedan attempts to subjugate India been continued. "Blood had flowed enough to steep the British isles in one crimson sea," and cruelty exercised sufficient to ruin a world. During all these centuries the civilization of India stood still, while these hordes, led by avarice, lust, and ambition, devastated one of the finest countries of the earth, murdered by millions and tens of millions its dense population, and destroyed wealth, treasure and magnificence that was then unrivalled in all the courts of Europe, and bequeathing to their successors and the people they conquered, treachery, licentiousness, ignorance, barbarity, poverty, and all the evils that could possibly pertain to fallen humanity.

A few large cities, a few fine mosques, and a few grand tombs, built by oppression, with the unrewarded labor of the already impoverished inhabitants, and a people utterly crushed and subdued, abject slaves to those above them, without patriotism, benevolence, chastity, spirit of invention or improvement, is all that is left to show for eight centuries of a religion that some would claim to be equal to Christianity.

The fourteenth century was a new era for India and the world. In 1492 America was discovered, and six years later Vasco de Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and landed at Calicut, on the southwestern coast of India. Other expeditions were fitted out, and trading

posts established at a number of places on the coast. Numerous battles were fought with the natives, and cruelties practiced that disgraced the Christian name. Goa was captured in 1510, "and not one Moor was left alive on the island." This place was made the capital of the Portuguese possessions in India. An archbishop for Goa was soon sent out, and with him a band of priests, to use the inquisition as an engine for the suppression of Jews and heretics, and for the conversion of the heathen. By their own historians, they outdeviled the devil-worshippers and the idolatrous Pagans, in the barbarities and abominable cruelties they practiced on the people in the name of Christianity. Though the first to occupy alone over twelve hundred miles of sea-coast, with over thirty trading stations, the Portuguese soon deservedly lost their trade, power and influence. In 1596 Houtman, a Dutch navigator, sailed for India, in command of four ships, laden with merchandise. This was the commencement of the trade of that country with the East, which has since continued.

A report of these expeditions, and a display in the market of London of the rich productions of that far-off country, incited the English merchants, and in 1600 a trading company was formed, with an exclusive charter from Queen Elizabeth, known as the "East India Company." They first established a factory or trading post at Súrat. In 1639 they acquired Madras, in 1664 Bombay, in 1694 Calcutta. Though but a trading company, they were obliged to obtain lands for their factories and residences, and having large amounts of treasure and valuable goods, among a nation of robbers and thieves, were obliged to protect them with soldiers. Con-

flicts often occurred, resulting in still further acquisition by the English.

Fifty years after Calcutta had been occupied, an event occurred which has become notorious throughout the world. Through the treachery of Súráj udDowlah, one hundred and forty-six English officers and soldiers were confined for one night in the Black Hole, a room eighteen feet square, and lighted by only two small windows. In the morning, out of all this number, only twenty-three were alive. To avenge this barbarous cruelty, an expedition was fitted out under Clive, then Governor of Fort St. David, formerly a writer in the Company's service, and on June 23, 1757, the battle of Plassey was fought, which inaugurated the British Empire of India. From a trading company it soon became a government, to acquire by degrees dominion over the whole of India. The Company existed until the Sepoy rebellion of 1857, when the charter was revoked and India became one of the colonies of the crown of Great Britain.

What the Kóhinúr is in the crown of her queen, such is India among the possessions of England.

Says a historian, "Whatever city or nation has, in the lapse of the past ages, held in its hand the keys of the Indian commerce and influence, that city or place has, for the time, stood forth in the van of the civilized world, as the richest and most flourishing."

It is a rich possession for England, and well may she enjoy it, and it is well for the two hundred and forty millions of the people of India, that after the dark night of several thousand years of cruelty and oppression, the morning light is breaking, and they enjoy such a government as Christian England gives them.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

To the reader of Moore's "Lalla Rookh," with its pictures of sunny skies, of fair maidens, true lovers, gorgeous scenery and beautiful imagery, the lot of the Women of India seems not so very hard. Represented as reclining on rich cushions or cool mats, they are fanned and waited upon by slaves; in lofty apartments, whose marble walls are inwrought with gold, silver, jewels, and lace-like carvings. True, Núrmahál, her fair companions and her duskier sisters, may have been somewhat secluded, but then, they had jewels, plates of pearls, cloths of gold, richest silks, and the most worshipful of lovers, and were, no doubt, very happy in their way. Moore looked through one end of the kaleidoscope, and saw an ever-varying panorama of beautifully blended colors and changing forms. We will look into the other end and see—the *reality*.

In regard to the personal liberty of the women of India, it is not possible to speak of them *en masse*, as the lives of women of different castes are so entirely unlike. In this respect, they may be divided into three great classes: first, the poor, low caste, laboring women; second, the women of the middle classes, and lastly, the women of wealth, or high caste.

† The first class comprises the wives of coolies and the poorer land cultivators, who go out and in as they choose. Many of them follow out-door occupations; as

gathering in the harvest, tending sheep, carrying light burdens, preparing and selling fuel, and similar occupations. When a piece of ground is to be levelled, or when it is necessary to convey earth from one place to another, women are usually employed, as they work more cheaply than men. They will carry dirt all day, in baskets on their heads, for three cents. One of the first strange sights, which attracted my attention when we landed at Madras, was a long procession of women, children and men, carrying earth in baskets on their heads, for the levelling of a new park. Many of the women carried their babes astride their hips, supporting the child's back with one arm, and steadying the basket on the head with the other hand.

To say preparing and selling fuel, does not, in the least degree, convey to an American the actual fact. To be more definite. Every morning numbers of women may be seen along the roads, in the fields, gathering all the manure they can find. If a woman is the happy possessor of a donkey or two, the donkeys carry the load; if not, the woman carries the manure in a round shallow basket on her head. When she reaches home, she works the mass well over with her hands, making it into cakes, such as she can easily grasp with her hand, and with one sharp pat, sticks them one by one on the side of her house, leaving the prints of her fingers on each cake. In a few days, the sun and heat have dried the cakes, and then the woman stacks them up for sale or home consumption. For one hundred and sixty pounds of this fuel, which has cost a month's hard work, they realize the sum of fifty cents !

When a family moves, the man goes ahead, carrying

only his cane, or leading his eldest boy. The wife follows with the household goods on her head, her baby on her hip, and leading the girl, if there is one.

These women never learn a trade; their manner is always modest; they rarely expose their faces to strangers; they never stand in a crowd; if they have any business in the crowded bázárs they accomplish it; and seldom stop to look at or listen to anything. When missionaries preach in the city bázárs, or in the villages, these women never stop in the crowd to listen. If they can get some good position, behind a wall or screen, and are not too busy, they sometimes hear a little. The men upon the street never stare at a woman. They would pass their nearest female relatives without a sign that they knew them.

The second class, or the wives of small tradespeople, venture out of their own court-yards at those hours of the day when they know the men to be away at their business, and visit some friend or relative, who may happen to live in a neighboring lane. In riding rapidly through a village, we have often surprised little companies of these women. With a smothered cry of "*Faringhi, Faringhi*,"—(English, English,)—they would run like scared rabbits for some hiding place. If there was no lane at hand into which they could turn, they would stand with their faces hidden in a corner of the wall, completely covered with their long cotton veils.

Thousands and thousands of these women, though they may live within half a mile of green fields, and rare gardens of unceasing bloom and beauty, for months and years do not see more than an occasional tree in a court yard, and perhaps a few marigold and jasmine plants,

the flowers of which are much used in idol worship. Women of this class, who live near the Ganges, or some other sacred river, are allowed, on one morning in the latter part of June, to go and bathe in the river, as they believe, for the washing away of sin. Some of them go in small covered vehicles to the great religious fairs, held on the Ganges in the fall.

The third class, or the women of the higher castes and wealthier classes, are kept in still greater seclusion. Occasional religious ceremonies, a marriage, or a death in a family, are the only breaks to the monotony of the lives of thousands of Hindú women. They never go out of their houses, except to visit their friends upon some such great occasion; then they are usually carried in closely covered and guarded palanquins, or native wagons. The journey is generally made at night. If it becomes necessary for these women to give evidence in court, they do so from behind a screen. If they are very sick, they sometimes consent to show the doctor the state of the tongue, through a small rent in a curtain. A Múhammedan widow woman was suffering from cancer. Her son, who had been educated in English schools, used every persuasion in his power, to induce her to see an English doctor. She would not yield to his entreaty, and would only consent that a string should be tied around her wrist, slipped through a curtain, outside of which the doctor might judge of her pulse and health by the string.

A woman of high caste, whose husband is poor, and cannot afford to hire a proper conveyance for her, will never leave her husband's house. It a family is rich, the husband may own great houses, beautiful gardens, fine

fields, houses, elephants and bullocks. His wife may never see anything of them outside of her own precincts, more than the glimpse she may get of them, as she steals a look through some rent in the covering of her conveyance, when starting upon a journey.

In the story of the "Private Life of an Eastern King," the father of the ex-king of Oud, written by a European, who was a member of the king's household, it is said that a flower was shown to a woman in some way connected with the royal family. On seeing the flower, she exclaimed, "If one flower is so beautiful, what must all the world be!" Her master, the king, had several beautiful gardens of great extent. One of them, Kaiser Bágh, or Cæsar's Garden, was one of the finest in India. It is not probable that any of his wives ever walked in its shade, saw its beautiful statuary, breathed in its sweet fragrance, or listened to the plash of its fountains. A missionary who had spent many years in India, said that he knew of women who had not been outside of their houses for fifty years.

A few of the native queens and princesses have, in times of war and great necessity, appeared in public, and greatly distinguished themselves. In the light of history, we see their bravery and noble actions, but they felt the smart of sneers and petty insult for their unwomanly conduct.

Take a closer look at the homes of Hindustání women. A European lady may imagine herself entering the women's part of an average native house. Gentlemen must remain outside with the men of the family; even they cannot go in with lady visitors; should they do so, some of the women might have to forego the pleasure of see-

ing the callers. Passing, perhaps through a cattle stable, then across a court-yard, surrounded by low houses, variously used for stables, store-houses, or servants, then through a low door, so low that it will be necessary to stoop on entering, a second court is reached, around which are low houses, or rather one continuous house on either side, with partitions separating it into apartments. The walls and floors are of clay, of a pleasing drab color; the roofs are of grass; the eaves of the houses about four or five feet in height, and the top of the roof about eight feet high. There is one door in each room, opening into the court, and unless two apartments are intended for one family, and joined by a door through the partition, there is no other door, or window even, in the house. In front of some of the doors, screens of matting, or earth wall, may be erected, to protect the women from the gaze of their brothers-in-law. These various apartments are occupied by the mother, some of her husband's widowed relatives, and her sons' wives. The courts are of different sizes and shapes, and in the course of time are much divided to suit the necessities of the family. In each room there are one or two low, light bedsteads, a little fire-place of bricks or clay, two or three water jars, a couple of flat, round stones for grinding flour, a small wheel for spinning thread, and half a dozen brass or copper dishes. There is frequently a kind of clay barrel, built in one corner, to keep clothes and grain from rats and mice. There are two or three niches left in the wall, in which a small lamp may be placed at night. A lamp is a shallow earthen dish, about two inches in diameter, holding the oil, in which is placed a bit of twisted rag or cotton for a wick. There is usually

one low stool, six or eight inches high, on which the women sit when spinning thread. This completes the inventory of a well furnished house.

Such are the homes of nine-tenths of India's millions, the prison-houses of the women! What wonder that they have no word in their language equivalent to home. They talk of house and family, but never of *home* and *wife*.

To the Western mind, one of the most surprising phases of Oriental life is the custom of infant marriage. A boy of sixteen, or a girl of eleven, unmarried, is a most unusual occurrence, and would be a matter of village gossip and a disgrace to their families, especially so to the girl's father, who would become an outcast for not having fulfilled his duty to her, by obtaining a husband for her. When boys are eight or nine years of age, they are betrothed to girls of five or six, and thenceforth these children talk as definitely of husband or wife as old married people. This betrothal is considered as binding as the final marriage ceremony, which takes place as soon as the girl arrives at maturity, occurring at a much earlier age than in colder countries. If the girl is of the Bráhmin caste, in case of the death of her betrothed, she is as much a widow as if actually married, and may never contract another marriage.

Nothwithstanding such marriages must often prove unhappy, there is more of prudence and consideration in them than at first sight appears. Considering the low state of morals, the entire lack of principle to keep men and women pure, the seclusion and consequent idleness of the women, and the great difficulty the men find in obtaining a livelihood, such marriages, contracted before

either party has sufficient forethought to consider the difficulties, are better for the people as a nation, than the idleness and profligacy which would follow had they an opportunity to discard marriage. A change of the present custom could hardly be beneficial before the people become Christianized and better educated.

After the completion of the marriage ceremonies, among the Múhammedan part of the population, the wife for the first time, on entering her father-in-law's house, sees her husband's face. She is but a child, liable to form a child's unreasoning likes or dislikes. Her husband, a mere boy, now possesses a slave; her mother-in-law receives a new servant; the elder sisters regard her with jealousy; her father-in-law, and her husband's brothers may never see her face, and rarely speak to her. She has never been governed in her father's house, but must now submit to any demand of her new relations.

The Hindú wife enters her father-in-law's house under the same conditions, except that she has occasionally, when surrounded by friends, seen her husband, and once, during the marriage feast, for the first and last time, eaten with him. Ever after she must cook for him, fan him while he eats, and take what he sees fit to leave her. The bride is young and strong. She may draw water, cook the food, sweep the floors, light the pipes, prepare the pán, or betel-nut, be waiter and servant for all in the house. Her mother-in-law may scold or beat her even, her sisters-in-law may misrepresent her to her husband as much as they choose, she has no redress. The only thing she can do is to run away, if she can escape, to her own father's house, if he happens

to live near enough, and stay there until her husband's friends want her services sufficiently to coax her back again. For the young people to set up house for themselves would be a thing unheard of. Boarding is unknown in India, and, except among the Múhammedans, divorce almost equally so. If the bride cannot escape to her father's house, and her situation becomes intolerable, she may either commit suicide, or kill her husband. Neither of these deeds is at all uncommon. In 1867 Miss Brittan wrote from Calcutta, that there were over three hundred women confined in the jail, nearly all life prisoners. The greater number of them were murderers. More than a third of them had murdered their husbands. One poor child, who was then only twelve years old, had murdered her husband when she was but nine years old! Think of her, of all the dreary years already past, of all the dreary years still before her, and yet, her loneliness, her deprivations, her burdens, are less within those prison walls, and she is happier than she could be outside among her friends as a *widow*.

Hindústání women far more frequently wreak their passion on themselves, than in the murder of others. In fits of anger or jealousy, they beat their heads violently against the wall, hang themselves, or spite their friends and neighbors by drowning themselves in the village well.

Such is the condition of the ungovernable, passionate ones. There are those who are gentle and unresisting, who submit to anything. It is their fate, and how can they resist fate. If a woman's husband beats her, he is wiser and stronger than she; if he neglects her, she thinks what a poor, silly thing she is, why should he care for her?

A Hindú never calls his wife by name, nor does she ever speak her husband's name. Until she becomes a mother, she is "That one," and then she is "So and so's mother."

In one thing is the woman respected and trusted. She is made the husband's banker. All that can be afforded is expended to buy jewels for the wife. A man's means and his affection for his wife may be safely estimated by his wife's ornaments. On these do all the pride and vanity of the wife concentrate. When a famine occurs, it is a sign of its exceeding severity if the women begin to sell their ornaments to buy bread. I have seen women in the mountains in India who had but one garment. That they would wear, without washing, until it became rags, but they had their ornaments. They had bracelets, armlets, nose rings, necklaces, finger and thumb rings containing little mirrors, anklets and toe rings, or bells. These were usually made of silver. The mountain people despise the people of the plains, who have more clothing, but wear ornaments made of pewter or shellac. They do not very highly esteem missionaries' wives, who wear no jewels. I was once far up in the mountains at Budrináth. The mountain of Budrináth is, as the crow flies, eighty miles from the plains, and some twenty-two thousand feet above the sea. After ten days' hard marching, one day, about noon, our party reached the village, which stands some twelve thousand feet above the sea. Our tents were soon pitched on a small plateau, a hundred feet above the dark river Alikananda, which rolled below in a swift, deep current, a little farther on was lost under a bridge of snow and ice, and appeared still lower down, dashing over the

rocks. On one hand was the village, of some three or four hundred inhabitants, built around the fissure in the rocks, from whence flowed a hot spring, which is regarded by the Hindús as the fountain of "Mother Gungá." On the other hand below, was a long row of native houses and cowsheds, beside which was a field of princess feather, just ripe for harvest. Not a tree wás visible; we had left the line of trees some three miles below on the road. On the north rose a vast snow-capped mountain. To the east was the river gorge through which we had come; to the northwest, a couple of miles distant, we could look through a narrow pass, over into that unknown land, Tibet. On the south and west, ten thousand feet above us, in awful grandeur and silence, towered the snow-capped, glacier-clothed god mountain, Badrínáth. At the base of the peak stood a somewhat pretentious temple of white stone, at the shrine of whose ancient god, bow pilgrims from all parts of India. Many of those pilgrims have left their bones to bleach upon the lofty, cold, wind-swept passes, or have sank, overcome by the fervid, burning heats of the low, close valleys of the Himálaya Mountains.

Soon after we encamped, our Hindú servants went to worship the god, to make offerings to the priests, and wash away their sins in the fountain, while the gentlemen of our party, with the Múhammedan servants, started for a climb up the great peak.

As I sat with my two little children at the tent door, viewing the magnificent scene, and watching our little party on their dangerous climb as far as I could see them, I was somewhat surprised to see two native women come from the long row of houses towards me. We

exchanged salutations, and they sat down beside me. Being a white woman, I was a great curiosity to them, as only two white women, years previous, had visited Badrináth. English gentlemen pass along this route every summer, on shooting excursions to Tibet.

The dress of my visitors was coarse and scanty, but each one had on as much as twenty dollars worth of silver ornaments. They examined and admired my thick warm clothing. They were especially delighted with my fair-haired, blue-eyed children. Then they noticed that I wore no rings nor ornaments of any kind. They asked in a very pitying, sympathetic manner, "Does not your husband love you?" By-and-by they wanted some quart bottles. I told them that I could not spare any, that I had but two, one to hold syrup, and one for milk. "What," said they, "do you not drink wine or beer?" They plead and begged for bottles for some time, for they did not believe me. At last they took their leave, with very insolent words and manner. Foreigners who did not drink wine, and a woman who did not wear jewels, was scarce worthy of their contempt.

But not all the jewels of India could compensate a woman of a Christian land for the misery and degradation of a woman there. I knew of two European women who by fair promises and untold wealth, were persuaded to become the wives of native Rájahs or princes. But what bitter, bitter tears wet jewelled fingers and satin pillows. Happy was one when divorce released her from her bondage, though jewels and rank went too. Happy was the other when death claimed her as his own.

The greater part of the women have scarce any employment, save cooking and spinning thread to make

cloth. There are no carpets to sweep, no chairs, or tables, or pictures to be dusted, no stoves to black, no silver to clean, no beds to make, and not more than half a dozen dishes to wash. They cannot sew. Even the poorest hire the sewing done on the three or four garments they may require during the year. The washing of all, even of the poorest, is done at the river or pond by a caste of washermen. They cannot read. Millions of them are as firm as ever in the belief that if they learn to read, they should become widows. It is only the more enlightened men who allow their women to learn to read. They cook their one meal a day; if they are pretty well off they have two meals a day, and the rest of the time they spend in sleep, or in gossiping with some neighbor over the wall.

When two Hindústání women meet, the first question usually is, "What have you cooked to-day, Sister?" Cooking and rúpíyá, paisá, rúpíyá, paisá,—dollar and cents,—is all they have to talk of. They tell over, and over, what their ornaments cost, what their clothing costs; how much they pay for flour, for spices, or fruit, or rice.

The following are some of the rules laid down in the sacred books of the Hindús for wives. A good many of them sound harsh to us, but the spirit of some of them may not be unfamiliar: "A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of all good work she can perform is to gratify him with strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion." "Her husband may be crooked, aged, infirm, offensive in his manners. Let him also be choleric and dissipated, irregular, a drunkard, a gambler, a debauchee. Suppose him reckless of his domestic affairs, even agitated like a

demon. Let him live in the world destitute of honor. Let him be deaf or blind. His crimes and infirmities may weigh him down, but never shall his wife regard him but as her god. She shall serve him with all her might; obey him in all things, spy no defects in his character, nor give him any cause for disquiet." "In every stage of life a woman is created to obey. At first, she yields obedience to her father and mother. When married, she submits to her husband, and her father and mother-in-law. In old age, she must be ruled by her children. During her life, she can never be under her own control." "Carefully let her perform her daily ablutions, and the coloring of her body with saffron dye. Let her attire be elegant; her eyelids be tinged with black on their edges, and her forehead colored red. Her hair also shall be combed, and beauteously braided." "Whatever money she receives from him, she must faithfully expend, with no reservation for herself or her friends, not even for charitable purposes, unauthorized by her husband." "A woman is not allowed to go out of the house without consent of her husband; nor to laugh without a veil over her face; nor to stand at a door; nor to look out at the window. She is like a heifer on the plain, that still longs for fresh grass. Infidelity, violence, deceit, envy, and viciousness are all hers. She was made for servitude to her husband. She has no fitness for his equal companionship." "Let all her words, her actions, and her deportment give open assurance that she views her husband as her god. Then shall she be honored of all men, and be praised as a discreet and virtuous wife." "If her husband dies first, and she resolves to die with him, glorious and happy shall

she be in that world into which he has passed." The mothers seldom have any authority over their children; they do not expect to have. They govern only by threats, promises, chicanery. Their tenderness and attachment for their children is very great; but in their ignorance and weakness, they cannot understand any other manifestation of it, than by extreme indulgence.

The children only obey the father through fear of a whipping. Their mothers they strike, and speak to in the most insulting language, without rebuke from any one. The mother will submit to the most unreasonable demands from her children. The only thing they have to fear from her is a curse. That she would never pronounce while they were young. When they were grown up, only denying the faith of their fathers could induce her to speak such fearful words. She knows nothing to teach her children, except a few of the abominable stories of their gods, and the idle gossip of the zuuána. A boy of ten years will know more of the world than his mother who is a "purdá nushín," or curtain hidden.

The lullaby to which all Hindústání children are soothed to sleep is

"Nindá bábá nindí,
Rótí, makan, chíní."
(Sleep, baby, sleep,
Bread, butter, sugar.)

The simple tune fits all kinds of baby talk, and its monotony is, at times, most aggravating to civilized ears. Another cradle ditty is a few lines of a Persian song. They have a great many superstitions in regard to children, and perform a great many ceremonies over them during their infancy. They never speak of a child as

healthy, or fat, or beautiful. They think that if they did so, some evil spirit might be attracted to it, and cause its illness or death. One day the native nurse was holding my baby boy. I was laughing and talking to him, and in fun pulled his nose. The woman drew him hastily away from me, and exclaimed, "Oh Lady! You mind Sunday and all other good things, and then you pull the baby's nose. He will be sick, he will be sick!"

Infanticide, though much suppressed, is not at all uncommon. Such a thing as throwing a living child into the Ganges is now unknown. The English government has eradicated such acts of horror and fanaticism; but the murder of infant girls is committed every day, notwithstanding a great deal of legislation against it. The disgrace of a mother who has only girls is very great.

The caste of Thákúrs, or Rájpúts, which, next to the Bráhmins, is the most powerful and wealthy in India, is most given to infanticide. The two principal causes is the great expense of getting a daughter married, and the strange family pride they have against becoming fathers-in-law and brothers-in-law. Among the Thákúrs to call a man "Sáhlah" or brother-in-law, is a terrible insult. In 1872, an official report to the government stated that "in Cawnpore district 61 villages are redhanded with blood, the girls all being murdered."

It was desired to start both a boys' and girls' school in two villages, some twelve or fifteen miles from my home. A competent and trustworthy native Christian was sent to find out the number of children there. In one village he found about one hundred boys and only fourteen girls.

The government census reports show an average dif-

ference of about one-fourth per cent. less girls than boys among the Hindú population. The difference among the Múhammedans is not so great. Neither is the difference between adult males and females so great. The greater mortality among adult males can only be accounted for on sanitary and moral reasons. The difference between male and female children, however, can only be put down to infanticide, and the criminal neglect parents show to infant girls. The mother sometimes accedes to the destruction of her helpless baby girl as readily as the father; if not, she cannot help herself.

And do not their hearts ache—break—as they feed their dear baby girls those daily doses of slow poison? Do they not weep bitterly, as they give their little ones into a servant's hands, knowing it to be for the last time? I believe they do. It often seemed to me, when I was among them, that the only point of real sympathy between them and Christian women was mother love. Ah, mothers, what if false faith, social bondage and family pride made such havoc of our love!

When a native mother loses children, she weeps and wails in a terrible manner. She screams violently, and calls on her children to return. She tears her hair, and refuses food. She reproaches the gods. She hopes for nothing good for her children. She thinks they perhaps may be born into the world in the form of some vile animal. She has no hope of ever meeting them again. After I had lost one of my children, some of the native women came to me. They held up their hands, as is their custom when making a request, begging me not to be angry; they wished to ask me a question. One of them said to me, "You love your children just as we

do, you do more for them, you get everything nice for them. Why is it, that when they die, you do not cry for them as we do?" "When my baby died," said one, "Oh, I beat myself so, I cried so, and tore my hair, and would not eat anything for three days. I would throw myself on the floor, and I made a great, great weeping." I told them that I knew my child was happier in heaven with God than I could ever make it, and that if I was faithful, I should see it again, and that they too might see their children. "Ah, Lady," they replied, that is a good word for you, but there are no such good words for us; our children will be born again, perhaps in a dog, perhaps in some bird, what can we know about it."

Among Múhammedans polygamy is the rule. With the Hindús there are many occasions for allowing it. If after eight years of married life, a woman has no children, her husband may take another wife. The first wife would hold authority over the second. I knew a woman whose husband was about to take a second wife. It was her particular desire that he should do so. She said that now she would have a servant to cook for her and wait upon her. The children would be her own, while the real mother would have all the trouble and care of them. Happiness and concord are, however, anything but the rule in such households. The Hindús usually prefer quiet with one wife, to endless discord with more. Among some tribes, monogamy is the exception, but the larger part of the Hindús, unless they are wealthy, or have no sons by the first wife, usually keep but one wife.

The Múhammedan widow may marry again. When she dies, whether as wife or widow, she dies quietly in

her own house, and receives burial. The Hindú woman is denied all. When a Hindú woman's husband dies, her lamentation is terrible. Though he may have been a hard tyrant in his life, her condition was better than it ever can be as a widow. Despised, reproached, stripped of her ornaments, that her foolish, ignorant heart loved so much—denied any part in weddings or any family festivities, she finds naught left to her but tears, prayers, sacrifices, fastings, vigils, and servitude to her husband's family, for the rest of her life. At whatever age she is left a widow, though she may be but a prattling infant, the rule and restrictions are none the less severe.

The fearful practice of sutí or widow burning, has been almost entirely abolished by the English government. Instances do occasionally happen, but the leaders, if found, are severely punished. It is estimated that many thousands of women sacrificed themselves annually, on their husband's funeral pyres, just previous to the order of the English government forbidding it. Some of the promises and inducements to women to immolate themselves in this manner, are thus set forth in the sacred books of the Hindús:

"There are 35,000,000 hairs on the human body. The woman who ascends the pile will remain so many years with her husband in heaven." "The woman who expires on the funeral pile with her husband purifies the family of her father, her mother, and her husband. If the husband be a Bráhminicide, the greatest of all criminals, an ungrateful person, or a murderer of his friends, the wife, by burning with him, purges away his sins." "There is no greater virtue than a virtuous woman burning herself with her husband." "As long as a woman,

in her successive transmigrations, should decline burning herself, like a faithful wife, on the same fire with her deceased lord, so long shall she not be exempted from springing into life again in the body of some female animal." "Though he, her husband, have sunk to the region of torment, be restrained in dreadful bonds, have reached the place of anguish, be seized by the imp of Yúmá, be exhausted of strength, and afflicted and tortured for his crimes, still as a serpent-catcher unerringly drags a serpent from his hole, so does she draw her husband from hell, and ascends with him to heaven by the power of devotion."

The sutí monuments are scattered all over India. I have seen them all along, from the mouth of the Ganges, where it enters the Indian Ocean, to the Himálaya Mountains, twelve hundred miles inland. Solid cubes of masonry from three to twelve feet in thickness, surmounted by small domes, mark the sites of widow burning. They stand sometimes singly, sometimes by the dozen, sometimes by the hundred. Old, bigoted, Hindú women bitterly curse the English government for interfering with their own and their families' chances of salvation, but still popular opinion is slowly growing against widow burning.

Such are some of the dark phases in the lives of a large portion of the Women of India. And yet there are still darker, deeper depths of degradation and sorrow, of sin and utter wretchedness, in which are sunken millions of Hindú women.

The lives of incarnate devils could not, it seems, exceed in wickedness the lives of the supreme and incarnate gods which the Hindús worship. The estate of woman,

even in lands where Christianity has shed its purifying light, is universally acknowledged to be still below its natural, God-given standard. If such is the case in Christian lands, what must be the estate of women who are under the absolute control of men who worship those embodiments of lust and wickedness, the gods of the Hindú pantheon; of men who look upon women as soulless, irresponsible creatures, who may be, in the name of religion, even by father or mother, or at the call of the priest, set apart in the temples to lives of unutterable infamy?

Ah, there are depths there from which we recoil with more loathing and horror, than from the sight of putrifying corpses.

But the last hour comes to the Hindú woman. She must go the way of all the earth. She must die. When a woman dies, it is not a matter of such great moment. When death seems inevitable, she, like others, is carried to the Ganges, if she lives near enough. I have often seen sick and dying men and women hurried over the dusty road, to the river. Sometimes they were carried on a light bedstead, on men's shoulders, with only a piece of cloth thrown over them, to protect them from the fearful rays of the sun. Sometimes they were carried in carts, without springs, in which they could not lie down, though too weak to sit up. They were often attended only by the driver, who hurried on the oxen, regardless of the pain and groans of the dying one, lest they might not reach the river ere life was gone. The eldest son usually accompanies his mother on this last awful journey. When the river is reached, she is placed partly in the water. She must die now. To return

home, to be refused by the holy Mother Ganges, would be a greater calamity than widowhood. Too often the son hastens her death, lest she should recover. The last sigh has scarce escaped, when her body is thrust out into the stream, to become food for alligators and vultures.

Such is the life of a wife and mother in India. Unwelcome at her birth, enslaved as a wife, unhonored as a mother, feared only for her curse, and without one ray of hope in death.

CHRISTIANITY FOR THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

The previous article has shown what the Shástars, the Veds and the Korán have done for the women of India. Turn to a brighter picture, and see what Christianity is doing for them.

English statesmen, travelers, missionaries, and educated Hindús, whether Christian or not, all claim with abundant proofs that the "Hindú wives and mothers are the great supporters and propagators of idolatry," that it is "the mothers of India that keep the idols upon their pedestals." Educated Hindús who have lost faith in the absurdities of their native religion, who are thoroughly convinced of the truth of Christianity, dare not bring upon the women of their families the sorrow, disgrace, and ruin which would result were they to join the Christians. Home ties and family connections are not less regarded in India, and in many instances they are more binding than the home life of Christian nations. A man in a Christian country, who by changing his religion should cut himself entirely off from his wife and children, from his parents, brethren and neighbors, who by so doing should doom his wife to perpetual and disgraced widowhood, his children to reproach, and his parents to bitterest sorrow, would be considered to be either wanting in natural affection, or else a man of extraordinary will and religious convictions. Yet such must be the will and religious convictions of the converted Hindú, such the disgrace of his family unless the women can be

persuaded to the same mind. Shut up in the seclusion of the zunána, forbidden all intercourse with the outside world, this has seemed well nigh impossible.

But a brighter day dawns for the women of India. Glimmers of light have penetrated their dark, cheerless, vacant, hopeless lives, and they are reaching out for more, calling us to come and help them.

Hear the sad cry of one who had lost faith in Hindúism, and was like one groping in the dark for a resting place. "Oh," she said to a missionary, "we are like beasts; as such we live, as such we die. Why do not some of you ladies come to teach us, we are so ignorant, we know nothing. Why do not more Christian ladies come and teach us, if they believe that unless we know about Jesus we cannot go to heaven? Oh, why have they never come before, and why do not more come now?

Ah, why not indeed! Surely because Christian women have not known or comprehended the sad estate of their Indian sisters. But there is no longer any excuse for ignorance, no longer any excuse for inactivity. In each of the leading denominations there are Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies, calling for laborers, for money, for prayers and faith.

Previous to 1816 there appears to have been no successful effort made to educate the women of India. In that year Rev. Mr. Meigs could hear of but three respectable women in the city of Jaffna, in Ceylón, who were able to read and write. "A certain amount of education was given to those who were to become dancing girls in the native temples, and to sing dissolute songs connected with the temple worship." In 1816 Rev. Mr.

and Mrs. Poor went to Ceylón, and shortly after opened a boarding school for boys, with a department for girls. In 1818 they reported a few girls in attendance. It was also in the year 1816 that the Church Missionary Society of England established a mission in Calcutta, which at once opened schools for both sexes. In 1824 the Society reported twenty-two schools, with five hundred scholars in attendance, a large number of whom were women and girls. "Great interest was awakened on the subject of female education in India, and a 'Ladies' Society' for this purpose was formed, under the patronage of Lady Amherst. At an examination of schools in February, 1825, out of three hundred and twenty-five girls, in eleven schools, two hundred and ninety-two came together. They were examined in Watts' Catechism and the New Testament, to the gratification and surprise of all present." This "Ladies' Society" is the first Woman's Missionary Society on record.

The Missionaries of the American Board first entered Bombay in 1813. In 1825 they reported "very gratifying progress in the education of heathen girls, in spite of strong native prejudices, seventy-five being under instruction." The cause of female education made more rapid progress in Bombay than in any other mission station in India. In 1830 twelve girls' schools were reported in that city, with four hundred pupils.

From such small beginnings has grown up the great work of education among India's daughters, which as yet is but comparatively in its infancy.

In 1860 there were at least twenty thousand girls under instruction in mission schools, and much visiting in the zunánas had been accomplished by the missionaries'

wives. The daughters of to-day step in to reap the glorious harvest, the fruit of the seed sown by those noble women, the missionaries' wives. How bravely they toiled, combating ancient prejudices, false notions of modesty, religious intolerance, social degradation! While their husbands educated the men and boys to a point where they would allow their women to learn to read, the missionaries' wives were practically showing in their little schools, of such girls as they could collect, that widowhood would not be the necessary penalty of knowing how to read; that other than courtesans might, without losing womanly modesty, possess a few accomplishments; and in social visits to dark homes were infusing into the minds of many veiled and gilded prisoners, hope, interest, and a desire for a better, a nobler life. They received but little aid from Home Boards; the most of their work was done without appropriations; they had little sympathy from the Christian sisterhood; they wrote few reports, for they did not realize that they were accomplishing a great work. They cheered and aided their husbands; they carefully shielded their little families from heathen influences; in orphanages, boarding, and little day schools they taught daily; they visited such open doors as they could find, and at last went to their eternal rest, scarce dreaming that they had added one star to their crowns, when lo, constellations awaited them.

A new era was dawning upon India. Educated men wanted educated wives. Hindú women heard of the pretty accomplishments of the foreign women, and saw some of their poorer sisters, who had placed themselves under their teaching, educated, freed in a great measure

from social bondage, yet still happy wives and mothers, and respected women. Timidly, half fearing still the result, they began to ask for teachers. Then God moved the hearts of women in Christian lands to devise means to elevate their heathen sisters.

In 1859 Mrs. Mason, a missionary on her way from Burmah to America stopped at Calcutta, where but recently zunána doors had been open to Christian teachers. Her sympathies were warmly enlisted for the purda nushín—curtain concealed women of India—and upon reaching America, in earnest appeals laid their needs before American women. As a result, in 1861 the Woman's Union Missionary Society was organized. In 1862 the first missionary of this society, Miss Marston, was sent to Burmah. In 1864 Miss Brittan began her work in Calcutta. In 1874 she reported eight hundred women in and about Calcutta, under the instruction of the missionaries of that society, while nearly seventeen hundred women were being taught by missionary ladies of other societies.

The Woman's Board of Missions, organized in 1868, shortly after sent out two missionaries to India. The Board now reports eleven missionaries in India and Ceylón, and has established or assumed the support of five schools, one of them the girls' school at Udúville, Ceylón, which was established fifty years ago, where in 1874 the educated women of Jaffna, by giving money, jewels, or personal property, memorialized the missionaries Dr. and Mrs. Spaulding, and Miss Agnew, who for from thirty to fifty years had been their teachers, and established a "jubilee fund, to be called the Spaulding and Agnew fund, the interest of which should be placed

at their disposal while they live, and afterwards used for the education of girls needing aid in the Udúville female boarding school." The whole transaction would have done credit to the graduates of any woman's college in America, and yet some of the women taking part were among the first to learn to read in India.

The Woman's Board of Missions also supports twenty native Bible women and teachers, who are doing a good work among the homes and zunánas of India.

The Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior has had laborers in India during the past five years. At present that organization sustains in India four missionaries, seven native teachers and Bible readers, and several schools for both sexes.

In 1870 the women of the Presbyterian churches organized a Missionary Society, and began to take up work in India, a large part of it already well established by missionaries' wives. For the year 1875 both branches of this society supported thirty-two missionaries' wives and single lady missionaries, sixty-six native Bible readers, zunána visitors and teachers, beside a large number of orphans and schools.

In 1865, at Lucknow, then the most southeastern point of the American Methodist mission in India, the women began asking for more light. Six zunána schools were established. In 1867 two schools for heathen girls were started in Shahjehánpore. They met with many obstacles, not only from heathen prejudice, but from some of the missionaries as well, who considered them a useless venture. Three years later seven schools for heathen girls were supported in that place. In Bareilly, where in 1867 it would have been impossible to start a school

for heathen girls, in 1868 a missionary's wife asked for means to establish six schools, so rapidly was public opinion growing in favor of female education. All over India a like interest was awakened, and every day increasing. In 1869 the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church was organized, and sent out two missionaries to India. At present, they have six single lady missionaries in that field. They have assumed the entire control and support of a large orphanage, containing one hundred and fifty girls; medical schools have been opened which have graduated some twenty-five native woman doctors; a fine hospital is established, with a dispensary where nearly four thousand persons are treated every year. There are three boarding schools, and over ninety day schools, the majority of which are superintended by missionaries' wives, of whom there are seventeen in the field. About two thousand women and girls are under instruction.

In 1871 the Baptist Woman's Missionary Society took up work in Assam and in Southern India. For 1875 they report four missionaries in those fields, with schools, Bible readers and teachers, and a most encouraging prospect.

Besides American agencies, there are several English and European societies working for the women of India. The Indian Female Normal School Society has access to hundreds of zunánas, where nearly one thousand native ladies are under instruction. This Society has also about one thousand girls attending regular schools.

The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, disburses its funds through missionaries of several different societies, and is doing a large work. This

society was organized in 1834, and was the first Woman's Missionary Society in England "to attempt zunána work in India, and to send forth teachers for Hindú and Múhammedan zunánas."

The Dilhí and South Punjáb Mission Association, working in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, has ten English and European ladies working in the western valley of the Ganges. It also employs twenty-one native teachers. Several English ladies give not only means, but time and labor in the interest of this society. It is mainly supported by contributions received in India from English officers and church offertories. A medical school and dispensary are in charge of a deaconess from Kaiserswerth. About eight hundred women and girls are being taught in schools and zunánas.

At Benáres, the heart of Hindúism, their holy of holies, the seat of Hindú learning and superstition, there are more girls under Christian instruction than in any other city in Northern India. Three English societies employ nine English lady missionaries, besides missionaries' wives, forty native women teachers, support twelve schools, and visit sixty zunánas, in which about seven hundred and fifty women and girls are instructed. In the same city the Mahárájah of Vizianagram, a Hindú, expends three hundred and fifty dollars a month on girls' schools, containing six hundred pupils. "A graduated series of lessons in Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic, etc., have been prepared expressly for these schools by a native pundit. None but women teachers are employed; there are thirty native teachers and two young ladies employed in superintending the

schools, instructing the teachers, and teaching plain and fancy needle work." In government schools there are one hundred and forty-four scholars. "Altogether Benáres can boast of an attendance of fifteen hundred and sixty-two in the schools, and twelve European, and eighty-four native teachers engaged in the work; this, too, in the most heathenish city in all India."

The English government in India, and local governments as well, are establishing schools all over the country for the education of girls. In the Northwest Provinces, and in the Punjáb alone, over ten thousand pupils are in these schools. These schools are, however, open to serious objections, as the Bible is not taught in them, nor any other form of religion. The Bible is, however kept in the school libraries. Miss Carpenter, a Unita-, rian philanthropist from England, established schools upon the same principle of non-interference with religion. They were a failure, notwithstanding all the *eclat* and official support with which they were started. The London Times, in speaking of the failure of these schools, said that "natives will not have their daughters taught without the moral safeguards of religion, whether Hindúism or Christianity." A native paper also said that "It is a great mistake to attempt to found a godless school." Natives may fear the influences of Christianity, but they fear even more to have their daughters left without any form of religion, as they inevitably must be if educated. Education and sound belief in Hindúism or Múhammedanism is not possible in the same mind. Still there are thousands of natives who, because they "eat government salt," feel bound to please their superior officers, by sending their daughters to government

schools. In a few years these women will become a dangerous element in Indian society. Knowing enough to make them proud, restless, and ambitious, but not sufficient to influence them for good, or protect them from evil, without the moral or social restraints of any religion, they may work incalculable mischief.

In the Mission schools of the Northwestern Provinces and the Punjáb, there are over twelve thousand girls taught. In other parts of India, where the work of female education has been longer prosecuted, a much larger proportion are in school. In all the schools, both government and mission, at least seventy thousand girls and women are under instruction, an increase of fifty thousand in the last fifteen years. "Lo, what a wonderful work!" we exclaim with pride; but when it is considered that of the 120,000,000 women in India, but one in every fifteen hundred is able to read, how small that work seems.

For years, for generations, this work is to be an increasing one. Every year more and more women are asking for instruction. A few, with much fear and trembling, have learned a little, and have found that for their learning, they did not straightway become widows. Other women, seeing this, and envying their pleasure and acquirements, venture too. In learning from the Christian women the wisdom of this world, their prejudice to Christianity is broken down, and their faith in Hindúism destroyed. The simple study of geography is almost enough for that. First from curiosity they inquire concerning our faith, and afterwards, when they see the weakness and falsity of their ancient faith, they ask of our religion.

Those who have already received Christ are working and praying and giving of their poverty, that others may be taught of Him who alone hath power to forgive sins. To the heathen woman Christianity means not only a good sermon on Sunday or a precious prayer-meeting, to her it is the opening of prison doors, and the creation of homes; instead of slavery it gives freedom; in the place of dishonor and abuse, it offers to her honor and respect; in exchange for a broken mother's heart and a murderer's blood-stained hand, it gives her the lives of her daughters; instead of an agonized, hopeless death in the muddy, chilling waters of the Ganges, she may in her peaceful home, with joy upon her countenance, and praises upon her lips, depart to be with Jesus.

They appreciate all this! They not only long to tell the story of Jesus and his love, but they go earnestly to work and *tell* it. Every native preacher's wife; every girl who has gone out from the orphanage, and every other native Christian woman who can read, is every day actively engaged in teaching school or in Bible reading. Every native Christian woman who is not too old to learn to read, is in school two or three hours every day. Mothers, daughters and babies are all there. They not only work, but they give, and in giving they shame us. Some who have but *two dollars* a month on which to keep themselves and families, give twenty or thirty cents a year to the Woman's Missionary Society. They have to deny themselves to give that. They cannot save it from extra gloves, or ruffles, or flowers in their bonnets, for they have neither. They save it out of their one full meal a day. One woman whose husband receives fourteen dollars a month gives one dollar and a half a month

for missions. No department of missionary work in India has been more successful, or promises greater things than this work among the women. Think of the two little girls timidly peeping in at door and window, fifty-five years ago in Ceylón, and with difficulty recalled from flight when Mrs. Winslow attempted to speak to them; and then look at the seventy thousand women and girls in school. Think of the three girls who were first induced to attend school regularly by the promise of gold beads, then turn to Udúville, Ceylón, on the 11th of June, 1874, and see native women and children sending up rings, necklaces, bracelets and ear-rings to aid in the endowment of the Udúville Seminary for girls. In Ceylón the custom of paying the girls for attending school could only be abolished after thirty years of teaching.

In 1867 the missionaries in Calcutta, with much hesitancy as to its final result, gave up the "pice system," or the custom ot giving to heathen girls, attendant upon the schools, a small coin each day. See now fifteen hundred native ladies in and around Calcutta under daily instruction in their own homes, who pay fifty cents a month for Bengálí and a dollar for English instruction.

In India there is a double cause and a double duty, which God has laid upon Christian nations. The men can be reached by men alone; the women cannot be led out of their darkness except by women. The Hindús have a saying that a tree cannot be cut down except by a branch of itself, the axe helve; and nowhere does this adage have more force than in woman's work for woman. The more the labors and the greater the success of the missionaries among the men, the more urgent is the call

for the woman's societies to be active in their work. The men may work among the men for generations, but if the women are left in the darkness of heathenism they will bring up their children to be like themselves, and the salvation of India will be delayed hundreds of years. To American Missionary Societies alone do millions upon millions of the people of India hold out their hands, asking, What shall we do to be saved? Shall we turn a deaf ear to their cry? God forbid.

The day is not far distant when missionaries shall be able to report not only so many thousands in school, but thousands of women converted to God, thousands of Christian mothers. Some of us shall have gone to our rest before that great ingathering day, but others, with ancient Simeon and Anna shall exclaim, "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN INDIA.

The most inexorable and unchangeable custom, a custom which meets every Hindú at his birth, writes his fate upon his forehead, and disposes of him at death, is caste. No other influence or circumstance of his life, so continually, so relentlessly affects him. His rising up and sitting down, his eating and drinking, during famine as well as in times of plenty, his clothing, his trade, his journeying, his marriage, his prayers, in some cases the very breath he draws, and his manner of death and burial, are all governed by this custom; a power stronger in his estimation than any other conceivable thing of heaven or earth.

The four principal castes are the Bráhmans or priesthood, the Kshatriya or soldiery, the Vaisya or merchants, and the Súdras or cultivators. For these four castes a divine origin is claimed, but there are now almost innumerable divisions and subdivisions. In a single district of 800,000 people, there were five hundred and forty-eight separate and distinct castes. The origin of some of these castes has often been from the most trivial circumstances. For instance, some men fed their cattle gájurs, or carrots, and they were nicknamed gájur, which their descendants still retain.

These various divisions, into hundreds of castes, each with their own peculiar distinctions and habits, has resulted in establishing a vast number of curious cus-

toms, rites and ceremonies, many of them regarding the most trivial acts of life, that could not be separately recounted in less than a good sized library.

These castes do not intermarry, smoke, eat, or drink together; many of them may not touch, or be touched by those of another caste. Frequently they may not draw water from wells belonging to, or used by others than those of their own caste, nor take water from a spring, in which persons of low caste or no caste, have dipped their cups.

An American was traveling in the Himálaya Mountains during the hot season, when many of the streams were dried up. One day, after traveling for miles without a drop of water, panting with thirst and heat, he and his coolies came to a spring. Being a little in advance of his coolies, he dipped his cup in the sparkling water, as it bubbled out from under the rocks, and gaily shouting back, bade his men hasten on to the refreshing water. To his amazement, not a man of them, those dirty, ragged coolies, so foul smelling for lack of bathing that it was necessary for a civilized nose to keep to the windward of them, not a man of them, faint, thirsty, and weary as they were, would touch the water after it had been polluted by a foreigner's cup! Had the spring flowed out of the mountain side a few feet above the place where the American dipped his cup, they would have gone above and drank.

The members of some castes, and foreigners, may not put so much as a hand or foot inside the houses of other castes, without putting the master of the house to great expense and trouble for the purification of his dwelling. Many castes must live in villages by themselves, only

entering the main bázárs of other towns for purposes of trade. A Hindú never makes any attempt to enter a higher caste, nor any pretense of belonging to any other than the caste into which he was born. Occasionally a man of low caste may rise to a position of wealth and power, yet still his social relations remain entirely unchanged. A man of the sweeper caste—one of the lowest—by his ability came to occupy a responsible and honorable position under the English government. He as proudly acknowledged his caste as if he had been a Bráhmin. However low a Hindú may be in the social scale, he always finds some one to look down upon.

These distinctions are much more rigidly observed in Southern India, and among the Himálaya Mountains, than they are on the intervening plains. Still it is quite impossible anywhere to persuade, or hire for any sum of money, under any stress of circumstances, members of one caste to perform the simplest work belonging to another.

In Southern India nearly all the servants of Europeans are of the Pariah or other lower castes, while in Northern India Múhammedans are usually employed. The Múhammedans are somewhat governed by caste feeling. A Múhammedan servant who blacks his master's boots, takes care of his clothes, library, and dusts the house daily, would not for any consideration of money, sweep a floor or draw water. The man who draws water would not tend a horse or bullocks. Many cooks will not wash dishes, but must have a boy to do it for them. Avaricious and close-fisted as the Bráhmin is, he would never engage in any occupation, however lucrative, that would affect his caste.

The Hindú infant, if a boy, is heartily welcomed to the world; if a girl, the family, overcome with shame and confusion, answer inquiring friends, "Nothing, nothing!" and the chances are one in four that her life ends then, or through neglect in early infancy. When the child is a few days old, the house is purified, or mud washed inside and out, and friends are invited to a feast; when he is six months old another feast is made over the ceremony of giving him solid food; when two or three years old another feast celebrates the occasion of shaving his head. If he is a Bráhmin boy, at five or six years of age he aspires to wear a muslin cap and coat all day, and goes to school, where he sits cross-legged upon a rush mat on the mud floor, with his paper-covered books, and swaying his body back and forth, shouts his lessons, in company with half a dozen other little fellows, the greater part of the day. When he is seven or eight years of age, he is invested with the upavít, or sacred cord, which is prepared with great care and many ceremonies. The cotton of which it is made must be planted, watered, gathered, spun and sold by Bráhmins. At first it consists of only three threads, but when the youth is married it is increased to nine. It is worn over the left shoulder, and hangs loosely under the right arm. The ceremonies of investiture last four days. The feasting of friends and Bráhmins, and priests' fees, require a considerable outlay, which poor Bráhmins are often unable to bear. In such a case they take up a contribution, thus giving their neighbors an opportunity to gain for themselves a degree of merit.

The boy's betrothal follows almost immediately, and is celebrated with much feasting and pomp. At fifteen or

sixteen he is finally married to his child wife, of whom he knows almost nothing, and for whom he has not the slightest regard. The principal care that the lower castes have for their children is to get them married at as early an age as possible; boys at five or six, and girls while infants in arms. A father who allows his daughter to remain unmarried until she is eleven years of age, loses his standing among his people.

The Hindú's first act on awaking in the morning is to pray. In passing through the bázárs just before sunrise, the merchants who sleep on the open verandas, where they display their goods by day, and in front of the closets containing their stores, may be heard calling out "Rám, Rám," or the name of some other deity. As hey lie on their slight bedsteads, without other covering than a white sheet drawn closely over them, head and all, they seem like speaking corpses.

One of the first duties of the day is to clean the teeth, which they do with a twig broken from a tree on their way to the well. Their religious books contain special instructions as to the kind of twig to be used, its length, and the manner of using it. They look with abhorrence upon the foreigner's custom of using day after day a tooth brush, made of such a disgusting thing as the hair of an animal. They consider the saliva as most unclean, and cannot understand how Europeans can use again and again a brush, a spoon or fork. In eating or drinking they never put their fingers in their mouths or a drinking cup to their lips, but drop or pour it in. They never stick a postage stamp or seal a letter with their tongues, and hesitate to take in hand a letter so sealed. The European custom

of using a handkerchief, and then putting it in the pocket is very sickening to them. The more rigid and scrupulous Bráhmins never eat without bathing, all good Hindús bathe at least once a day, while the labor and trouble of bathing once a week or month is left to Pariahs, sweepers, and Western nations.

One of the early duties of the Hindú's day is to sacrifice and pray to his gods, and though the greatest magnate of the land should call at that hour, he must wait outside until the service is over. After prayers he paints the tilak upon his forehead, breast, or arms. These marks are made with ashes or sandal-wood paste. Sometimes a single line is drawn across the forehead, or perhaps a single red line from the top of the forehead to the tip of the nose, a few strokes in front of each ear, horizontal lines across the upper arm, and many other marks varying according to caste, or the particular divinity worshipped. The morning routine of purification, sacrifice, eating and signing himself being complete, he sets forth on the day's business, ready to lie, cheat, swindle, and over-reach, as the needs of his purse, or cupidity may dictate.

When Hindústánis of any wealth or influence make calls or visits, they take with them as many servants as their means or rank will allow. As they approach the house, one of the servants runs on in advance, and informs a servant of the house that his master is coming. The head servant of the house goes into his master's presence, and with joined hands, says, "Rájah or Nawáb So and So waits outside." If the caller is to be received, the servant of the house goes out, makes two or three profound saláms before the visitor, with joined hands, and

says to him, "The door is open, the master says salám," that is, peace. Should it not be desirable to receive the visitor, the servant says to him, "The door is shut." Such a reply is not considered as an insult, but indicates that the master may be bathing, or eating, or sleeping.

When the visitor enters the reception room, he and the host do not shake hands, but bow repeatedly, saying "Salám, salám," and inquire with many respectful titles, always addressed in the third person, plural, concerning each other's welfare and temper. "Is their Excellency's temper good?" is as common an inquiry among the Hindústánis as "How do you do?" in our own land. There is sense in the question, for it is a well-known fact, that there is no quality of the heart or mind, that succumbs so readily to illness or adversity as the temper, especially in a hot climate.

The visitor does not take a seat until his host is seated, and whenever the latter rises, the visitor also rises, and remains standing until the host requests him to sit, or is seated himself.

When the visit is finished, the host says to the caller, "Their honor has permission to leave." It would be considered a mark of great impoliteness, for a visitor to leave, before the host had signified that the visit was long enough.

The Eastern methods of agriculture, from beginning to end, are a wonder to Westerners. The plowing is done by oxen alone; horses are never used except for riding. The plow, which is of the simplest manufacture, does not turn up the soil to a depth of more than two or three inches. The seed is harrowed in with a heavy plank, on which two or three men stand to give it

weight, and drawn by oxen. The grain is watched day and night by watchmen, until it is ready for the sickle, when it is gathered and carried to the threshing floor on men's heads. The oxen are their threshing machines, and the winds of heaven their fanning mills.

Irrigation, that in most parts of India is as necessary as plowing or seed-sowing, is accomplished in many tedious ways. Pumps are unknown, except as a few may have been imported. From tanks, ponds, or rivers, the water is thrown up in baskets from plane to plane, until it reaches the level of the field. From wells it is drawn hand over hand in earthen jars, or by weighted sweeps, or sweeps borne up and down by men who walk from end to end, and balance themselves by catching hold of tall bamboos stuck in the ground beside the well, or by Persian wheels, or in large leathern buckets drawn up by oxen running down an inclined plane from the well. For the latter method three men and a yoke of oxen is necessary; one man to direct the water in the fields, one man to catch the bucket and empty it as it comes up, and one man to sit on the yoke and drive the oxen.

Grain is stored in pits, in earthen jars sealed up to keep it from rats and mice. Flour is ground every day, a quantity is never stored. The farmer does not own land, but claims the hereditary right to cultivate the same fields that his forefathers did, and live in the villages where they lived and died, sharing his grain, or receiving wages from the hereditary headman or landholder of his village.

There are, comparatively speaking, no large manufactories of any articles for trade in India. Each artizan

has his little shop and tools, where his forefathers worked. There may be many persons of one trade in a place, but there is little concerted action among them. If a handful of nails is needed, the blacksmith will make them, he has no stock on hand. If a few yards of rope are wanted, the rope-maker will make some, he has no store of goods. If bricks are wanted, the brick-maker will make them upon receiving an order. The carpenter saws out timber with a hand-saw when it is called for, he never keeps a stock of boards on hand.

Wood, milk and vegetables are sold by weight; milk is smoked to keep it sweet; butter is boiled to keep it from turning rancid. The unleavened cakes or bread are always eaten fresh, and vegetables are always cooked with the hottest of peppers and spices. Cows are milked from the left side; horses are mounted from the right Vehicles on the road turn out to the left; tailors hold their work with their toes, and sew from left to right; cooks sit on the floor, hold a butcher knife erect in their toes, and grasping the piece of meat with both hands, cut off a beefsteak or mutton chop. Carpenters sit on the floor, and plane or saw towards themselves. Books in languages derived from the Persian or Arabic, are read from right to left; leather book covers are an abomination to Hindús. Shoes are never worn in the house, and seldom in dry weather; on a long journey they are carried under the arm. When a man plants an orchard or a garden, or sows a field with grain, he puts a stake in the ground, and inverts an earthen pot on its top, so that an evil eye may first be attracted by that, and whatever evil influence there may be, shall attach itself to the jar, and not to the plants. For the same

reason, broken pots are placed on the house tops, and rude paintings on the sides of the houses. Amulets, shells, coins, or some curious article is hung about the necks of children, to attract the evil eye. Children are never praised lest some malevolent spirit should desire their destruction. A foreigner, unaware of this superstition, expressed admiration for a Hindú baby; the mother, horrified, remonstrated, and desired the stranger to call the child all the bad names possible. On being asked how she would know that they were not a real expression of opinion, she replied, "Say all the bad things you can about him, and wink to me, then I shall know that you mean just the opposite." Men and women never eat together, never walk together; modest women wear very little clothing, and keep their faces closely covered, while women of the street very carefully envelope their figures, and uncover their faces. Helpless baby girls are ruthlessly murdered, while it would be considered a fearful crime to shoot a monkey, kill a cow, or put a sick, mangy, half-starved dog out of its misery. Lying is no reproach to a man, only a matter of business; perjury and bribery a matter of course, if thereby any profit can be gained. The gods are to be propitiated as though they were evil spirits, and licentiousness is a part of their religion.

Thus appears in every department of life what seems to the Western mind the strangest contradictions, the most wrong-handed, inconvenient, unnatural and unholy methods of working and living.

Deaths and funerals are the occasions of some of the strangest customs. It is the ambition of a Hindús life to die in the Ganges, with its mud and water in his

mouth. When a man's life is despaired of, his light bedstead, or a litter of bamboos, is lifted on the shoulders of four men, who carry him to the Ganges, or the nearest sacred river. Frequently the journey is one of miles, and the poor sick person is seldom protected from the scorching sun by other than a sheet. When the river is reached, the bedstead is placed so that the feet of the sick person are in the water. Food and drink are not usually given to the sick after they are thus placed. It not unfrequently happens that the fresh air, and change from the dark and unwholesome house to the cooler river side, revives the sick, but such a circumstance is considered particularly unfortunate, and a sign that the person is refused by the Ganges on account of his sins. Miss Brittan tells of an instance that came to her notice, of an aged Hindú mother, who was thus exposed by the river bank for thirteen days, fed only with a little milk, part of the time without shelter from the rains, and part of the time screened from alternate drenching showers, or fierce heat of the sun, by a slight canopy of mats. For a consideration of twenty-five rupees, the Bráhmins allowed the old woman to return home, and her family to retain their caste, notwithstanding the reproach cast upon them by the refusal of the Ganges to receive one of their number. Twenty-five rupees in thousands of families represents as many weeks' wages. While the invalid still survives, his friends and hired Bráhmins spend considerable time near him, repeating or shouting the names of various gods over him. Occasionally the invalid is laid in the water up to his breast, and kept there perhaps for hours; should he still survive, an idol is brought and with the assistance of his friends, he is

made to walk several times around it. At night he is left in the care of a servant or two, while the Bráhmins are feasted at his house. When the poor wretch is evidently nearly gone, whether after a few hours or a week's exposure by the river, mud is stuffed in his ears and nostrils, and Ganges water poured down his throat. Death soon follows. The body is then anointed with ghí, or boiled butter, and dressed in new clothes, when it is placed upon the pile of wood that from the first has stood ready for the burning. Ghí, pitch and oil are poured over the wood to make the fire the fiercer. The son lights the pile, and after the burning is finished, a small handful of ashes is gathered up and made into an image of the dead. The remainder is swept into the river. When the family is poor, and cannot afford sufficient wood or oil, the dead are often but partially burned, and sometimes their faces are only singed over with a wisp of burning grass, when they are thrust into the river, where crows, vultures, and alligators wait for food.

But the spirit of the dead is not yet at rest. The Shráddh, the most important of ceremonies, is yet to be performed.

The spirit is supposed to take an ethereal body, about the size of a man's finger, and remains for some time in this form. If the Shráddh be not performed, this little ghost becomes a malignant spirit, called a Bhút, and delights in tormenting mankind for having been neglected, and left to wander, without a shadow of a hope of salvation. In this fact lies the explanation of the terrible punishment which the English government saw fit to visit upon some of the leaders of the Indian mutiny, who

were blown to pieces from the muzzles of cannon. Their bodies, being blow into atoms, could not be col lected for funeral ceremonies; the Shráddh could not be performed, and hence the insurgents were doomed to eternal wanderings, themselves tormented, and a terror to the living. If a man's Shráddh is properly performed, no matter what his crimes, or what misery he may have inflicted upon others, salvation is possible for him.

The Shráddh must be performed by a son, hence the great anxiety of the Hindús for sons. After ten days mourning, the eleventh day is set apart for feasting Bráhmins, and the ceremonies of this rite. The son, who has been required to shave his entire body, sets up the figure of the deceased, made from his ashes, a big stone called Yuma, the attendant of the dead, and offers before them rice, sweetmeats, sugar, and other eatables, which the crows are then allowed to eat. Prayers are repeated, incense burned, Ganges water sprinkled, and rich presents made to the Bráhmins. This ceremony is repeated once every month for a year, and occasionally afterward. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are sometimes expended.

The next best thing to dying in the Ganges is to die with a living cow's tail in the hand. Many of the poor who live at a distance from a sacred river are obliged to bury their dead. Corpses are either burned or buried on the day of their death.

The Múhammedans claim that they bury their dead thus suddenly, that the good may the sooner reach heaven, and the bad may not linger in the house. As Mecca is to the west of India, the feet of the corpse are always placed to the west. Sometimes a Múhamme-

dan's shroud is ornamented with texts from the Korán, which religious men often take great pains to prepare for themselves, in imitation of Múhammed the prophet, whose shroud was entirely covered with texts. Such of the Múhammedans as can afford it, are buried in open coffins, the poor people simply in their shrouds. A hole three or four feet deep is dug in the ground, and a niche is made in one side, in which the body is placed, that it may not be defiled by the falling earth. A funeral service is read at the grave, the friends casting earth into it, and reciting a verse from the Korán: "We created you out of the earth, and we return you to the earth, and we shall raise you out of the earth at the day of resurrection." The wealthier Múhammedans build a vault about a yard high, immediately above the body, that the dead may sit up, when the two terrible angels Munkar and Nakír come to recall the soul to the body, and ask of it, "Who is thy Lord, and who is thy prophet, and what is thy religion?" They who can answer in the words of the kalmá, or orthodox formula, "There is no God but God, and Múhammed is his prophet," are dismissed with honor, and their rest is visited with sweet airs from Paradise.

To follow the dead to the grave is one of the five obligations of the Múhammedans. No one ever walks in advance of the corpse; that place is left for the angels. If the deceased was poor, and unable to pay his debts, his creditors are expected to forgive the debts before the closing of the grave. Monuments of varying size and beauty are erected over the dead, some of the most beautiful buildings in the world being the mausoleums of departed Múhammedans.

The disposition of the dead by the Parsees or Fire Worshippers, on the Western Coast of India, seems most shocking to our minds, yet possibly their method is not more repulsive to us, than are the horrors of corruption, to which our beloved dead are subjected, repulsive to the Parsee mind. "When a Parsee dies, his soul goes to heaven, but his body must not be tainted by corruption. Therefore it is at once washed and purified, and if there be yet time, it is carried to the Towers of Silence before sundown." The Towers of Silence are situated upon the north-east crest of Malabar Hill, a short distance from Bombay. There are two principal entrances to the enclosure, one being reached by a giant staircase, half a mile long, which ascends almost straight up the hill from the waters of Back Bay. Within the gateway is found a beautiful park, ablaze with roses and brilliant flowers. Along the walks are iron garden seats of European make. Close by the gateway is the Suggree, or mortuary chapel, in which prayers are offered for the dead. The dead, however, are never taken within the building. Beyond the garden, on the undulating summit of the hill, is a large, grass-covered tract, in which are the six towers, each from thirty to forty feet in height, and about as much in diameter. They are solidly built of stone, without windows, and with but one door. None save the bearers of the dead, may approach within thirty feet of these sacred towers. The corpse, having been purified, is laid upon a light bier, and henceforth it must not be defiled by human touch. The mourners, who attend the body to the towers, must be washed, clothed in white, and carefully avoid the defilement of touching any person. Carriages of any sort are forbidden, and what-

ever the distance, the party must go on foot. Upon reaching the enclosure, prayers are said, the face of the dead is for a little uncovered, the friends take one last look, and then the body is carried within a tower. No human eye witnesses the conclusion. Several hundred acres around the park are strictly kept by the Parsees from the intrusion of residences or buildings of any sort. From the lofty palm trees within the enclosure, some fifty vultures swoop down within the open top of the tower, and do not rise again for three or four hours, when they come to the top of the towers, where they remain for hours without moving. These birds are not considered sacred, but simply as a means of preventing decomposition. "The grounds about the Towers of Silence have nothing of the hideous taint of the charnel house. There is nothing obnoxious to health; there is not the faintest odor of death to mingle with the perfume of roses blooming around."

WONDERFUL ARCHITECTURE IN INDIA.

THE TAJ MAHAL.

"Do I wake, or am I dreaming?"

Years ago, wearied with a night's long journey in a railroad car, in India, I looked out just before sunrise, and exclaimed, "See, the Táj, the Táj, it's like heaven!" And truly, a more heavenly scene never burst upon my vision, than that enchanting introduction to that "dream in marble," the Táj. In the foreground stood a great grove of rich green mangoe trees, while around it, over it, and beyond, hovered the light cloud of blue smoke that wraps all India as in a garment of gauze, through the nights and mornings of the cold season. Beyond the grove, above the hazy smoke, and apparently poised upon it, seemed to float the spotless dome and graceful minarets of the Táj. All too soon, the train bore us from the enchanting view, but ever since the picture has hung most treasured in memory's gallery, and so much, at least, of that "crown" of architecture is mine. Later in the day, I walked up the broad pavement, through the cool garden, towards the Táj, awed before the matchless structure, fearing lest I might not be able to retain a foothold on its polished, glistening, marble floors, and feeling that it would be almost sacrilege to step upon such a gem of art. When within the marble walls, amid its elegant forms, its exquisite carvings, its rich mosaics, standing in the softened light, listening to the echoes, as of angel voices

far up in the dome, answering to the faintest whisper below, all language failed. The sense of beauty, of perfect proportion, of repose, of delicacy and purity, could only be felt, as one feels the pervading influence of soft sunshine. Would I sing to wake the grand echoes? Ah, how could I; a foreign tongue, and a Christian song seemed out of keeping, a human voice might falter, and there was naught but harmony there.

A Persian manuscript quaintly tells the origin of this marvelous structure, and gives something of the history of the lovely queen, in whose honor it was built. The manuscript opens thus:

"*In the name of God, the Most Merciful and Kind.*"

This book gives an account of Bunú Begum, whose title was Mumtáz Mahál—of all families the most illustrious—better known as Táj Bíbi, and Núr Jehán—Light of the World—the wife of Sháh Jehán Bádsha Gází, the daughter of Nawáb Asíf Khán, Prime Minister and grand-daughter of Nawáb Etmad-ud-Dowlah. Sháh Jehán, Emperor, Conqueror of Worlds, Protector of the Poor, Taker by the hand of the distressed, most learned and illustrious, had four sons by his Empress Mumtáz. The Emperor had also four daughters, accomplished, beautiful, and obedient. The first, Unjemán Arra Begum; the second, Gátí Arra Begum; the third, Jehán Arra Begum; and the fourth, Dehahur Arra Begum, who cried before she came into the world, and whose birth occasioned the death of the Empress. * * They tried every remedy without success, though every prayer was said.

'The clever medicos used all their skill,
But saving her was not God's will.'

On one side all the priests read prayers and used charms; on the other, the nurses rubbed the hands and feet of the poor Empress, but she gave up all hopes of life, called the Emperor to her, and weeping, said, 'Oh King, to-day such misfortunes have shown their faces that my mind is troubled and oppressed, and I am very restless; I know not how this will end.' The Emperor, on hearing these words, was grieved and astonished, and, placing his finger on his lips, tried to think of something to solace and comfort the Begum; she ordered all her gems and jewels to be brought, and gave them to the Emperor, and begged him to be kind to his children; sometimes the two laughed, and sometimes cried, as they talked about the thoughts of death. The Empress said, 'I must prepare to take leave of this world; pardon all my faults, and any angry words I may have said; after this I am ready to be a traveler'—i. e., to die. The Emperor, hearing these her last fond words, from the great love he bore her, wept so much, it was like the stars falling from heaven, or the rain upon the earth.

'Were I to paint it, the whole world would weep ;
Suffice to say, the Emperor's grief was deep.'

At last the Empress, after crying much, said, 'Oh, King, I have lived with you through joy and affliction. God has made you a great Emperor, and given you worlds to rule; there is a last wish of my heart, now I am about to leave you, and two pieces of advice I would fain have you follow.' The Emperor assured her that whatever they might be, he would obey them. The Queen then said, 'The High God has given you four sons and three daughters to perpetuate your name. Do not marry again, so that quarrels and estrangements may

not arise among them. The second thing is, build over me such a beautiful tomb as the world never saw.' Sháh Jehán promised both things. Soon after this the Empress began to shiver, and all her limbs turn cold, and such lamentations arose in the palace as if the day of judgment were at hand. The Emperor did nothing but weep, and beat his breast, saying, in the language of the poet Sádí:

> 'Money abides not in the palm of those who careless live,
> Nor patience in the lover's heart, nor water in a sieve.'

At last the Empress left this world, and went to the next, living with the Perís in heaven. Her mortal remains were interred at first in a garden, near the present site of the Táj, and when the tomb was prepared for her, they were afterwards removed with great ceremony to the vault underneath the Táj." * * * The Empress died in the year 1630."

The famous Táj, for its grandeur, its beauty and richness, the wonder and gem of the world, is placed on the west bank of the river Jumna, about three miles from the city of Agrá, where dwelt in a magnificent palace, the Begum Mumtáz Mahál. It is placed in an immense garden of exquisite loveliness, where mingle in sweet enchantment, songs of birds, the bubbling of fountains and rippling water, the perfumed breath of rare flowers, spicy odors of fragrant trees, deep, cool shadows, and the rich coloring of oriental bud and blossom.

The entrance to this charmed place is a noble gateway of grand proportions, built of dark red sandstone, and inlaid with texts from the Korán in white marble. "It is itself a palace, both as regards its magnitude and its decorations. The lofty walls that surround the gar-

den are also of red sandstone, having arched colonnades running around the interior, and giving an air of magnificence to the whole enclosure."

More beautiful than all, solid and grand as the work of giants, delicate and perfect as a fairy fabric, far up against the blue sky, rise the snow white marble walls, the shining domes and gleaming minarets of the Táj. The building is octagonal, or rather a square, with the corners truncated, and each side precisely similar. It stands upon a pedestal thirty feet in height, with a minaret at each corner, and this again is lifted on a vast terrace of solid masonry. On each side there is a grand entrance, formed by a single pointed arch, rising nearly to the cornice, and two smaller arches, one placed above the other on either hand. "The dome, 'shining like an enchanted castle of burnished silver,' is seventy feet in diameter, the Táj itself is two hundred and forty-five feet in altitude, and the cullice or golden spire on the summit, is thirty feet more, making a height of two hundred and seventy five feet from the terrace to the golden crescent."

The four elegant minarets on the sides of the platform are of great symmetry and beauty, and said to be of the smallest possible circumference to stand such a great height, each being two hundred and twenty-five feet high.

The mausoleum, the platform upon which it stands, and the minarets, are all formed of the finest white marble, inlaid on the outside, with the whole of the Korán in black marble Arabic characters, and on the inside, with flowers and designs formed of precious stones. Upon one side of the great terrace, and facing the Táj, is a

beautiful mosque of red sandstone, covered with a mosaic of white marble, and on the opposite side is a building exactly corresponding to it, which was erected for no purpose save that of preserving the perfect proportions of the whole structure.

Beautiful without, all glorious within, which is the more fascinating, the exterior or the interior, none can tell. The exterior view, beautiful at all times, by sunrise or moonlight, possesses an enchantment that surpasses all description. It must be felt to be realized.

Entering the wonderful shrine, in the vault beneath are seen the real sarcophagi, in which repose the remains of the Emperor and Empress. The tomb of the Empress is placed in the very center, the Emperor's close beside. The soft light reveals naught but polished marble and beautiful carvings, but the glory of the building is seen in the rotunda above, where other tombs, rich in gems, represent those below. Standing in the rotunda, the scene is matchless.

"The floor is of polished marble and jasper, ornamented with a wainscoting of sculptured marble tablets, inlaid with flowers formed of precious stones. Around are windows or screens of marble filigree, richly wrought in various patterns, which admit a faint and delicate illumination into the gorgeous apartment." "Divided into several compartments and panels, a magnificent octagonal screen sweeps around the marble cenotaphs that lie within it, and represent the real tombs seen in the vault beneath. It is of purest marble, so pierced and carved as to look like a high fence of exquisite lacework, but is really far more refined and beautiful, for everywhere along those panels are wreaths of flowers,

composed of lapis-lazuli, jasper, heliotrope, chalcedony, carnelian, and other gems, so that to make one of the hundreds of these bouquets, a hundred different stones are required."

But the purest of marble, the richest of gems, and the finest workmanship, was reserved for the cenotaph of the Empress. Dr. Butler, who in "The Land of the Veda," has a fine account of the Táj, thus speaks of it:

"But her tomb—how beautiful! The snow-white marble is inlaid with flowers so delicately formed that they look like embroidery on white satin, so exquisitely is the mosaic executed in carnelian, bloodstone, agates, jasper, turquoise, lapis-lazuli, and other precious stones. Her name and date of death, with her virtuous qualities, are recorded in the same costly manner, in gems of Arabic—the sacred language of the Múhammedan—on the side of her tomb.

The Emperor's tomb is plainer than the other, has no passages from the Korán, but merely a similar mosaic work of flowers, and his name, with the date of his death, upon it."

High over all these gems of mine and art, rises a magnificent dome, which is so constructed as to contain an echo unrivalled for purity or sweetness. Of beautiful descriptions of its enchanting music, the following pictures most vividly depict its wonderful spell:

"Now take your seat upon the marble pavement beside the upper tombs, and send your companion to the vault underneath, to run slowly over the notes of his flute or guitar. Was ever melody like this? It haunts the air above and around. It distills in showers upon the polished marble. It condenses into the mild shad-

ows, and sublimes into the softened, hallowed light around. It is the very element with which sweet dreams are builded. It is the melancholy echo of the past—it is the bright, delicate harping of the future. It is the atmosphere breathed by Ariel, and playing around the fountain of Chindara. It is the spirit of the Táj, the voice of inspired love, which called into being this peerless wonder of the world, and elaborated its symmetry, and composed its harmony, and, eddying around its young minarets and domes, blended them without a line into the azure of immensity."

Bayard Taylor, in speaking of the echo, says: "The dome of the Táj contains an echo more sweet, pure, and prolonged than that in the Baptistry of Pisa, which is the finest in Europe. A single musical note uttered by the voice, floats and soars overhead in a long, delicious undulation, fading away so slowly that you hear it after it is silent, as you see, or seem to see, a lark you have been watching, after it is swallowed up in the blue vault of heaven. I pictured to myself the effect of an Arabic or Persian lament for the lovely Mumtáz sung over her tomb. The responses that would come from above, in the pauses of the song, must resemble the harmonies of angels in Paradise."

Of the Táj, he also says: "The Táj truly is a poem. It is not only a pure architectural type, but also a creation which satisfies the imagination, because its characteristic is beauty. Did you ever build a castle in the air? Here is one brought down to the earth, and fixed for a wonder of ages; yet so light it seems, so airy, and when seen from a distance, so like a fabric of mist and sunbeams, with its great dome soaring up, a silvery bubble, about to

burst in the sun, that, even after you have touched it, and climbed it to its summit, you almost doubt its reality. Stern, unimaginative persons have been known to burst suddenly into tears on entering it, and whoever can behold the Táj without feeling a thrill that sends moisture to his eye, has no sense of beauty in his soul."

Another author says of the Táj: "View the Táj at a distance. It is as the spirit of some happy dream, dwelling dim, but pure, upon the horizon of your hope, and reigning in virgin supremacy over the visible circle of the earth and sky. Approach it nearer, and its grandeur appears unlessened by the acuteness of its fabric, and swelling in all its fresh and fairy harmony until you are at a loss for feelings worthy of its presence. Approach still nearer, and that which, as a whole, has proved so charming, is found to be equally exquisite in the minutest detail. Here are no mere touches for distant effect. Here is no need to place the beholder in a particular spot to cast a partial light upon the performance; the work which dazzles with its elegance at the *coup d' œil* will bear the scrutiny of the microscope; the sculpture of the panels, the fretwork and mosaic of the screen, the elegance of the marble pavement, the perfect finish of every jot and iota, are as if the meanest architect had been one of those potent genii who were of yore compelled to adorn the palaces of necromancers and kings."

Such is the Táj Mahál, a vision in marble and gems, "raised by a Múhammedan emperor over his dream of love—the wife who died more than two hundred years ago, when Christian kings and emperors were sent into dark and 'weeping vaults'—'the longest weepers for

their funerals'—with no ornaments save spiders' webs."

The cost of the Táj was upwards of twenty millions of dollars, gold. For about twenty years some twenty thousand workmen were employed upon it, the majority of whom received but an allowance of corn daily for their labor. The Persian manuscript history of the death of the Empress, and of the building of the Táj, states that one Isá Múhammed Effendi, of Turkey, was the architect. A French account gives the name of Austin De Bordeaux as the architect of the Táj, and also of the palaces at Dilhí and Agrá.

THE TOMB OF ETMAD-UD-DOULAH.

This tomb, like the Táj, beautiful beyond all description, was built early in the seventeenth century, by Núr Jehán—the light of the world—to the memory of her honored father, who was the Premier of the great Emperor Akbár. Núr Jehán was the wife of the Prince Selim, of Moore's "Lalla Rookh." It was at first her intention to build the tomb of her father of silver, but she was dissuaded from so costly an undertaking by the assurance that marble would prove more durable, and be less likely to be destroyed by avaricious rulers or plundering thieves. Dr. Butler, in the "Land of the Veda," thus describes this marvelous structure:

"The building, rising from a broad platform, is of white marble, of quadrangular shape, flanked by octagonal towers, which are surmounted by cupolas, on a series of open columns. From the center of the roof of the main building springs a small tomb-like structure, elaborately carved and decorated, the corners terminating in golden spires. Immediately below this, on the

floor of the hall, is the tomb inclosing the body of Etmád-ud-Doulah. Interiorly and exteriorly this fairy pile is covered, as with beautiful lace, by lattice-work, delicately wrought in marble, covered with foliage and flowers, and intermingled with scrolls bearing passages from the Korán. Each slab of white marble is wrought in rich tracery in the most delicate manner, pierced through and through so as to be the same when seen from either side; the pattern of each slab differs from the next one, and the rich variety, as well as beauty of the designs, fixes the attention of the beholder, in amazement at the taste and patient skill that could originate and execute this vision of beauty, which seems like an imagination rising before the fancy, and then by some wondrous wand of power, transmuted into a solid form forever, to be touched, examined, and admired. Standing within the shrine, it seems as though it was covered with a rich *veil*, wrought in curious needlework, every ray of light that enters coming through the various patterns. You approach and touch it, and find it is of white marble, two inches in thickness!

THE MOTI MASJID.

Of all the mosques in India, the Motí Masjid, or Pearl Mosque, stands without a rival. There is probably no mosque more perfect in every particular, in the world. As I stood under its graceful arches, among its delicate pillars, and noted the exquisite carvings of fruits and flowers with which they were covered, I was thankful that one religion understood and acted upon the most iteral meaning of the command, "Thou shalt not make, unto thee any graven image." However beautiful, pure

or perfect it may be, the representation of the human form must always be a representation of that to which sin is possible; the graven animal is the image of that which wars and devours. In the Pearl Mosque, the sense of perfect beauty, symmetry and purity, without the remotest hint of passion or sin, makes it unrivalled as a place of worship. A writer has beautifully described it:

"No creed possesses a place of worship expressing a more exalted or purer spirit of devotion than the Motí Masjid. To its glittering white domes, crowned with gold, and its long silent marble aisles, the opening line of Wordsworth's sonnet has been applied:

'Quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration.'

Nor has human love ever raised a more beautiful memorial of its joy and sorrow than the dream in marble on the banks of the Jumna.

The Motí Masjid stands as perfect as the day when the scaffoldings were removed, and the sculptors turned to gaze upon their completed work. 'A distant view of it presents three domes, seen like silvery bubbles which have rested a moment on its walls, and which the next breeze will sweep away.' Entering, you find yourself in a spacious enclosure of white marble, beyond which a step or two takes you into the Mosque proper, a broad pavilion of several aisles, separated by rows of columns which support the roof. Everything is the purest white marble—floor, pillars, roof. You can see nothing else—glittering, polished marble everywhere. It is one hundred and forty-two feet long by fifty-six deep; but the pillars, revealing the perspective, and the uniformity of color, preserving the line of vision from interruption, heighten the effect. It is not its size, however, but the

wonderful perfection of its proportions, and the marvelous combination of simplicity and grace, that strike every beholder. When I first saw it, I felt quite overwhelmed with delight and surprise. I had never been so struck by any building, not even by the Táj. In the Motí Masjid nothing calls for your wonder or admiration but true architectural beauties; whereas, in the Táj, one might be overcome alone by the great evidences of human labor, and by the vast wealth of gems and marble. During the mutiny this mosque was used as a hospital, but came out of the ordeal unscathed. Even the British soldier refrained from injuring it, either by recording his valuable signature on its walls, or chipping off fragments to preserve as relics. It has escaped the perils of war and weather, and now stands as perfect and lovely as the day on which it was completed—still true to its name, 'The Pearl of Mosques.'"

The Motí Masjid, and the Mosque of the Zunána, built after the same pattern, but much smaller, are the gems in the gorgeous and costly setting of palaces, audience halls and gardens, within the noble walls of the Agra fort.

THE JUMNA MASJID OF DILHI.

This imposing edifice is finely described by Rev. Norman Macleod: "The ground on which the Jumna Masjid is reared was originally a rocky eminence, which has been scarped and leveled on the summit, thus forming a grand natural platform for the building, and affording space for an open square of fourteen hundred yards. This square has three great entrances, the most magnificent being toward Mecca. These entrances are approached by noble flights of stairs. On stepping upon

the grand square the sight is most imposing. We tread upon slabs on which tens of thousands of worshippers can kneel. On three sides are airy, arched colonnades, with seated pavilions at intervals. In the center is a marble fountain for ceremonial ablutions. The mosque itself occupies the other end of the square, and is in length about two hundred and sixty-one feet. It possesses in a wonderful degree richness and beauty of color, combined with strength, and grace, and simplicity, and variety of form." Its general color is a deep red, from a hard red sandstone, but this is relieved by the pure white marble of the domes, the balconies upon the minarets, the pillars and arches within the mosque, the marble steps and the tablets upon which are inscribed in black marble, texts from the Korán.

How fresh, bright and beautiful is the Jumna Masjid in a climate so hot, in an atmosphere so transparent, and under a sky so blue and cloudless! There are no images or pictures, or anything to catch the eye or distract the attention; only the pure and unadorned marble, harmonizing with the summer sun and sky. Here thousands may meet, and do meet, for worship, without any distinction of rank, in any dress, at any hour, and on any day, for seat rents, and aristocratic pews for the rich only, are unknown."

THE DEWANI KHASS.

This magnificent hall, or Great Hall of Audience, is the gem of the palaces of Dilhí, and was erected by Shah Jehan, the Emperor, who erected the Táj Mahál. It is two hundred and eight feet long and seventy-six broad, and is built on an elevated terrace, all formed of

the purest and most highly polished white marble. The pillars and arches supporting the roof, are of the most incomparable grace in design and finish. "Almost every portion of the pillars and arches of the pavilion is covered with gilt tracery, or inlaid with intricate and graceful designs of vines, flowers, fruit, foliage, and arabesques, all wrought in different colored stones, as lapis-lazuli, chalcedony, garnet, agate, carnelian, jasper, heliotrope, amethyst, topaz, sard, chlorite, and variegated marbles; so that in the various objects represented, all the colors of nature are exactly imitated; and so skillfully and artistically is the inlaying done, that the hand fails to detect any roughness whatever in the face of the marble, and the eye deceives one into the belief that the mosaic is a beautiful painting, depicted on the white canvas—like surface!"

Beneath the central arch of the pavilion is a low platform of marble, on which once stood the famous Peacock Throne. Steps of solid silver led up to a chair of massive gold, over which hung a canopy of gold, set with gems; behind the throne stood a peacock, with tail spread, formed of precious stones and gems, in exact representation of the natural colors of the bird, and around was twined a vine of leaves, flowers, and fruit, composed of precious stones.

Inside the entrance to the Dewán í Kháss, on an alabaster slab, is the famous inscription:

"If there is a Paradise on earth,
It is this, it is this."

But the glory of the Moguls has long departed. The Peacock Throne was carried into Persia more than a hundred years ago. Where once the gorgeous

pageant waved its brilliant banners and bowed before a mighty Emperor, where once ambition, pride, love, hate, lust, pleasure, intrigue and jealousy found expression in a thousand hearts and voices, now a solemn silence reigns, broken only by the slow, dull tread of the sentry, and the occasional entrance of an antiquary or traveler.

THE KUTUB MINAR.

This tower stands some ten miles from Dilhí. It is about one hundred and forty-three feet in circumference at its base, and is two hundred and fifty feet in height, built of a hard red sandstone. Four projecting galleries, at the respective altitudes of ninety, one hundred and forty, one hundred and eighty, and two hundred and three feet, divide it into four portions, each of a different design. The lower portion has round and angular flutings, and the second round only, while the third has only angular, and the others are smooth. A stair with three hundred and eighty steps winds within, and leads to the summit, from which a splendid view is obtained.

Near the base are many inscriptions, passages from the Korán, and an account of the builder. Still there are various opinions as to who built it, and the purpose for which it was erected. Some claim that it is a column of victory, others that it was raised for the pleasure of a princess, and others seem to prove that it was one of the two minarets of a magnificent mosque, the remains of which are at the base of the Kútúb, but which on account of the death of its projector, and subsequent wars, was never finished. For over six hundred years, it has stood unrivaled by any pillar in the world.

NAKHOR WATT.

The well preserved ruins of this ancient temple are

found in the southeastern corner of Siam, in Eastern India. The late Henri Mouhot, a French naturalist and traveler, says of it: "This temple is a rival for Solomon's; grander than anything left us by Greece or Rome." Another writer says, "The ruins of Nakhor Wátt are as imposing as the ruins of Thebes or Memphis, and more mysterious."

The surroundings of the temple are in strange contrast with its magnificence, the country being wild and uncultivated, mostly forest, and the people poor and ignorant. From the midst of the forest, the outer wall, which is half a mile square, is approached by a great causeway over seven hundred feet in length, built across the moat that surrounds the wall. Inside the wall a second stone causeway a thousand feet in length and thirty feet wide, leads to the main entrance of the edifice. The temple, and the three immense terraces on which it is raised, are all of stone, and so closely fitting are the joints, that even now they are scarcely discernible. The building is seven hundred and ninety-six feet in length, and five hundred and eighty-eight feet in width, while the central pagoda rises some two hundred feet.

In the "Land of the White Elephant," Henry Vincent gives an elaborate description of Nakhor Wátt, accompanied by many fine illustrations. Of the interior he says:

"Passing between low railings, we ascend to the first terrace, and enter the temple itself, through a columned portico, the facade of which is beautifully carved in basso-relievo, with ancient mythological subjects. From this doorway, on either side, runs a corridor with a double row of columns, cut, base and capitol, from single blocks, with a double, oval-shaped roof, covered with

carving and consecutive sculptures, upon the outer wall. This gallery of sculptures, which forms the exterior of the temple, consists of over half a mile of continuous pictures, cut in basso-relievo upon sandstone slabs six feet in width, and represents subjects taken from Hindú mythology. There is no keystone used in the arch of this corridor, and its ceiling is uncarved. On the walls are sculptured the immense number of one hundred thousand separate figures—or at least heads. Weeks might be spent in studying, identifying, and classifying the various subjects of this wonderful gallery. There are seen warriors riding upon elephants, and in chariots, foot soldiers with shield and spear, boats, unshapely divinities, trees, monkeys, tigers, griffins, hippopotami, serpents, fishes, crocodiles, bullocks, tortoises, soldiers of immense physical development, with helmets, and some people with beards, probably Moors. The interior of the quadrangle bounded by this corridor is filled with galleries—halls, formed with huge columns, crossing one another at right angles. In Nakhor Wátt over fifteen hundred solid columns have been counted, and among the ruins of Angkor there are reported to be the immense number of six thousand, almost all of them hewn from single blocks, and artistically carved."

Upon the second great terrace are roofed galleries similar to the first, but these are filled with hundreds of images of stone, wood, brass, clay, of all shapes and sizes and ages, some said to be fourteen hundred years old. Forty feet above this is the third terrace, with its galleries crossing each other in the center, above which rises the grand central pagoda. Upon the four sides of the base of the highest spire are colossal images of

Búddha, made of plaster, and other smaller divinities in various positions. These figures of Búddha are grandly placed, for when the doors of the enclosing rooms are opened, from their high position they overlook the surrounding country. The priests of Nakhor Wátt worship here at the present day.

"Neither history nor tradition can throw any light on the origin or age of these wonderful specimens of architecture. The present generation of Cambodians and Siamese are as ignorant on these questions as their antipodes, and if questioned as to the founders of this magnificent temple, they will say, 'The giants built it.' 'It made itself,' and 'If man built it, it must have been built by a race of more power and skill than any to be found now.'" Everything about the temple indicates great age, probably at least a thousand years. The conjectures about it are many, but until an inscription in the Cambodian character upon a tablet of black marble is read, one which scholars have not yet been able to decipher, nothing definite concerning the origin of this temple can be known.

THE CAVE TEMPLES.

The cave temples of Elora, near the west coast of India, are some of the most remarkable of this class of architecture in India. "One of these temples, called Kylas, or the paradise of Sheva, is a temple formed of a single rock, which is an integral part of the mountain, in an excavated court 247 feet long and 150 feet wide. The walls of this court are the rock in which the excavation is made, and they vary in height from fifty to one hundred feet. In the center of this court is the grand temple, one hundred and forty-two feet long, sixty feet wide,

and ninety feet high to the apex. In this temple is one large room, with sixteen pillars to support the superincumbent mass of rock. There are also many small rooms and shrines. The outside of this temple is entirely covered with sculptured figures representing actions and events described in the Puráns. This temple, with its rooms, halls, galleries, shrines, images and courts, consists of the original rock of the mountain, reduced to their present state and form internally and externally, by excavating and sculpture. The genius, skill and labor exhibited in its design and execution, place it among the most remarkable works of any age or nation."

Near this temple are many other large temples, any one of which, if found in Europe or America, would be regarded with the greatest curiosity and admiration.

At Adjunta, some thirty miles from Elora, are twenty-seven cave temples of great magnificence, and most impressive in their solemn vastness and grandeur. The Elephanta temples, near Bombay, are wonderful for size, images and ornamentation. They are the best known in India, These temples are probably of Bráhminical origin, those of Elora and Adjunta Búddhistic, while in some the gods of both religions are found. The purely Búddhist cave temples are supposed to have been excavated some two hundred years before the Christian era, and those of the Bráhmins about the eighth or ninth century after Christ. The skill and labor expended upon them seems all the more striking, as gunpowder was then unknown, and the amount of patient picking out the rock necessary for such gigantic results, seems almost past belief. The cave temples are now deserted and silent, and the rites and ceremonies once performed in

them forgotten. The mountains of Cashmere are said to contain some twelve thousand cave temples.

These are but specimens of the architectural beauties and wonders of India. All over the plains are mosques, tombs, temples, and palaces of great beauty, wealth, or picturesqueness, which contrast strongly with the ordinary thatched mud houses of the mass of the population. At Umritser, in Northern India, is a great marble Síkh temple, built in the center of an immense tank. The roof of the main temple is covered with sheets of gold. The ruins of the old city of Dilhí, that for centuries was the imperial city of India, extend over eighty miles in length, among which may be found many beautiful remains of once handsome palaces and tombs. In Central India are many magnificent buildings, particularly tombs of kings. Benares, the holy city of India, is said to contain over one thousand Hindú temples, many of them being large and very wealthy.

The architecture of the Hindús, compared with the Saracenic style, seems heavy and forbidding. The Hindú temples of Northern India, whether large or small, are all built upon one plan, the square windowless base and pyramidal top, with bevelings and strange combinations of color in the paintings of animals, and stripes and cabalistic signs on the outside. In Southern India there are many fine large temples, in lighter and more pleasing styles of architecture.

THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA.

Mankind are all necessarily religious. They cannot avoid being so. The religious element is one of the most prominent parts of man's nature. As he was created with a capacity and need of religious life and thought, he must satisfy this natural desire, or in proportion as he neglects it, he injures his manhood and degrades his life. A plant that by its creation needs all the light and warmth of the sun it can get, cannot come to full maturity in darkness. Neither can man shut out the light that his soul needs and by which alone it grows, without being dwarfed, until through the shadows of unbelief he comes into the darkness of spiritual death.

There is a revelation given to all mankind directly by the Creator himself. Not a soul is destitute of it. "He is that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," so every one knows the way and is responsible. If we believe that there is an Infinite God, the Creator of all things, the Judge of all men, to whom all men—even the most degraded—are accountable for their actions in this life, and that this God is just and righteous altogether, we must necessarily come to the conclusion that He has given and does give to every one light, a knowledge of right and wrong, and also provides a way of escape from the penalties of sin, and that God, in His perfection of love, wisdom, and power, has done all

that He could do for mankind. The fault must inevitably be in men and not of God, that they are what they are.

History and the experience of travelers throughout the world show that mankind are universally conscious of a Supreme Being, and that however uncivilized and barbarous, they know right from wrong, and that they have sinned in the sight of Him who is above all others. Man is a sinner, and he knows it. His religion may range from the highest spiritual type to the grossest form of Paganism, yet its object is to get rid of the penalties of sin and appease the wrath of an offended God or gods.

Dr. Livingstone, in his last Journal, states that he did not find a tribe in Central Africa but had some form of religious worship. While in India I was particular in my inquiries to find, if possible, one who had no idea of God, of sin, or his moral responsibility. On the borders of Tibet, among a people who had never been away from their mountain homes, and on the plains, among the lowest and most ignorant, I never found one person who did not know that he was a sinner and needed to be saved from his sins.

Assertions have been made that tribes have been found in different parts of the world without a knowledge of God and destitute of the moral sense, but further investigations have proved the falsity of these statements. The justice of God first and the truth of His written as well as unwritten revelation, are to be accepted before the base insinuations of His enemies. It would be as consistent to deny the light and warmth of the sun all over our planet, as to doubt the spiritual light and influence directly from God upon the souls of all mankind. The

Arctic regions are cold, but they would be colder were there no sun. There may be blindness, gross depravity, and terrible cruelty among certain portions of our race, but they would be worse still had God utterly left them. It is not exalting God to limit Him to a few people called Christians, or to confine Him to certain portions of the earth. He is God over all, blessed forever.

A mistaken opinion is held by many people in Christian lands in regard to the heathen. Because they are heathenish in their religion they are supposed to lack the faculties of Christian humanity, and to be deficient in all that pertains to civilization. It is not best or just to make the heathen out worse than they really are. As it is, they are bad enough, and so are we all. If they are so utterly depraved and lost that God has forsaken them, why should Christians waste their time and money in trying to redeem them? If the soil is barren, that nothing will grow, why waste the seed upon it ? On the other hand, if the heathen have some good traits that win our sympathy and admiration, why not give them proper credit, and why should we withhold our aid from them any more than we should refuse to assist the needy and degraded right among us ?

Once, after making a missionary address, I was told by a minister that I must not speak too well of the heathen, but tell more crocodile stories and excite the sympathies of the church, and so get them to give to the missionary cause. He meant well, and knew the people with whom he had to deal, but he should have had more respect for honesty and truth, if he had none for the heathen. The majority of people, even Christians, are too ready to find some excuse for not parting with their money. If

told that the heathen are degraded, depraved, without a knowledge of God, and lost, these miserly souls say that they are not worth saving; that the more we enlighten them the worse they are off; and when told of the good traits of these people, they reply that they are doing well enough, and it is not worth while to help them when we have so many heathen at home.

Our race has so many characteristics and peculiarities in common, that it is a wonder any one ever doubted its unity or common origin. God has created all humanity, and endowed them with certain faculties, powers and aspirations, that unite them in one great family, all round the world.

Men in Christian countries may be infidels, blasphemous, licentious, and very wicked, and yet be learned in science, art and literature, and there are those in heathen lands as learned as the former, yet bigoted idolaters, and of licentious and depraved character. By natural endowment as well as by lack of spiritual life, they are the same. There are men and also women walking the streets of our Christian cities that are very like people of heathen tribes, and but little paint or change of character would be necessary to make the resemblance complete; while in almost every heathen country where Christianity has gone there are people who by the grace of God, through the power of the Gospel, are as pure, noble and good as any found in Christian lands.

Heathenism in Christian countries is no better nor worse than it is in heathen lands, and except what Christianity has done for portions of mankind, the whole race is morally alike, and on the same plane.

The inhabitants of India are, without a doubt, the most

religious people on the earth. From the highest to the lowest, all are worshippers. The mosques and temples are as numerous in proportion as churches are in Christian countries. A number of times a day the muezzin calls the followers of the prophet to prayer, while the Bráhmin in the temples all day long, and far into the night, chant their monotonous praises of their gods, and perform the endless routine of ceremonies prescribed in their religious books. There are over one hundred religious days in a year, on which the people assemble at their sacred places by hundreds of thousands, and sometimes by millions, traveling hundreds of miles with great inconvenience and sacrifice. The roads at certain seasons of the year are thronged with pilgrims. The people there cannot comprehend how a person can live and not be religious. Their simplicity and earnestness in their religious rites, and their devotion to their false gods, is a constant reproach to infidelity, and the indifference of people who profess to believe in and worship the only true and living God. They are never ashamed to own their gods, nor embarrassed in their worship, prayers, or religious observances. They will readily sacrifice everything, even life itself, for the sake of their religion. Their faith, zeal, and devotion are astonishing, and for which we must give them great credit, while we wonder at their credulity, lament their folly, laugh at the grotesque absurdities, and denounce indignantly the accursed idolatry that can so enslave and degrade so noble a people.

The descendants of the first inhabitants of India, for more than three thousand years have maintained their distinctive peculiarities, and between them and the people of other immigrations, there is a diversity of race,

features, habits and language, as well as in their religious rites and ceremonies.

They believe in the existence of one Supreme Being, self-existent, the Source and Creator of all things, but to comprehend that this Being wôuld condescend to arrange and superintend all the minor affairs and events transpiring in the world, seems to have been foreign to their ideas of God.

Like many other classes in India, they thought that the affairs of men and the world were too trifling to occupy the attention of the Almighty, and rather than trouble Himself with these things, He created a number of inferior deities to perform these duties.

The Oriental idea of supreme bliss is complete relief from toil and anxiety, a perpetual rest of body and mind, and for God or any one else to exert themselves when not obliged to do so, is repugnant to their thoughts and feelings.

Contending with rude nature for existence, without leisure or inclination to rise above what was immediately connected with themselves, and seeing extraordinary occurrences and meeting obstructions and impending evils on every hand, they traced without hesitation every operation of nature, and every remarkable effect to some particular cause, and allotted to each of these a deity. These inferior gods are of various grades, according to their origin, attributes and authority, of unlimited number, guarding every mountain, hill, forest, stream, and hamlet, cognizant of every human event and action, and presiding over every movement in the natural world, and every department of civil or domestic life. They could assume any shape or color, and yet be invisible to men,

and were subject to all the passions of mankind. Beside these, demons or evil spirits, ghosts, serpents, wild beasts, storms, and malignant diseases, are invoked as gods in prayers and appeased by offerings. The shedding of blood is indispensable in their oblations, no religious or domestic ceremony being complete without the sacrifice of some animal, while fruit, flowers, and grain are given for the enjoyment of their divinities. Human sacrifices were numerous, until lately prohibited by the English government. Their temples are generally very small and of the rudest construction, usually built in out-of-the-way places, and believed to be occupied by the demons or gods for whom they were erected. During a journey on the mountain, I one day noticed several small structures at one of the passes. They were built of stone, about four feet square and three feet high, covered with a flat stone, with an opening in one side large enough for a dog to enter. In each of these kennels were several slender iron rods, each about a foot in length, stuck in a row in the ground. One of them was like a fork or trident with three prongs. Near these rods on the ground were handfuls of grain, placed there by some traveler. In front of these structures, there had been a fire, and near a partly burned log there were several small rods of iron sticking in the ground. One of these had a thin iron plate, about four inches square, fastened to its upper end, the edge of the blade was bent over half an inch, and notched like a saw. In reply to my enquiries, my head man said that the temples were for Shaitán (Satan) in which he might rest and refresh himself with the grain and fruit. "But what is that iron with the notched teeth for?" "Why," said he, "that is

for Shaitán, when he sits upon the log, to scratch his back with." I concluded I had found the origin of the term "Old Scratch," as applied to the devil.

On this journey, as we frequently came to precipitous places where there were clefts in the rocks, the men devoutly placing the palms of their hands together, and raising them to their foreheads, would bow, muttering a prayer or invocation to the evil spirit or deity they believed resided there.

Devil worship is very common in Southern India, several millions of people belonging to that sect. The following is a description of demon-worship by Rev. R. Caldwell, an eye-witness of the scene:

"When the preparations are complete, and the devil dance is about to commence, the music is at first comparatively slow, and the dancer seems impassive and sullen; and he either stands still or moves about in gloomy silence. Gradually, as the music becomes quicker and louder, his excitement begins to rise. Sometimes, to help him to work himself up into a frenzy, he uses medicated draughts, cuts and lacerates his flesh till the blood flows, lashes himself with a huge whip, presses a burning torch to his breast, drinks the blood which flows from his own wounds, or drinks the blood of the sacrifice, putting the throat of the decapitated goat to his mouth. Then, as if he had acquired new life, he begins to brandish his staff of bells, and dance with a quick, but wild, unsteady step. Suddenly the *afflatus* descends. There is no mistaking that glare, or those frantic leaps. He snorts, he stares, he gyrates. The demon has now taken bodily possession of him, and though he retains the power of utterance and of motion, both are under

the demon's control, and his separate consciousness is in abeyance. The bystanders signalize the event by raising a long shout, attended by a peculiar vibratory noise, caused by the motion of the hand and tongue, or the tongue alone. The devil dancer is now worshipped as a present deity, and every bystander consults him respecting his disease, his wants, the welfare of his absent relatives, the offerings to be made for the accomplishment of his wishes, and, in short, respecting everything for which superhuman knowledge is supposed to be available. As the devil-dancer acts to admiration the part of a maniac, it requires some experience to enable a person to interpret his dubious and unmeaning replies, his muttered voices, and uncouth gestures; but the wishes of the parties who consult him help them greatly to interpret his meaning.

Sometimes the devil-dance and the demoniacal *clairvoyance* are extemporized, especially when the mass of the people are peculiarly addicted to devil-worship, and perfectly familiar with the various stages of the process. In such cases, if a person happens to feel the commencement of the shivering fit of an ague, or the vertigo of a bilious headache, his untutored imagination teaches him to think himself possessed. He then sways his head from side to side, fixes his eyes into a stare, puts himself into a posture, and begins the maniac dance; and the bystanders run for flowers and fruit for an offering, or a cock or goat to sacrifice to his honor.

"The night is the time usually devoted to the orgies of devil-dancing; particular nights being appropriated to the worship of particular devils. And as the number of devils worshipped is, in some districts, equal to the

number of the worshippers, and every act of worship is accompanied with the monotonous din of drums and the bray of horns, the stillness of the night, especially during the prevalence of cholera, or any other epidemical disease, is frequently broken by a dismal uproar, more painful to hear on account of the associations connected with it, than on account of its unpleasant effect on the ear and nerves."

They have no hereditary priesthood, but sorcerers and necromancers take the lead in religious matters. They have no sacred books, and each locality has its own traditions, legends, deities, and ceremonies. Though they have an idea of a God who is just and good, He is not an object of their adoration, but their worship is a low and degrading idolatry, invested with gloom and terror; to deprecate and avert the wrath of the malignant beings they fear and despise, rather than to win the favor and mercy of a God of infinite power, justice, and love. The result is what might have been expected, ignorance, superstition, hypocrisy and fanaticism, and an almost total depravity in everything that pertains to the happiness and welfare of humanity.

With the invasion of the Aryan or Hindú race, the Vedi system of religion was introduced. This is founded on the teachings of various sacred books, of which the first and most highly esteemed are the Veds, consisting of four books, said to have proceeded from the mouth of Brahm, or as the Vedantic writers say, "The self-evident word proceeding out of the mouth of God, this is the Ved." These books were preserved by tradition, until arranged and written by a sage of great celebrity, called Vyás, about fifteen hundred years before the

Christian era. There are fourteen other books, called Puráns, or as they might be styled, commentaries on the doctrines contained in the Veds, and supposed to have been composed about the beginning of the Christian era.

These eighteen books contain every sort of knowledge, religious, philosophical, scientific, and ethical. They were written in ancient Sanskrit, and their treatment of the different subjects is very obscure, and difficult to be understood. While they show the activity of the Hindú mind at that early period, they are at present of but little account.

In the tenth chapter of the Rig Ved, which is most highly esteemed of all the books, are the following passages, translated by Colebrooke:

"In the beginning there arose the source of golden light. He was the only born Lord of all that is. He established the earth and this sky. Who is the god to whom we shall offer sacrifice ?"

"He who gives life. He who gives strength; whose blessing all the bright gods desire; whose shadow is immortality; whose shadow is death. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?"

"He who through his power is the only king of the breathing and awakening world. He who governs all, man and beast. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?

"He whose power these snowy mountains, whose power the sea proclaims, with the distant river. He whose these regions are, as it were his two arms. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?

"He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm. He through whom heaven was stablished; nay,

the highest heaven. He who measured out the light in the air. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by his will, look up trembling inwardly. He over whom the rising sun shines forth. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"Wherever the mighty water clouds went, where they placed the seed and lit the fire, thence arose he who is the only life of the bright gods. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He who by his might looked even over the water-clouds, the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice; he who is God above all gods. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"May he not destroy us—he the creator of the earth—or he, the righteous, who created heaven; he who also created the bright and mighty waters. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

In the eleventh chapter of the same book is this passage, that is much admired:

"Then there was no entity nor nonentity; no world, no sky, nor aught above it; nothing anywhere, involving or involved; nor water deep and dangerous. Death was not, and therefore no immortality, nor distinction of day or night. But THAT ONE breathed breathless by itself, alone with Nature, her who is sustained within him. Other than Him nothing existed. Darkness there was; this universe was enveloped with darkness, and was indistinguishable waters; but that mass which was covered by the husk was produced by the power of contemplation. First desire was formed in his mind; and that

became the original productive seed; which the wise, recognizing it by the intellect in their hearts, distinguish as the bond of nonentity with entity.

"Did the luminous ray of these (creative acts) expand in the middle, or above or below? That productive energy became providence (or sentient souls), and matter (or the elements); nature, who is sustained within, was inferior; and he who sustains was above.

"Who knows exactly, and who in this world declare whence and why this creation took place? The gods are subsequent to the production of this world; then who can know whence it proceeded, or whence this varied world arose, or whether it upholds (itself) or not? He who in the highest heaven is the ruler of this universe, —he knows or does not know."

The religious system of the Veds is theistic, but teaching that the sun, moon, fire, and other objects, as different manifestations of the divine Being, or as superintending powers, and all resolvable into one God, the soul of the universe, are worthy of adoration. The worship of that period was mostly domestic, in the houses of the people, and not in temples, and addressed to presences, but not to idols.

The three great powers of divinity, creation, preservation and destruction, were represented by the heat, light and flame of the sun, comprehending every deity or power, and making only one divinity or soul. As he was the beginning, the source of all things, so will he be the end, into whom all created beings and things shall be absorbed. "All the universe is Bruhm; from him it springs; into him it is dissolved; in him it breathes." "This divinity is fire; he is the sun; he is the wind; he

is the moon. This divinity is the brilliant stars; he is Bruhm; he is water; he is the Lord of all creatures. Thou art woman; thou art man; thou art the youth; thou art all things born; thou hast the universe for thy face. The bee with dark plumage art thou; the green bird with ruby eye, the cloud, the womb of the lightning, the seasons, the sea. Thou art the universe and all things produced in it." "That whence all things are produced; that by which, when born, they live; that towards which they tend, and that into which they pass; do thou seek for; that is Bruhm."

They teach that there is no separate existence from the Infinite spirit, and what appears to be such is due to the darkness and ignorance of the human mind, and that when men acquire sufficient light, purity, and knowledge, this mayá or illusion will vanish, and they will lose a conscious existence, and be absorbed into Him from whom they emanated—the end of what appears to be life.

The most important deities mentioned in the Veds are Indra, god of the firmament, Varúna, god of the water, Ugni, god of fire, Súrya, the sun; Soma or Chandra, the moon, Váyu, the god of wind, Marúts, the breezes attending Indra, Yuma, the judge of the earth; and hymns were addressed to the Earth, Sky, Food, Wine, Months, Seasons, Day, Night, and Dawn, and during subsequent ages, the number of these deities became almost infinite. The Veds do not teach idolatry, as none of their objects of worship were represented by material forms, but were addressed as abstractions, or personifications of powers of nature, having human wants and aspirations. The system was a religious philosophy rather than a religion.

This system was for the scholars who had the ability and leisure to study and comprehend it, but the great mass of the people could not appreciate the Para Bruhm or Supreme Being of the Veds, without qualities or attributes; unconscious even of his own existence, without interest in the affairs of men, incapable of aiding those who appealed to him for help, and neither to be feared, loved or worshipped; and the philosophical abstractions represented as deities emanating from him, were too theoretical, refined, and far above the comprehension of the common people. These sought after and demanded gods whom they supposed could sympathize with them in their troubles, supply their wants, and help them in their necessities; and while endowing them with supernatural qualities, they also attributed to them human faculties, passions, and frailties, and represented them by material and visible objects. The study of the Veds by the scholars ended in Pantheism, and the applications of the principles of these books to the common people resulted in idolatry. The result was that the Vedic hymns were soon superseded by the most marvelous legends and traditions, which were handed down from generation to generation, among different classes of people, over a vast extent of country, and continually assumed new forms. The Bráhmins, the sole depositaries of the Veds, were obliged, or saw it was for their interest, to yield to the popular demands, and the result was the grossest idolatry and superstition.

The floodgates of idolatry were opened, for if it was possible for men to create one god, they might make many, and if one sect could have its special deity, others might have theirs. With the increase of population,

and their separation over the entire country, new sects were constantly formed, who retained parts of the original teachings, or changed them to suit their own notions, and new deities for every purpose imaginable were invented. To show how easily a new idol could be raised up, even in modern times.

In the vicinity where I lived, a carpenter was supposed to be able to prevent small-pox. Year by year greater crowds of people visited him, when he concluded to erect a temple, and placed an idol in it called Sítla, small-pox, which the people then worshipped. This man's son was living at the time I was in India, and acted as priest of the temple. He had thrown aside his adze and plane, making more money by his idol than he could have done by his trade. On one day of each year, from fifty to eighty thousand people came to worship this idol, believing it would protect themselves and their families from the small-pox.

At the celebrated trial of Warren Hastings before the British Parliament, his defender, endeavoring to show the respect the natives had for Mr. Hastings, stated that they had erected temples to him. Mr. Burke replied that there was nothing astonishing in this. He knew that the Hindús erected shrines, not only to the benignant gods of light and plenty, but also to the fiends who preside over small-pox and murder, nor did he dispute the claim of Mr. Hastings to be admitted into such a Pantheon.

In the attempt to humanize the doctrines of the Veds, and bring them within the comprehension of all the people, the attributes of Bruhm, as Indrá, Suryá, and Ugni, became materialized, as Bráhmá, Vishnu, and

Shiv, with the former ideas of creation, preservation, and destruction or regeneration connected with them, but in the grossest possible manner. Or the origin of this triad may have been in this wise: The people were already divided into classes. Of this Aryan race were, first, the priests or scholars, who claimed the only right to read and interpret the Vedic books; second, the warrior or soldier class, who had conquered the country from its original inhabitants; third, the cultivators of the soil, mechanics and merchants, upon whom the others depended for means of existence. These different classes claimed an interest in the Supreme Being, and accordingly one of His attributes, the nearest allied to their character and occupation, was allotted to each of these castes, and their origin accounted for in an allegorical way, that the first, or Bráhmins, sprang from the mouth of Bruhm, as His teachers to mankind; the Kshetriyas from His arms, as His arms for conquest and protection; the Vaisyas from His thighs, strong to labor for the preservation of the race, and, lastly, the Shudras or aborigines, though despised by the other castes, were allowed to claim their origin from the feet of Bruhm, to perform the menial services required. Thus were all, high caste and outcasts, made members of the one body of God. Each was as proud of his origin as the other, and even at the present time, in India, each man knows his own place, and however inferior, is never ashamed to own his caste, and I never found one so low but knew somebody lower than he was, whom he could look down upon, and despise.

Although this trinity of gods is represented as derived from one, there is no unity among them, as there is no

harmony or likeness in their character or actions, each acting in direct opposition to the others; the Puráns abounding in the most grotesque descriptions of their conflicts.

They are each represented as having a wife, Saraswati, the wife of Bráhmá, Laksmi of Vishnu, and Durgá of Shiv, and from these were produced "the gods many and lords many." Each of these male deities is represented as riding on or attended by an animal called a bahun, that of Bráhmá is a goose or swan, Vishnu's a kind of half bird and half man, and Shiv's a bull.

Bráhmá is described as a red or golden faced man, with four faces and four arms, riding upon a swan. He has no place in the popular worship, and no images or temples are erected in his honor. The Puráns state that this neglect is owing to a curse by the other gods for falsehood. He at first had five heads, but Shiv, whom he had traduced, in a rage cut off one of them. He is accused of intoxication, incest, adultery and falsehood, and his character is replete with lewdness and deceit.

Vishnu is represented as a dark or blue colored man, clothed in yellow garments, holding in his four hands a war club, a conch shell, a weapon called a chukra (or discus) and a water lily, and, seated upon his bahun, the figure of a man with the wings and face of a bird. He has scarcely a temple or festival, but is everywhere worshipped in his incarnations, of which there are ten, nine of which are said to have already occurred. The first was as a fish, "to bring up the Veds from the bottom of the ocean for the instruction of Bráhmá on his entering on the work of creation; the second as a tortoise, to support on its back the newly created earth, the Hindús

still believing that the earth rests on this tortoise; the third as a boar, which descended into the waters, and with its tusks brought up the earth; the fourth and fifth as a man monster and a dwarf for the destruction of giants; the sixth, as a giant to overcome the Kshetriyas who made war upon the Bráhmins; the seventh as Rámá, to destroy the giant Rávená, King of Ceylón; the eighth as Krishná, for the destruction of giants; the ninth as Búdh, to teach a false religion, through which the enemies of the gods might be confounded, and the tenth is yet to come "on a white horse, with a scimetar, blazing as a comet, to mow down all the incorrigible and impenitent."

Rámá, the seventh incarnation, is the hero of the poem Rámáyana, and Krishná is the principal subject of the Mahábhárat.

Rámá is invoked on all occasions by the Hindús, and "Rám, Rám," is the common salutation when they meet each other. But the most popular deity among all classes is Krishná. Dr. Allen says: "Circumstances are related concerning his birth which decency will not permit to be mentioned. His infancy and childhood were remarkable for mischievous pranks and actions, which would be marvelous if they were not incredible, puerile, and foolish. When he grew up to manhood, he manifested his superhuman powers chiefly in amorous, wanton, and licentious familiarity with the women of the district where he then lived." The Hindús say of him as of their other gods, "As he was divine, he was not subject to the moral laws binding on human beings." He put to death most of his own offspring, and was killed by an arrow. Eight of his wives were burned with his body upon the funeral pile.

"Krishná," says Elphinstone, "is the greatest favorite with the Hindús of all their divinities." His votaries comprise "all the opulent and luxurious, almost all the women, and a very large proportion of all ranks of Indian society."

Anquetil du Perron says: "The whole history of Krishná is a tissue of Greek and Roman obscenities, which among the fanatics of all descriptions, conceal the most abominable enormities." Buchanan, describing a chariot belonging to a temple of Vishnu says: "The figures upon it, representing the amours of that god in the form of Krishná, are the most indecent I have ever seen." Dr. Allen describes the chariots of this god as "covered or ornamented with imagery as obscene as could be conceived," and that he saw in a celebrated temple a great number of stone statues representing the amours of Krishná, which were of the most obscene character.

Shiv, the destroyer, is represented as a silver colored man, with five faces, three eyes and four hands, and seated upon a bull. His body is naked, or partly covered with rags, or a tiger's skin, and smeared with the ashes of funeral pyres, wearing earrings of snakes, a necklace of human heads, and carrying skulls in his hands. In one of the Puráns he describes himself as one "who wanders here and there like a madman, dancing with demons in solitary places where corpses are burned." "Where carcasses are burned there he delights to dwell; there he raises his howlings and his cries. Rúdrá is his name, the cause of lamentation."

He is generally worshipped in the form of the ling, which symbol is everywhere exposed to view in India,

with the figure of a bull looking at it, the former upon a kind of altar within the open door of a temple, and the latter crouched on the ground outside. This god is said to have a thousand names, but the most common one is Mahádev, or great god. He is described as "delighting in blood, drunken and filthy in his habits, and only saved from universal contempt by the dread and horror of Almighty power, wielded by an ungovernable temper."

Dúrgá, the consort of Shiv, is known by various names, but none so popular as Kálí. She is represented as a female, with a hideous countenance of a black color, streaming with blood, her blood red tongue protruding far from her mouth; her four hands holding symbols and instruments of death; her girdle made of the hands of her victims, and her necklace a string of a hundred human skulls of those she has slain.

Her chief temple is at Kálighát, near Calcutta, where blood is never allowed to dry before her idol. Millions of money are annually expended in her worship. Dr. Ward states that a Rájah of Nuddeah on one occasion offered goats and sheep, beginning with one a day, and doubling the number each day until the sixteenth, on which day 32,768 animals were slaughtered, the total for the sixteen days being 65,535. Kálí is the guardian deity of the Bráhmins, the patron goddess of Thugs, murderers and assassins, both Múhammedan and Hindú. Their ropes for strangling and their weapons of murder are consecrated in her name and considered holy. She is worshipped by high and low, of all classes and sects throughout India. Her orgies are the most fearful and last for days, and their abominations more than imagination can conceive or language describe.

Such are a few of the gods of the Hindús, and they show how low and degraded a conception, fallen human nature can have of deity, and what kind of gods sinful humanity makes for itself.

There are millions of others, some of their writers say 330,000,000, but all of the same character, though differing in degree. None of them represent the virtues, but are described as having all the worst vices and passions of humanity, and all powerful. They are made to revel in wickedness of the vilest kind, and as a people become like the gods they worship, the moral result is to brutalize and degrade the whole mind and life. "To contemplate their gods is to meditate on vice; to think of them is to become impure; to imitate them is to be wicked." To become "godlike" to a Hindu is to become worse than the most wicked of men. His passions are stimulated and his vices encouraged by his worship.

In India everywhere one is reminded of idolatry. In the cities and towns the temples are more numerous than churches in Christian lands. The idols are hawked about by the load for sale, offered in every market, placed in every grove, by every well, along the streams, and on the top of every hillock and mountain.

Everything, even the most minute act in the life of a Hindú, is connected with his religion, and what is common to all formal religions, this makes great demands upon his time, and brings with it a vast amount of inconvenience and suffering.

The people have thus become sunken in idolatry, and probably there is not a Hindú in all the vast population but worships some material object, an idol, as one of his gods. The question naturally occurs, do they really

worship the carved images themselves, and believe them to have life and power?

I had for my Múnshí (teacher) a Bráhmin, who was a gentleman in every respect, and a fine scholar, though he wore daily on his forehead the mark of the favorite god of those he worshipped. One day, conversing on this subject, he remarked that man was so constituted, his mind being so completely under the control of his physical senses, that it was best to have something before him on which to fix his eyes, that through this object his mind might be directed and kept in its proper channel of thought. Looking upon the idol, his mind through it would worship the unseen God, but that the idol was not an object of worship, only the medium or aid to devotion. I replied that possibly the highly educated might not worship the image itself, but how was it with the great mass of ignorant people? and he acknowledged that they very likely worshipped the image as God, and lost sight of all beyond it. No doubt this is the conclusion that all come to who have studied the subject. The heathen lose sight of God in bowing before the stone idol, and Christians forget the spiritual Christ in looking at the wooden cross.

The Hindú has no respect for any of the inferior gods that he daily and constantly worships. His worship is not inspired by any love for them. He considers them as having power superior to himself, but possessing all the passions, frailties, likes and dislikes of the human race, and he treats them accordingly. He pampers them in his offerings, flatters them in his worship, deceives them in his promises, gives to them a marvelous history, delights in telling absurd stories about them; treats them

as vain courtiers would a fool of a king, or as anywhere in the world, weak men and silly women fawn and crouch before low-bred sensualists, who by accident have become wealthy and powerful. He has no love, veneration, or respect for these gods, but he fears their power and deprecates their wrath. He never talks about sinning against them. Their dominion is the earth, and their sphere is filled with the pleasures and evils of the present life. Sin pertains to a higher power, the Beginning and the End, all between are incidents or accidents and illusion.

While the great mass of the people lose sight of God in the worship of their idols, and their time is mostly occupied in fighting the evils that meet them at every step, they are not unconscious of being sinners. Amid all their idolatry and superstition, in all their wickedness and degradation, conscience, or the Spirit of the Living God, makes them tremble. He of necessity must awaken them, and they cannot shut Him out of their hearts. In every language they have the words for sin, and it does not require education or reasoning to enable them to know what it is. One day, wishing to talk to a large company of pilgrims, I beckoned them to me under the shade of a large mango tree. Addressing one of them, a middle-aged man, evidently an unsophisticated villager, I asked him where they were going, and he replied, "To the Ganges." "What do you go to the Ganges for?" "To bathe?" "Why do you bathe?" and putting his hand upon his breast, he replied, "Is Jehunnum ke liye," literally, "For the sake of this hell."

When worshipping their idols at home, in their villages, they would reply, "We worship this god that our

crops may not be injured, that god that we may not have the small-pox, this one that our children may not be smitten with the evil eye, or that one that we may not be bitten by snakes," but by the great crowds going to the Ganges, the reply always was, "We are going to bathe, to wash away our sins."

They wish for mukt, salvation from sin,—from illusion which is life, a release from transmigration through inferior animals and grades of life—a quick absorption into God.

To acquire mukt, they perform various meritorious acts, erect temples, plant trees, dig wells, build caravansaries, fulfil vows, make long pilgrimages, bathe in the Ganges, and repeat endless prayers. Many of them give themselves up to meditation, going into the jungles, or seated by the roadside in one attitude for months and years, gradually losing all consciousness of what is passing around them, their friends attending to their absolute wants, they never speaking, and by introspection of their own thoughts, and dwelling on the attributes of Deity, they finally, as they believe, become lost in God, and are saved.

Others measure with their bodies distances of hundreds of miles, or crawl on their hands and knees to some distant, sacred spot, until the flesh is worn off their bones; sear their bodies with hot irons, bore holes through their lips, and fasten their mouths shut with wire, put wire through their tongues; are swung suspended by a rope fastened to iron hooks in their backs; partially hang from a ring in the flesh of their sides; lie upon sharp spikes until these penetrate to the bone, or sit by the wayside holding up both arms, until they become shrunken and

fixed in that position. At Hurdwár I saw many of these súnyásís or devotees, but one in particular attracted my attention. He was standing under a tamarind tree, by the side of the wide road along the river bank. There were four ropes hanging from a limb overhead, the ends near the ground supporting a piece of board. The devotee was nearly naked. One of his legs rested on the board while he stood on the other, the latter being swollen to about three times the natural size, and filled with running sores. His left arm had been held up until it had shrivelled to skin and bone, and dried in that position, the nails six or eight inches long, grown through the hand. When I questioned him, he put the fingers of his right hand upon his lips, showing that he would not speak, but motioned that he would write. I handed him a pencil and paper, and he wrote in reply to my question, that he had stood in that position eight years, and had four years more to stand, when he would receive mukt. There were several of his friends with him, who supplied his wants and perhaps allowed him to rest at times, and also made money out of the exhibition, as the ground around him was covered with small coin thrown to him by the people. There was an immense crowd of people there, and as hundreds of thousands passed him on their way to the great bathing place farther up the river, they would put their hands together and bow towards him, muttering a prayer, and throwing him a gift. They considered him a saint, one who by his austerities had almost crushed out his personality, and thus had arrived near to God.

They consider existence itself an evil, and every desire and want of the body to be sinful. The more they can

torture, defile and destroy their humanity, the nearer they believe they are to divinity. I have seen nágás, or the naked devotees,—their matted hair bleached yellow by the ashes put upon it, their bodies mere skeletons by their habits and sufferings, daubed all over with filth, more hideous and brutal looking than the apes in the forest, yet proud of their apparent humility and degradation, while the people regarded them with veneration, and worshipped them because of their supposed holy character.

Those who have not witnessed it can form no idea of the inconvenience, deprivation, sacrifices, torture and suffering connected with the religion of the Hindús. The vices and horrible abominations of those who profess to be its saints, would seem enough to make the most depraved of our race stand aghast at the spectacle. No wonder that when a missionary read the first chapter of Romans to a crowd of these corrupt people, they accused him of writing it, as it so correctly described their character.

But why all this degradation, sacrifice, and suffering? Because of sin, is the universal answer. The burden of sin has been upon them, they have groaned under it, and in their own way been endeavoring to get rid of it, but like a man struggling in a quicksand, the more they tried the deeper they became involved; committing one sin to get rid of another, they become more vile, corrupt, and helpless.

A thousand times questioning them as to why they made pilgrimages, why they bathed, why they tortured themselves and suffered so much, the reply was always, "to get rid of sin," and then, asking if they had been to the

Ganges—"Yes." If they had bathed—"Yes." "But did you wash away your sin?" and the reply would be, "Nay, nay, jaisá gayá waisá ayá." No, no, as I went, so I came.

THE BRAHMO SAMAJ.

During the past hundred years the principles of the Christian religion have been widely disseminated in India. One of the results of this spread of Gospel light has been the growth and spread of several religious sects, professing either some imitation of Christianity, some half understood phase of Christian faith, or else an effort to combine with, or engraft upon the decaying forms of idolatry, the purity of life, and intellectual activity expected of Christians.

In Eastern Bengal is a sect called Satyá Gúrús—true teachers. About the year 1840, the founder, Sree Náth, claimed that the three names of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit were divinely revealed to him, and that by the help of the Holy Spirit, he was enabled to perform many wonderful works, giving sight to the blind and delivering people from various diseases. When Sree Náth's hour of death approached, he gave this command to his disciples, "Keep in love and friendship with the missionaries and Christians, because they and we are the disciples of one Gúrú." These Satyá Gúrús are in the habit of reading the Bible and praying together, and confessing Christ to be the Incarnate God. They say, "We believe in Him. By our prayers many diseased people get deliverance and have health restored. If any one among us is guilty of fornication or other grievous sin, we put him out of our congregation, according to the Apostle

Paul's command, but if he forsake his sin, we receive him again according to the Apostle's instructions." This sect is not the result of any direct missionary effort.

Another religious teacher has lately arisen, whose disciples already number many thousands from every caste. He is called Dhúlí Bábá Jí, or Child of Dust. "He never sleeps two nights in one place, and is constantly on the move. He is abstemious, has but one meal a day, drinks only water or milk, and does not indulge in narcotics. He denounces idolatry, caste, the Bráhmins, and the use of spirituous liquors; inculcates the worship of the Creator and Preserver of the world, and the practice of devotion and prayer to God, truth, charity, and chastity. His disciples have a number of hymns composed by themselves, which they sing with much earnestness. They are in praise of the indescribable God, and contain ideas which seem to have been derived from Christian books."

No one of these new sects has commanded greater attention or received a larger number of followers than the Bráhmo Samáj, or society of Bráhmos, which was founded in 1828 by Rájah Rám Mohan Roy, a man of remarkable ability and fine education. The Bráhmos claim that he occupies the same position in relation to Bráhmoism that Christ occupies in Christianity. The following sketch of the life of Rám Mohan Roy is from a lecture on the Bráhmo Samáj by Rev. T. J. Scott, D. D.:

"Rám Mohan Roy was born at Burdwán, in Bengal, in the year 1774. He was a Bráhmin by caste, and his father was a wealthy and respectable man, more liberal minded than his people generally of that day. As the son grew up it became manifest that he possessed a

mind of no common order, and this increased the desire of his father—who doted on him as only oriental papas can do—to give him the very best education obtainable. When thoroughly instructed in his own language, he began the study of Persian, that he might acquire whatever of knowledge that language presented. He was sent to Patna, distinguished as a seat of Múhammedan learning, where he had the best teachers of the times, and an opportunity of studying, which he did with enthusiasm, not only Persian but also Arabic. Although then but a lad, he became quite familiar with Persian and Arabic literature, and found attraction in the sublime doctrine of one infinite God, supreme and alone, and felt the unfavorable contrast between this and the teachings of his own sacred books. A radical bent was no doubt given to his religious career at Patna. From this place he went to the holy city of Benares, to complete his studies in Sanskrit. Here, to his complete satisfaction, he threaded the labyrinths of Hindú philosophy and delved in Sanskrit lore, only, however, to become convinced that all beside the Veds is mere human rubbish, full of legends, fables, and stupid fiction. In the Veds, however, and their theological commentaries, the Upanishads, he supposed that he had found solid ground. He was overjoyed to see that these did not contain any allusion to Rám, Krishná, Gunesh, Kálí, and a host of other revengeful, licentious, and filthy deities. Thus from the teachings of the Korán and the revelations of his own ancient sacred books, he rested in the belief of one infinite and holy God. At the age of fifteen he returned to his home, the pride of his unsuspecting father, to begin the most remarkable moral and intellectual move-

ment of modern India. He was saddened at the deep degradation, moral and mental, that wrapped his people in a mantle of night, and resolved to do something to break the spell that bound them, and lead them forth to liberty. In his sixteenth year he issued a book, boldly challenging the correctness of modern Hindúism. This at once aroused against him the indignation and persecution of bigoted Bráhmins, and he was driven from his home. Supported by his father, he traveled extensively through India, and even passed over into Tíbet, busy all the while examining and comparing religious systems. After four years he returned at the request of his father, who had followed him with an anxious and affectionate heart, but only to renew his conflict with the Bráhmins. He continued these efforts for years, slowly gathering about him a few converts. Meanwhile, having thoroughly acquired English, he also studied Greek, that he might read the New Testament in the original. He was enraptured with the teachings of Christ and his apostles, cheerfully acknowledging that nothing in the Veds would compare with them. He published in Bengáli and English a book called "The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Happiness." In 1828 he gave the movement which he had set on foot a regular organization, under the name of the Bráhmo Sabhá or Bráhmo Assembly. A creed was partially formed, and times of meeting and a routine of religious services appointed.

In 1830 Rám Mohan Roy was chosen by the King of Dilhí to be his embassador in London. Here to some extent he identified himself with Unitarian Christians, while still clinging to the Veds; and here in 1833 he died, a man as remarkable for his ingenious liberality of mind

as for the striking genius that marked his whole career."

The precise articles of faith to which Rám Mohan Roy would have subscribed are not known; probably he never decided for himself the exact boundaries of his belief. In England some claimed that he was a Unitarian. In India one of his own friends and associates speaks of him as a "stubborn heretic," "strongly reprobated by the zealous both among Hindús and Christians, for his daring impiety in rejecting the doctrine of Divine Incarnations." Of Christ he himself says "A day may soon arrive when every one will regard the precepts of Jesus as the sole guide to peace and happiness." To Bishop Luscombe, of Paris, he asserted that the first chapter according to John, and even the first verse, were sufficient to convince him of the Divinity of Christ, and confirm him in this doctrine. It is probable that his mind, springing sharply away from the idea of incarnation, as manifest in the infamous lives of Hindú incarnations, was unable to accept the fact of the incarnation of Christ, though he greatly admired his pure life and holy teaching. Rám Mohan Roy seems to have been an earnest seeker for good in every religion that attracted his attention or study. He quoted from Zoroaster, the Korán, the Shásters, Veds, or the Bible, seeking always for more light.

In the Veds, the highest religious authorities of the Hindús, he found wise sayings, pure precepts, and passages condemning the gross sensuality and idolatry of his people. So far as he searched these ancient Sanskrit works, they seemed to present to him a higher faith, and incitements to a holier life, than the Puráns and later religious books of the Hindús. Many portions of the

Veds he carefully studied and translated into the language of his countrymen. Their precepts he left for the guidance of his followers, the members of the Bráhma Sabhá, as the new sect was then called. The following extracts from his translations show something of the errors that he had to combat, and the truth after which his mind was seeking.

"Consider the soul a rider, the body as a car, the intellect its driver, the mind as its rein; the external senses are called the horses, restrained by the mind; external objects are the roads; so wise men believe the soul united with the body, the senses and the mind, to be the partaker of the consequences of good or evil acts.

"If that intellect which is represented as the driver be indiscreet, and the rein of the mind loose, all the senses under the authority of the intellectual power become unmanageable, like wicked horses under the control of an unfit driver.

"Rise up and awake from the sleep of ignorance, and having approached able teachers, acquire knowledge of God, the origin of the soul; for the way to the knowledge of God is considered by wise men as difficult as the passage over the sharp edge of a razor.

"Superior to nature is God, who is omnipresent and without material effects, by acquisition of whose knowledge man becomes extricated from ignorance and distress, and is absorbed into Him after death.

"In God, heaven, earth, and space reside, and also intellect, with breath and all senses. Do you strive to know solely the One Supreme Being, and forsake all other discourse, because a true knowledge respecting God is the only way to eternal beatitude.

"God alone is immortal. He extends before, behind, to the right, to the left, beneath and above. He is the Supreme and all in all.

"The vulgar look for their gods in water; men of more extended knowledge in celestial bodies; the ignorant in wood, bricks and stones; but learned men in the universal soul.

"It is impossible for those who consider pilgrimage as devotion, and believe that the divine nature exists in the image, to look up to, communicate with, to petition and to revere true believers in God.

"Those who believe that the divine nature exists in an image made of earth, stone, metal, wood, or of other materials, reap only distress by their austerities; but they cannot, without a knowledge of the Supreme Spirit, acquire absorption.

"Hence no vision can approach Him; no language can describe Him; no intellectual power can compass or determine Him. We know nothing of how the Supreme Being shonld be explained. He is beyond nature, which is above comprehension; our ancient spiritual parents have thus explained Him to us."

After the death of Rájah Rám Mohan Roy, Bábú Debendra Náth Tagore became the leader of the Bráhma Sabhá, but for a few years little attention was paid to the society, still the seeds of the new movement were preparing for fruition. "In 1839 the old Bráhma Sabhá was supplemented by another organization under the name of the Tatwabodiní Sabhá. From this time the society assumed an aggressive form, and greater effort was made to propagate the new faith. A press was set to work, schools were opened, and branch societies estab-

lished in several places." The members of the society at this time numbered several hundreds, all men of more than ordinary intelligence, and of high social standing. Their new faith did not call for any great sacrifices. They had many wordy wars with orthodox Hindús, and were often looked upon with suspicion, but they still retained caste, considering it to be of Divine origin. For the sake of the ignorant or superstitious, they frequently took part in or allowed idolatrous ceremonies, believing that "The rites and ceremonies inculcated in the Veds are intended to be preparatory to the spiritual worship of God, and are expressly declared to be useful to men who cannot raise their minds from nature up to nature's God." They still held to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. They believed that souls would be required to pass states of probation during successive lives of longer or shorter duration, until, by righteousness and sacred knowledge, they should be fitted for absorption into the Supreme Being.

Rám Mohun Roy was able to explore but a comparatively small portion of the Veds, these books being rare, expensive, and accessible to but few even of the Bráhminical order. He had taught that the Veds were inspired, an infallible rule of faith. Some time after his death, his followers began to suspect that even the Veds contained strange contradictions and gross immoralities. Four wise men were selected from their number, who went to Benares, the seat of Hindú learning and Sanskrit literature, where they could have access to all the Vedantic writings. After two years of study, they returned to Calcutta to denounce Vedantism. Thus left without compass or chart, the Bráhmo Samáj has since

been blown about by many a wind of doctrine. For awhile they were guided by certain selections from the ancient religious books of their nation, and professed to rest in a pure theism. They adopted a creed containing the following cardinal points:

"1. There exists one eternal, supreme God, infinite in all his attributes, good and merciful.

2. He is spirit—hence without form.

3. From his worship and service alone can happiness be enjoyed here and hereafter.

4. The worship of God consists in acts of devotion and praise, and his service in the practice of virtue.

5. The soul is subject to transmigration until thoroughly purified, and prepared for the regions of eternal blessedness.

6. The only true revelation is pure intuition, by which the thoughtful and virtuously inclined can discover truth and the path of duty."

The following is the Covenant of the society for all who become members:

"1. This day———, day of the month of ———, in the year ———, I adopt the religion of the worshippers of Bruhm.

2. I will live devoted to the worship of that one Supreme Bruhm, who, the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer of the Universe; the cause of deliverance; all wise; all-pervading; full of joy; the good, and without form. I will worship him with love, and by doing things that will give him pleasure.

3. I will worship no created thing as the Supreme Bruhm, the Creator of all.

4. Except on days of sickness or calamity, I will

every day, when my mind shall be at rest in faith and love, fix my thoughts on the Supreme.

5. I will live in the earnest practice of good deeds.

6. I will endeavor to live free from evil deeds.

7. If overcome by temptation, I perchance do any evil thing, I will surely desire to be freed from it, and be careful for the future.

8. Every year, and in all my worldly prosperity, I will offer gifts to the Bráhmo Samáj.

O God, grant unto me strength that I may entirely observe this excellent religion."

When a Hindú speaks of Bruhm, he means, "Him who is God above all gods;" all other names represent some lesser divinity.

Having, in imitation of Christian sects, adopted a creed and covenant, they must also have a catechism. Professor Max Múller, in the fourth volume of "Chips from a German Workshop," gives these extracts from their catechism:

"Q. Who is the deity of the Bráhmos?

A. The one true God, one only without a second, whom all Hindú Shásters proclaim.

Q. What is the divine worhsip of the Bráhmos?

A. Loving God, and doing the works he loveth.

Q. What is the temple of the Bráhmos?

A. The pure heart.

Q. What are the ceremonial observances of the Bráhmos?

A. Good works.

Q. What is the sacrifice of the Bráhmos?

A. Renunciation of selfishness.

Q. What are the austerities of the B.áhmos?

A. Not committing sin. The Mahábhárata says: 'He who does not commit sin in mind, speech, action or understanding, performs austerities; not he who drieth up his body.'

Q. What is the place of pilgrimage of the Bráhmos ?

A. The company of the good.

Q. What is the Ved of the Bráhmos ?

A. Divine knowledge. It is superior to all Veds. The Ved itself says: 'The inferior knowledge is the Rig Ved, the Yajur Ved, the Sama Ved, the Atharva Ved, etc.; the superior knowledge is that which treats of God.

Q. What is the most sacred formula of the Bráhmos ?

A. Be good and do good.

Q. Who is the true Bráhmin ?

A. He who knows Bruhm. The Beíhádaránvaká-Upanishad says: He who departs from this world knowing God, is a Bráhmin."

The society has published "Theists' Prayer Books" that show a sincere spirit of devotion and humility, but in none of them is the lack of the Christian's triumphant faith more apparent than in the death-bed prayer. Several of their prayers seem to be dictated in view of the trials and scorn which they must encounter, on account of their religious opinions. The following family prayer might be used with profit in any family.

"O God, our Father, who hast bound us together in this family by the ties of domestic affection, help us to draw near to Thee. Thou art the guardian of our lives, the Giver of every good, our Guide and Counsellor. We regard it as our best privilege that thou hast permitted us to call Thee our Father, and bow down before Thee in filial trust and obedience. May we never forget thine

infinite mercies; may we rejoice that Thou, Ruler of this universe, the Infinite Lord of the earth and heavens, art present at this family altar to hear and accept our humble prayers. Sweeten and strengthen those relations which bind us to each other, by drawing unto Thee the affections of each one of us. Foster in us right feelings toward each other, and cast out selfishness, jealousy, and whatsoever creates discord and ill-will amongst us. In all domestic joys may we gratefully remember Thee; in all domestic calamities may we learn to place our trust in Thee, knowing that in Thee is all our good. O Thou Loving God, who, with more than a mother's affection, dost feed and protect us, preserve the souls of Thy children in Thy holy keeping. Chastise us if we do wrong; bring us back to Thee if we run astray. Help us to keep our hearts from impurity and our hands from unrighteous actions. Send unto us meekness and humility, and prepare us for all the vicissitudes of life. May we live as Thy obedient children and faithful followers. Thou art the Lord of this family, make this home the abode of divine love, purity and faith, of peace, and mutual good will. Bless this family, O Lord, and make it truly Thine. Father, of all families on earth, extend Thy glory everywhere, and draw unto Thee the hearts of all Thy children. To Thee, O God, we consecrate our hearts and souls, that we may be Thine everlastingly.

The form of sacred worship among the Bráhmos is thus described:

"In their writings they speak of themselves as a church, and use much of our ecclesiastical phraseology. Each society gives its assembling, or the assembly itself, a different name, after the manner of Christian churches.

There is also in Calcutta a society of women, called the Bráhmica Samáj. The women now in some instances worship with the men in the same assembly. The Bráhmo meetings are held in halls or chapels set apart for the purpose. The assembly remain seated during service, which is considerably modeled after the forms of Christian worship, consisting of recitative prayers and prayers from a printed ritual or book of worship. Sermons are read, and often extempore prayer is offered. The service is interluded with singing and chanting, accompanied by an instrument, as a harmonium. After all that intuition and the light of nature have done for the Bráhmos, their sad aping of Christianity is badly concealed."

The congregations are usually dismissed with a benediction, taken from some of the ancient Hindú writings. Of the manner of closing their service, these are samples:

"I now in conformity with our principles, pronounce a benediction on those present in this assembly who are willing to receive it, by reciting the following ancient stanza:

'May He through fear of whom the air passes in circulation, through fear of whom the sun gives heat, and who directs all our understandings, preserve every one of you.

'God is one only without an equal.' "

"May he who has made the swan so beautifully white, and the parrot of a golden hue, and has painted the peacock with variegated colors, preserve every one of you.

'God is one only without an equal.' "

The following exhortation and prayer closes a lecture given in defence of Bráhmoism in 1863:

"Controversy with the followers of other religions we cannot avoid, for both the purposes of self-vindication, as well as of conversion, but let us set an example to them, in what spirit religious controversy is to be conducted. Let us not lose our temper at the time of discussion. Let us not indulge in sarcasm instead of fair argumentation, for sarcasm ill befits the most momentous of all subjects, religion. Let us not sacrifice candor at the altar of loveliness. Let us not for the sake of appearing smart, lose sight of the duty of behaving fairly towards the followers of other religions, for they are men, and as men they are our brethren.

"Let us be pure and holy in our lives. Let us show to the idolater that our religion is not a dead religion, a religion only to be talked of, and not acted up to. Let us make sacrifices for our religion, and thereby show our countrymen that we love it with all our minds, all our hearts, and all our strength; then will they think that Bráhmoism is something, and that it is not to be made light of. Let us think more of our country's than of our own interests. Let us direct our chief attention to the education and social improvement of our women, for if one half of our population be in darkness, how can the other half prosper? Let us be always up and doing, for our country is in a state of transition, and the duties of those who live at such a period are not light.

Lord God, our Father, our Saviour, our Redeemer, give us strength to bear the trials of this awfully critical time. To Thee we look up for succor, for we are weak. Always grant the light of thy countenance, for that light alone is our only consolation amid the darkness and danger of our situation. From Thee alone come

strength, comfort, and bliss. Forsake us not, but infuse patience, firmness, and fortitude into our souls, so that we may stand as witnesses of Thy glory to generations to come."

In 1866 there were fifty-four Samájes throughout India, with more than two thousand members. Eleven societies had chapels for worship, others meeting in rented halls or private houses. A college was established by them in Calcutta and there were eleven schools for boys and girls, connected with different Samájes. The society supported seven strictly religious papers, for the propagation of theistic doctrines; four other papers of a more secular character were also published by Bráhmos, two of them in English. For many years the Society's press at Calcutta had been issuing tracts and books. Eight men were actively engaged in missionary work, and supported by the voluntary contributions of the Bráhmos. These missionaries were sincere and earnest men, anxious to help their brethren out of the depths of idolatry, and even hoping that the whole world would yet acknowledge the superiority of Bráhmoism; or as an enthusiastic member expressed himself:

"When we find society is progressing, and men in general are marching onward, and the Bráhmo missionaries are working with their head and heart, I doubt not that the time is fast approaching when Bráhmo religion—the pure, heaven-born religion, will be the prevailing religion of the world, and establish union and brotherhood among all the nations of the earth, severing asunder the shackles of superstition and sectarianism."

Though sometimes allowing, from policy, the rites of idolatry by members of their families, still the Bráhmos

were making most vigorous and laudable efforts to educate their people to a higher faith and purer morals. They strove to abolish polygamy, infant marriages, and infanticide, they sought to legalize the remarriage of widows, and to establish girls' schools.

This was, undoubtedly, the most promising era of the Bráhmo Samaj. Dissension had already begun its work. Two parties in the church of the Bráhmos, the conservative, headed by Bábú Debendra Náth Tagore, and the progressive, led by Keshub Chundra Sen, were striving to be reconciled to each other. In 1865 Bábú Keshub Chundra Sen "presented to Bábú Debendra Náth Tagore three propositions with reference to the management of the Samáj, signifying that unless these were complied with, he and those who agreed with him, should feel themselves necessitated to separate from the existing Samáj, and form one for themselves. These propositions were:

1. That the external signs of caste distinction—such as the Bráhminical thread—should be no longer used.

2. That none but Bráhmos of sufficient ability and good moral character, who lived consistently with their profession, should be allowed to conduct the services of the Samáj.

3. That nothing should be said in the Samáj expressive of hatred or contempt for other religions."

Upon the first of these requisitions, the society was finally obliged to divide.

A prominent member in 1863 declared that "the present members of the Samáj maintain that intuition lays the groundwork, and reasoning raises the superstructure of religion." Unfortunately for a religion so

based and built, human intuitions and human reasonings often take the most divergent lines. The intuition and reasoning of the conservative party taught them thus: "The conservative Bráhmos are those who are unwilling to push religious and social reformation to any great extreme. They are of the opinion that reformation should be gradual, the law of gradual progress being universally prevalent in nature. They also say that the principle of Bráhmic harmony requires a harmonious discharge of all our duties, and that, as it is a duty to take a part in reformation, so there are other duties to perform, namely, those towards parents and society, and that we should harmonize all those duties as much as we can."

The older portion could not see that they ought to yield their caste and its treasured sign, the sacred cord, thus sundering themselves from family ties and friendships, and honored positions.

The intuition and reasoning of the younger and progressive class taught them, that before God, men were judged by their actions, not by the circumstance of their birth; that rent and divided into castes, their nation must ever be a tributary, and they felt compelled to break the iron bands of custom, and suffer reproach as outcasts, if thereby their people might eventually become free and ennobled.

The result of these conflicting opinions was the formation of two Samájes, the conservative party, known as the Adi Bráhmo Samáj, or first church, and the progressive as the Bráhmo Samáj.

The Adi Samáj, under the leadership of Debendra Náth Tagore, have seemed to retreat somewhat from

their moderately advanced position, and to cling closely to as much of the old religion as possible. Bráhmoism had no consolation to offer that could compensafe for the loss of social position, and the breaking of family ties which must inevitably follow, were they to forfeit caste, and they could but see that progressive religion must ultimately lead to their renunciation of caste. As a religious movement, the days of the Adi Samáj seem to be numbered.

Bábú Keshub Chunder Sen, the head of the progressive party, though a man of ability and a brilliant leader, has been too vacillating in his religious views to permanently establish a new sect. In May of 1866 he delivered a "lecture in Calcutta upon 'Jesus Christ, Europe and Asia,' which approaches perhaps more nearly than any other of his published utterances to the faith of his great predecessor, Rájah Rám Mohun Roy. From this lecture one would suppose that he was almost a Christian. But, as if startled by his boldness, and perhaps made to feel by his fellow-countrymen the difficulty of moral courage, he appeared desirous of retreating from his position; for in a lecture upon 'Great Men,' delivered on the twenty-eighth of September of the same year, he advocated a theory which implicitly places Christ upon the same level with other benefactors of their race."

During his visit to Europe in 1870, he attracted a great amount of attention. Unitarians claimed him as one of themselves, and freely opened to him their churches and pulpits. Religious newspapers had their leaders on Keshub Chunder Sen. His friends in India began to feel that they truly had a great man for their head. While in London he delivered a lecture on "Christ and

Christianity," in which he ascribed to Jesus Christ the highest homage, and the most lofty of attributes, save that of divinity. His lecture was too strong to please his followers, and upon his return to India, he receded somewhat from that position, and refused to fellowship with Christian theists.

"Rev. C. H. Dall, a Unitarian missionary of Calcutta, being, without doubt, desirous of bringing the Bráhmo body nearer to Christ, became a member of the Samáj, calling himself, as indeed he always had a right to be called, a Christian theist. From his position, however, the leader of the Samáj decidedly shrunk, and wished it to be distinctly understood that he was not a Christian theist, but a pure theist, thus denying the connection of what he believes to be the true principles of religion with the person and life of Christ. The prominent members of the Samáj appear to have indorsed the action of their great leader, and thus shrink not only from Christianity, but from the position of their great leader, Rájah Rám Mohun Roy."

Vedantism, theism, intuition, electicism, idealism, mysticism, each of these types of religious thought have given tone to Bráhmoism, and found among its followers ardent admirers. In the lore of each of these phases of faith they have studied deeply, and striven earnestly to raise themselves up to God by their teachings; yet they have apprehended Him not. Like Job, they cried out for a daysman. Through stocks and stones, the creeping things of earth, or the celestial bodies, they knew they could not reach Him. For lack of a more worthy object, some of the members of the Bráhmo Samáj began to adore their leader. Keshub Chunder Sen,

addressing him as "Good Lord" and "Redeemer," and offering up prayers to God through him. Two of the Bráhmo missionaries protested against this adoration, and begged Keshub Chunder Sen to put a stop to it.

In 1874 the "Indian Mirror," the organ of the Bráhmo Samáj, claimed that the spirit of theism was penetrating the educated classes in India, and that its membership was growing in spirituality, but at the same time confessed that the number of formal adhesions was much smaller than formerly. In the census of 1871 but ninety-two returned themselves as Bráhmos. Undoubtedly theism is gaining continually in India. Thousands of young men who have been educated in the Government schools have found their old faith entirely untenable in the light of physical science. Their belief in the old religion has been undermined, and nothing established in its place. Bráhmoism offers but little spiritual comfort, and Christianity demands sacrifices for which they have not sufficient courage. Still, thinking, enquiring theism is preferable to stolid, superstitious idolatry, and to many minds seems a necessary bridge from Hindúism to Christianity.

The distinctive Bráhmoism of the last century can never be revived. Education is progressing too rapidly. Under a new name and new leader, some phase of it may yet attract thousands of followers, but should these prove the last days of its history, it has served a good purpose. As the peepul trees, whose seeds, placed by the builders in the foundations of Hindú temples, ultimately rend their walls asunder, so Bráhmoism, the fruit of the seed planted by the founders of Hindúism, has sprung up as a disintegrating force in the midst of Hindú idolatry.

A RELIGIOUS FAIR IN INDIA.

One of the most delightful months of the year in India, is November. Driving winds, cold, drizzling rains, withered leaves, and frosty nights, find no place in its soft sunshine, balmy evenings, ripening sugar-cane, bursting cotton balls, budding gardens, and green wheat fields. The turtle dove coos to its fellows; gay paroquets, in screeching flocks dart through the air; the Indian blue jay, in gorgeous winter dress, spreads its beauty in the sunny air, and at night the owl and gamut bird, in doleful notes, tell their contentment.

At the time of the full moon in that month, melás are held at intervals of fifty or more miles, on the sands of the river Ganges, from Hurdwár, at the base of the Himálaya Mountains, to Saugor, on the shore of the Indian Ocean, twelve hundred miles southward. A melá is at once a fair and a camp-meeting, combining in one the interests of trade and religion.

The two most famous melás of India are the Juggernáth and Hurdwár melás, but different shrines throughout the country have their great days, and there are holy days to be observed in honor of the gods, hence there are hundreds of regularly established melás. During the rainy season are melás where worshippers expect to receive immunity from snake bites; at the beginning of the cold season are melás to propitiate the god of the ear-ache, when the people, in return for their offerings,

receive a bit clipped from a living pig's ear as a specific against ear-ache. In the mountains are melás that bear a strong resemblance to some of the sacrifices and religious rites of the Hebrews.

An attendance of only twenty or thirty thousand people is considered very small; from one to three hundred thousand persons is the usual number, and occasionally, at some shrines, are millions of worshippers.

Had Bishop Colenso been a missionary to India instead of Africa, he would never have doubted the Mosaic account of Israel's encampments. All his calculations and figures would have been put to shame by facts that can only be comprehended by a beholder.

No description, nothing save actual count, can convey any idea of the number of Hindustáni people who will encamp for a week or more on a few acres of sands.

Viewed from the point of self-preservation and interest alone, the existence of these vast congregate masses of humanity is one of the most urgent reasons why Christian nations should educate and Christianize India. No other heathen rite has ever so widely or so terribly affected the whole world. The religious excitement, the anxiety of trade, the fierce heat of the sun by day, the cold dews of night, insufficient clothing and shelter, and the dense herding of humanity and cattle, combine to make the melás a very hot-bed for the growth and propagation of that most dread of contagions, the cholera. This awful consequence of the larger melás has carried disease, sorrow and death into far-distant and happy Christian homes, where its first cause was never even heard of. During the last hundred years, each visitation of the

cholera has had its origin at one of the great melás held at Hurdwár or Juggernáth.

The November melás are held, not on the banks of the Ganges, but on the river bed. Fine groves may be near at hand, but, except in case of rain, the people seldom encamp in them. For nearly two months before the full moon in November, no rain falls in India. The river, that during the rains is a mile or more in width, then dwindles to narrow streams, leaving wide islands of sand, full of particles of mica, that glisten and sparkle in the sunlight with an almost dazzling brilliancy. On these islands the vast concourse congregates.

For three or four days before the full moon, the roads for many miles in all directions, leading to the melá sands, are lined with people traveling in, and on many strange conveyances. Some families go in two-wheeled carts, the women sitting inside, with a large cloth thrown over the top to protect them from the gaze of strangers, while the husband and father sits on the yoke of the bullocks, or perhaps on the tongue of the cart, just behind the oxen, urging them on by occasional twists of their tails. At the melá the cart and cloth answers the purpose of a tent. Others ride on donkeys and ponies so small, that the riders' feet barely escape the ground; others in carriages covered with cloth, red trimmings, and bells, whose only seat is the floor of the carriage, are drawn by handsome white bullocks, with bells upon their necks, and horns and tails dyed red. Now and then a man or boy goes astride a buffalo; some in small horse carts, some in palanquins, a few on elephants, occasionally one on a camel, and dashing young men, with well-oiled hair, and white skull-caps

placed jauntily on one side of the head, go by, on prancing horses, fantastically caparisoned. The majority, however, walk, the men in straggling companies, dressed in clean white cotton garments, sometimes wearing white turbans, sometimes rose-colored, red or blue, that in the vast crowd add greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Village women go in little companies, singing songs which a native teacher once refused to translate for a white woman, for, said he, "They are not fit for a lady to know." The women usually wear dark blue or red cotton skirts, and large veils, or pieces of muslin, thrown over their heads, and nearly enveloping their entire persons. These are generally white, or dark blue, and sometimes heavily trimmed with tiny mirrors.

The yellow-robed pilgrims, traveling to some famous shrine, often make it in their way to stop a day or two at one of these melás. As they march along, five or six of them in Indian file, the leader occasionally calls out, "Bom, Bom !" shout, shout, and the rest answer, "Gungá jí kí jai !" Victory to the Ganges. The only baggage of these pilgrims, for a five hundred or thousand mile journey, is a gourd or water jar, and two or three dishes for cooking.

Two broad streets or bázárs, crossing at right angles, are usually laid out on the melá ground, by the police, by order of the English Government. On either side, the principal merchants spread their wares upon the sand.

The money-changer covers a low, square box, with a red cloth, places on it a few coins, and squats behind it. To the poor coolie, who would buy a handful of parched rice for his dinner, he gives a hundred cowrie shells for

a copper coin of less than a cent's valuation; for the merchant, whose silver gains have grown bulky, he finds among the thick folds of his turban or waist-band some gold coins. The jeweler spreads a cloth on the ground, and upon that arranges his sparkling display of shellac, pewter, glass, silver, and gold ornaments. The cloth merchant and the bookseller erect small platforms, with curtains and sheets hung around to keep out the sun and dust; the grain merchant spreads his cotton shawl over the ground, and dumps his load upon it; the fruit and orange dealers lay mats on the sand, and heap the golden balls upon them; the perfumer spreads his yard of cloth, on which he sits cross-legged, and opens before him his case of precious oils, some of them worth twice their weight in gold, his essences, bits of straw, and roll of fresh cotton. When a customer would buy, the perfumer sticks a bit of cotton on the end of a straw, touches it to the perfume, and hands it to the buyer to test the quality of the scent. The Bráhmins place a few coins on a bit of rag, and sit beside it, singing a begging song. As the people pass, they drop a few cowrie shells, or small coins, into their collections. The jugglers play catch with great butcher-knives, grow mango-trees in ten minutes, burn and tear a man's turban to rags, and give it back to him whole, take up handfuls of dry, glistening sand from out a pan of water, whistle, sing, beat upon their drums, and with an outfit costing scarce a dollar, and contained in a couple of hand baskets, perform many strange and puzzling feats. The snake-charmer pipes to his hooded cobras and similar sweet pets; the variety men, with their needles, pins, tapes, beads, odds and ends; the toy men, with red-headed,

red-tailed, blue-bodied, yellow-saddled, black-legged rag horses, paper parrots, reed jumping-jacks, etc.; candy men, thicker than saloon keepers in an American city, who spread their sweets on dingy bits of cloth, tradesmen of all kinds, and wares from every quarter of the land, all are there, close one against another. From one to four square yards suffices for each merchant's place. A wild array of screens, improvised out of quilts, sheets, clothing, mats, rags, anything that will do the duty, are fastened to bamboo poles, which find but a shaky foothold in the loose sands.

Up and down the wide bázárs, all day long, pushing, jostling, shouting, buying, selling, cheating, sight-seeing, surges the vast crowd. The angles of the bázárs are full, full past all imagination, of carts, men, women, children, and bullocks, a few square feet answering for a family, while thousands upon thousands lie down at night, wrapped in their sheets, without even a cart to cover them, in herds and companies, like cattle.

One evening, in 1864, a wild scene, full of terror and anxious haste, that brought most vividly to mind the hurried exit of Israel out of Egypt, occurred during a melá at Daranugger, a place on the Ganges, seven miles from my home. Just before sunset, I left the tent in the grove, on the bluff above the river, to go down to the melá and meet my husband, who, with his native assistants, had been preaching all day to crowds and crowds of eager or curious listeners. As I came near the bank, I met numbers of people, looking lost and frightened. The melá was at its full tide, when the whole country for miles around seemed almost deserted; everybody was away at the melá, and I had not expected to meet more

than an occasional straggler; instead there were tens, scores, fifties, hundreds. In vain I asked, "What's the matter?" The only reply was, "All the people are coming," and as I looked over the bank all the people were coming, two hundred thousand of them.

What a scene it was! Low in the west beyond the crowd, beyond the river and the low land on the opposite shore, hung the setting sun, like a great ball of fire, throwing its last red beams over a picture of terror and confusion. On, on the people were coming, in a wild stampede over the half mile of sand that lay between the melá ground and the high bluff on the eastern shore. Merchants with their wares slung on their backs, men hurrying their bullocks, terrified women with uncovered faces, dragging along screaming children, cart wheels wrenching off in the heavy sand, bundles breaking loose and abandoned, shoes lost, friends lost, families separated, all hurry, rush, crush, waiting for nothing, any way to get up the steep road, away, away, out of the river bed. Far over on the sand were the almost deserted tents and booths, some standing, some half broken down, and here and there solitary bamboo poles stood alone, where but a few minutes ago were thousands upon thousands of bartering, sight-seeing Hindús. For a few moments I watched the strange scene, and was then obliged to return to my tent, as it was impossible to pass either of the two roads leading down the bluff.

Several reasons for the strange stampede were given in the evening. A report, that had most alarmed the people, had evidently been started by thieves, that they might thoroughly frighten the crowd, and have a fine chance for plunder. It was that the English had planned

to drown the vast multitudes that day assembled at various points along the river. The Ganges canal, which begins a little below the river's outlet from the mountains, draws off a large amount of water. The cry was raised, that at sunset the canal gates were to be closed, when the whole volume of the river would come pouring down over the sands. But the waters came not, and gradually through the night the greater part of the crowd went back to their trade and bathing.

At these gatherings, the priests give the people notice of the hour when the moon is full, and then is the grand rush for the water, all anxious to be in at the most propitious moment. Formerly numbers of people were drowned every year, but under the rule of the English government policemen and boats are stationed to prevent accidents.

By the next day the crowd are nearly all gone, and the day after crows and vultures swoop down to pick up stray fragments, and alligators sun themselves on the sands.

Missionaries always make it a point to attend these melás, usually going to the one nearest their own homes. They pitch their tents in some neighboring grove, and not on the sands, on account of the great heat of the day, and the continuous noise through the night of drumming, singing and talking.

Early in the morning, the missionary and his native preachers leave their tents, taking their dinners with them, and go on the sands among the people. With a cart for a rostrum, they take turns in preaching. All day long the thick crowd sways around them, some coming, some going, some listening for hours, some asking questions, some with tears rolling down their dusky cheeks,

as they hear the story of Jesus, and hundreds with approving nod, repeat, "True word, true word." Thousands hear the Word of Life at the melás from the missionaries, and we may expect to see some of them in heaven, even though they may never have been called Christians. They go from the melás and carry the story of Jesus, and the freely distributed tracts, to thousands of dark homes.

One afternoon, as I was sitting in a grove near a melá, waiting for the tent, I saw a little girl about nine years old shyly approaching me, and I called her saying: "Ao lurkí, áo, áo," that is, "Come here, little girl, come, come;" so she came, but was very timid, as she had never spoken to a white lady before. She lost her shyness somewhat in talking about the little golden-haired daughter, who was playing among the trees.

By-and-by I asked her where she lived. She said that she lived in a village a little way off. "Are your friends going to the melá?" I asked.

She said that they were, and that they were going to another melá about fifty miles distant in a few days. There was another god there that they must worship. For nearly two years their family had had great trouble. Her uncle had died, her aunt had been very sick, her father was not well, some of the crops had failed, they had suffered so many losses, and her grandmother said, it was all because they had not worshipped that god.

"I never worshipped him," said I. "If he is the cause of all your troubles, because you have not worshipped him enough, why does he not trouble me?"

"Every people has their own god," she answered.

"Who is it that you worship?" I asked. "Who is it that the Múhammedans worship, whom do the foreigners worship?"

"We worship Bhagwán, the Múhammedans worship Múhammed, but," she added, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, "you pray to That One over all."

Some of her friends had perhaps heard the missionary or some of the native preachers telling of the Saviour at the melás or in the market places, or perhaps had seen a tract, and she had heard them talking about it. I told her more of Jesus, how He died for all, how He loves all. Perhaps she will sometimes "pray to That One over all." Surely He will hear her. She may never hear anything more about the Saviour than what her heathen friends may know to tell. No woman, however poor or humble, ever mingles in the crowd to listen to preaching, so she cannot learn anything in that way. Where she lives there is but one missionary and two or three native preachers to carry the word of God to a million people.

On the last evening of the melá, the people take little earthen saucers, put a little oil and lighted wick in it, and set it afloat on the stream. If the light floats far and long, it is to them a sign of good fortune, but if it sinks quickly, the owner goes home with a heavy heart, and anticipates great trouble through the year. It is a strange, weird sight to see the hundreds of tiny lights floating down the stream, to watch the white figures and anxious faces of the men, scarce revealed in the dim light, as they eagerly follow their floating beacon, or stoop with trembling hands to steady their little flickering, uncertain lights, so heavily freighted with hopes and fears.

BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM INDIA.

The lives and habits of the people of India are a living and constant illustration, of the manners and customs spoken of or alluded to in the Bible.

It is certainly surprising to Americans, that in this age of progress or invention, any nation or people under the sun should still preserve the manners, dress, and modes of speech and thought of one, two, and even three thousand years ago. If we remember, however, that it is to the Hindús, seemingly as important to their welfare, to do as their forefathers have done, to follow the established customs, as we deem it important to our well being to seek out improvements, we may be better able to understand the facts. A little discussion I once had with a cook will illustrate the tenacity with which they cling to the old ways. The butter is churned in India every morning from fresh milk. This is necessary through the hot season, as the milk sours before noon. In the fall of the year, as the weather grew a little cool, I asked my cook to put the milk in dishes, so that the cream might rise, in order to make butter from it. He was very much surprised at such a request, and for several days paid no attention to my order, and then insisted that butter could not be made in that way. I told him that I knew it could be done.

"Indeed you are mistaken," said he. "It is not the custom to do so. Our forefathers never made butter in that way: it cannot be done."

"But my forefathers always made butter in that way," I replied, "and for once we will try *my* forefather's plan."

He was speechless before my forefather argument, and we had butter from cream.

The following are a few illustrations of Bible times which came under my own observation in India.

The story of Abraham entertaining the three strangers, or buying the cave of Macphelah, reads in the language of India like transactions of to-day. The same obsequious manners, the same courteous expressions are in daily use among the natives of India. As Ephron the Hittite first made Abraham a present of the field and cave of Macphelah, and afterwards took a good round sum in payment, so among the natives of India, courtesy demands that the seller should first say to the buyer, "It is yours," and then negotiate for payment.

Every evening, as the poor women went to the wells to draw water, we were reminded of Abraham's servant, who with his camels rested by the well, so that at evening time, when the women came out to draw water, he might see the maids and choose a wife for his master's son.

No illustration could more forcibly impress the mind of the Hindústáni, that the destruction of Jerusalem was to be sudden and terrible, than the prophecy, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left." The flour is ground daily by the women of the family. The women rise early in the morning, to grind during the cool of the day, as it is very hard, heavy work. If there is but one woman in the family, she must grind the flour; if there are two women, they sit down on either side of the mill stones,

each in the same position, each turning the handle with the right hand, each putting in the wheat with the left hand. Were they suddenly alarmed, their chances of escape would be equal, and yet Christ prophesied that in that day of terror one should be taken and the other left.

The foes of the Hindústáni husbandmen are many, and the most constant watch-care is necessary to insure a return for the labor of plowing and sowing. An experience my husband had in attempting to grow sweet corn, the seed of which had come from America by mail, reminded us of the devourers mentioned by the prophet Joel, "That which the palmer-worm hath left hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left hath the canker-worm eaten; and that which the canker-worm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten." The seed fortunately reached India shortly before the rains, just in season for planting. A little plat in the garden had been most carefully prepared, and the corn was sown. Eagerly we watched for the first sprouts, as only a very poor quality of corn is grown in India, and we were longing for something better. But the ground-mice scented the sweet kernels, and picked out a good deal. In a few days the rains came and drove the mice from the ground, and also the field rats from their holes. Some of the latter coming to the garden, found the corn and ate more of it. What was left took root and sent up its bright green blades. The parrots espied them, and came swooping down upon the treasure. We hired a small boy to keep the parrots off, and thought that at least we might raise a few ears for seed corn for another year; but alas for our hopes. One day, while the boy was at his dinner, a couple of buffaloes broke in the

garden and ate up every remaining blade. That which the ground-mice left, the rats ate, that which the rats left, the parrots ate, that which the parrots left, the buffaloes finished.

"Take up thy bed and walk" is a passage brought daily to mind in India, and always with at least an inward smile at the recollection of the gravity with which wise old doctors of divinity used to explain that "the bed was probably some sort of a mat;" that it might have been a four-poster was not among the probabilities, and yet the ordinary bed of the people of India is a genuine four-poster, and so light that a woman can easily carry a bed and bedding on her head, and yet walk stately and erect as a queen.

Almost every phase of agriculture mentioned in the Bible is illustrated in India. As the children of Israel journeyed from Egypt to Canaan, the Lord promised that Canaan should not be as Egypt, which they watered with the foot. The fields in India are prepared after ploughing, by laying them out into small beds, separated by little ridges of earth. Narrow channels for water, run the whole length of the field. Water is drawn in large leathern buckets from the wells. As the water runs in the channels, the gardener with his foot pushes away the earth on one side, leaving a little space for the water to run into the adjoining bed. When that is filled he closes the breach, and opens another bed with his foot, and so on, until the whole field is watered.

After the grain is up, it is necessary to watch it day and night until it is ripe. Four stout bamboos, eight or ten feet high, are stuck in the ground, and near the top a light bedstead is securely fastened. Over the top a

light thatch is placed to protect the watchman from the sun and rain. Day and night he sits there, shouting all day to the crows and parrots, and at night ready to drive away thieves, jackals, or stray cattle. In large gardens a little thatch is often set up, under which one man can sleep at night. Isaiah compares the desolation of Jerusalem, the loneliness of the Daughter of Zion, to a lodge in a garden of cucumbers. The poor, scare-crow, Hindústání farmer needs no commentary on that passage.

"He putteth in the sickle because the harvest has come," said the Saviour 1800 years ago, and still the Indian farmer puts in the sickle; all the grain for 250,-000,000 people is gathered in handfuls, with the sickle.

In the Mosaic law we read, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." In India the ox still treads out the grain. A threshing floor is prepared by spreading over the ground a stiff clay, which forms a crust that cannot be easily broken. A stake is driven in the center, the sheaves of wheat laid around it, and the oxen driven over it until the straw is all broken into chaff. Obedience or otherwise to the law of Moses appears to depend on the character of the ox. A greedy or refractory ox is muzzled, but a well-behaved ox is left free. John compares Christ to the harvester, and says, "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor." In translating that verse, the translators did not have to go back to the Sanskrit to find a word equivalent to fan. The article called a sóp, used on every threshing floor in India, is just what John referred to in the verse quoted. It is made of large straws in the shape of a dust-pan, but three or four times larger. The farmer spreads a sheet

on the ground, fills the sóp with straw and wheat from the threshing floor, holds it up at arms' length, and shakes it lightly. The wheat falls on the sheet, and the wind carries the chaff beyond. After the threshing is over, every particle of chaff and wheat is swept up for use, and the floors are left as clean as though wheat was an unknown thing; and so the Lord will thoroughly purge his floor.

All native houses of any pretension whatever are built around a court, and in the court is often some tree. Such a tree by its surroundings is shielded from the fury of the dust storms, and is carefully watered and cherished by the inhabitants of the house. When the Hindústání people read in the Psalms, "I am like a green olive tree in the house of God," they well understand how secure in God's favor is that man, they understand how pleasing he is to God, they know how beloved he is of God.

Walled or fenced cities, such as are frequently spoken of in the Old Testament, are everywhere seen in India. The farmers do not live in separate houses on their respective fields, as in this country. The prevalence of wild animals, and, before the English rule, the marauding of robber bands, and the oppression of the native rulers, obliged the people to live together in little villages for mutual protection and greater strength. The villages are usually built around a square, each house joined one against another. There are no doors or windows in the back of the houses, towards the fields. All doors open within the village. Two or three gateways lead to the fields. Other villages are protected by hedges of cactus or bamboos. A fence of bamboos is probably the best fortification in the world. The cannon

ball glides through the smooth canes, but makes no breach. The briars and tangle make it impassable to either man or beast, and he would be a hardy fool indeed who would attempt to cut through it, for no screen could protect him from the shots of the besieged.

Job, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Micah each speak of shaving the head as a sign of bereavement. A Hindú son upon the death of his father is required to shave his entire person, as part of the mourning ceremonies.

Europeans traveling on the mountains of India, are often reminded of the prophecy concerning John the Baptist: "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.'" A native official, called a chupprassí, with written authority from the magistrate of the district, precedes the traveler to collect coolies to carry the traveler's tents and goods. In the mountains the chupprassí often goes only within hailing distance of the villages, thereby saving himself two or three miles walk around the valley. When the villagers do not know his voice, it is necessary for him to stand in sight, so that the people may know by his clean clothes and red sash that he has authority. He shouts to the headman of the village, commanding him to send so many men to such a place, at such a time, to carry the traveler ten miles on his way. If the road is in any place washed down or overgrown with weeds, the chupprassí orders more men out to make the paths straight and clear.

We see the command, "loose thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," followed every day by the Múhammedans. A devout Múhammedan, wherever he is, or whatever his business,

at the setting of the sun takes off his turban, or cotton shawl, and spreads it on the ground. That spot has become to him holy ground. He takes off his shoes, and if water is at hand, washes his feet; if not, he rubs them with sand. Then he steps on the consecrated place, and bowing to the west, towards Mecca, prays.

When I was in Madras, the tenth chapter of Matthew was read one morning, at prayers, in the family where I was stopping. Five or six native Christian young men, who were boarders in the family, were present. At the close of the chapter, the missionary remarked that no comment or illustration was needed to make it plain to the students, for their own lives and experiences had made them know how a man's foes shall be they of his own household. When two of the young men then present had been baptized, and professed themselves Christians, their friends and parents took them to court. When it was proven that the young men were of age, and were therefore free to follow their own wishes, and when the entreaties, tears, commands, and threats of their friends had failed to make the young men recant, force was tried. One of them soon made his escape from his captors. The other, bound with ropes and chains, was carried away a hundred miles before he could escape. Unless he would recant, death was certain. At last he fled, and hungry, faint, wounded, fearing every moment that he should be overtaken, he made his way to the sea shore. There he found the owner of a katmaran, and by a promise of a large reward, persuaded the man to take him to Madras, a hundred miles distant. A katmaran is a small raft of three or four logs lashed together. It affords scarce more than foothold

for one man, and is half the time under water. He did not dare stop through the day, nor to enter a village at night, for fear of discovery. For a week the fierce sun beat on his unsheltered head, as he clung to his deluged and slippery raft. Ah, what a heavy cross he bore for Christ! On the one hand lay honor, respectability, wealth, a mother's fond and happy heart, a father's pride and blessing, a beautiful child wife, a secure home, and —the darkness of Hindúism. On the other hand, he saw hard work, contempt, persecutions, the child wife doomed for life to the bitter disgrace and slavery of widowhood, the curses of father and mother, and—the hope and assurance of Christianity.

Such persecutions and trials are not the exception, but the rule; the lack of them the almost unknown exception. In persecution none are more bitter, more cruel, or more persevering, than the wives and mothers. Not from want of love, but from intensity of love. In the darkness of her ignorance, she sees the beloved, by his heresy, doomed to endless transmigrations of soul through the forms of vile creatures, instead of entrance into the heaven of the Hindús, which is to them a speedy absorption into Bruhm.

Shall the women of America fail to do their share toward raising this darkness from the hearts and minds of the women of India?

INCIDENTS OF THE MUTINY IN LUCKNOW.

"The Residency," which was the site of the longest and most severe conflict between the English and the, native insurgent troops, during the mutiny of 1857, was before the annexation to the British crown of the Kingdom of Oude in 1856, the home of "the Resident," or English ambassador, at the court of Oude. Afterward it became the house of the "chief commissioner," or Governor, of the kingdom. It included several acres of ground, "with various buildings, such as a large banqueting-hall, guard houses, and several official residences, grouped around the main buildings; with open spaces between, lawns, flower-gardens, etc. The Residency itself was situated on a rising ground, if a few yards above the plain can be so described."

The siege of Lucknow is, in many respects, one of the most memorable in the world's history. In no other siege have the odds been so fearful, the besieged so far from their native land and succor. For six months, from June to November, during the hottest months, in one of the hottest countries of the earth, they endured and fought, not for rule, not for power or treasure, but simply for their lives, for the honor of their women.

The story of Cawnpore was short and tragical. For twenty days, seven hundred and fifty Europeans, men women, and children, strove to defend themselves from the fierce Nána Sáhib. Sheltered mainly by thatched

roofs, their artillery-men all killed, many ill and wounded, ammunition fallen short, rations reduced to a gill of flour and a handful of split peas daily, no water to be obtained except from a well on an open plain, exposed to the enemy's fire, and obliged to throw their dead in another well, they could hold out no longer. The Náná Sáhib offered terms of surrender, and boats to convey them to Calcutta. They accepted his terms, and marched to the boats. After they had entered them, the Náná ordered the thatched roofs of the boats to be set on fire. As they scrambled from the boats to escape the fire, the native troops began killing the men right and left. All but four, who escaped by swimming down the river, were slain. Two hundred and six women and children were taken back, and confined in two rooms, twenty feet by ten. For nineteen days they were shut up there. The Náná Sáhib spent those nineteen days in feasting and rejoicing over his victory over the English. Then he heard that Havelock was coming. The handwriting was on the wall, and he trembled. The dead speak not, and he ordered his soldiers to kill the women and children, but they would not obey so cruel an order. Five butchers were found, who entered the house, shut the door, and when they came forth it was to throw two hundred and six persons, dead and dying, into a deep well.

With rumors of this cruelty to terrify them, and the certain knowledge of other horrors perpetrated by fanatic Múhammedans in other places, they in the Residency fought bravely to defend themselves from like barbarity.

Two of the grandest heroes, the most illustrious soldiers of the century, laid down their lives and won last-

ing fame at the siege of Lucknow. Men who sought not fame, who passed away before deserved honors could reach them, men who simply and in God's fear, tried to do their duty. These were Sir Henry Lawrence, the defender of the Residency, and Sir Henry Havelock, who fought his way six hundred miles, through a hostile people, to relieve and rescue the gallant remnant of men and women in the Lucknow Residency.

A few paragraphs, selected from Dr. Butler's "Land of the Veda," and Dr. Norman Macleod's "Days in North India," give a clear and concise view of some of the difficulties and terrible scenes of the siege.

Sir Henry Lawrence, after spending more than thirty years in the military and civil service in India, was appointed Governor of the Kingdom of Oude. He reached Lucknow, the capital, and entered upon his duties early in 1857. "He was fully prepared for the revolt long before it broke out, with marvelous sagacity taking in the probable future." "He had kept hundreds day and night employed in throwing up such defenses as could be extemporized within a few weeks, in order that guns might be placed in the best possible position. He had also laid in such a store of every kind of provision for man and beast, as well as of every kind of shot and shell for such men and beasts as might be opposed to him. So large was the quantity of ammunition in store, that they never ran short, even after having retired from the fort of Muchee Bhowun, and blowing it up with two hundred and fifty barrels of gunpowder!"

On the 31st of May, every city in Oude, save Lucknow, was seized by the Sepoys, and deeds of cruelty and blood perpetrated which shocked the whole civilized

world. "Sir Henry Lawrence at once collected all the civilians and Christian residents of Lucknow, with a few native troops, whose fidelity he could trust, and over whom he exerted a wonderful influence, into the Residency, and some other houses close to it. Meanwhile, the reports of the fiendish atrocities of Dilhí, Meerut, Sháhjehanpore, Bareilly, and other places, reached Lucknow, and its few hundred anxious Christian people began to realize more fully how completely they were cut off from all human assistance, and how dark their own future was becoming.

Sir Henry now redoubled his efforts to complete the batteries, stockades, and trenches around his position, and prepare for whatever might occur. Hearing, on the 29th of June, that the insurgents were approaching Lucknow, he concluded to march out with a part of his little force, hoping to defeat them before they reached the city, and so save himself from investment, and the city from being taken; but, unfortunately, his information of the strength of the foe was defective, and in the moment of emergency, when he suddenly came upon them at Chinhut, seven miles from Lucknow, he found his little force of six hundred and thirty-six men and eleven guns in front of an enemy fifteen thousand strong, with six batteries of guns of various calibre, all ready to receive him. Before his force could recover their surprise, the foe opened upon them, the cavalry quickly outflanking them, and it seemed for awhile as though not a man could escape to tell the tale." After a short, brave fight, Sir Henry Lawrence and his men, entirely overcome by such fearful odds, tried to return to Lucknow. Only about two hundred and thirty-four of their number

reached the Residency; they saved only sixty-five of their wounded, the rest were ruthlessly murdered by the Sepoys.

"The Residency now became a scene of confusion, the women and children rushing to find a place of refuge from the relentless foe, who, flushed with victory, were approaching with flying colors, and drums beating, confident of an easy triumph over the remnant that remained. The defenses were hastily completed. Barricades were formed in all exposed situations, and it is marvelous to read the elements of which some of them were composed —mahogany tables, and valuable furniture of all kinds, carriages and carts, the records of Government offices in large chests, boxes of stationery, and whatever could be laid hold of and piled up, to cover from the enemy's fire, or stop a bullet. Even Captain Hayes's famous library, consisting of invaluable Oriental manuscripts, the standard literary and scientific works of European nations, and dictionaries of almost every language, were converted into barricades.

The entire number now inside the Residency, including those holding the fort of Muchee Bhowun, near by, was as follows:

Men—European soldiers	629
" civilians	298
Native soldiers	765
Total bearing arms	1,692
Women	240
Children	310
Total inside the Residency	2,242

There they remained till November 26th, bombarded every night by tens of thousands of native troops, who held the city and occupied the surrounding buildings—firing eighteen pounders within one hundred and fifty yards

of the defenses; and all this during the hottest months of an Indian climate. The ladies were crowded into small rooms; huddled together in cellars, to escape shot and shell; deserted by native servants, and obliged to wash and cook; to watch sick children and sick friends; to prepare meat and drink for those working in the batteries; to come into daily and almost hourly contact with disease, and death, and suffering in every form; to hear the incessant roar of guns and musketry; and to be prepared for the bursting of a shell or the crash of a cannon-ball at any moment in their place of retreat. What the nervous system of those thus exposed during these six months suffered, none but they who have endured the like can conceive."

Perhaps nothing could give a more vivid idea of the sorrows, perils, and anxieties of their situation, than a few extracts from a diary kept in the Residency, by a lady, during the whole six months of the siege. Her husband and two children were shut up with her. The most striking feature of this diary is its terrible sameness. Day by day, night after night, there is the same awful record of ceaseless roaring of artillery, and bursting of shells—of sudden attacks bravely resisted—of desperate sallies successfully made—of mines met by counter mines—of deaths and midnight funerals—and of sore wounds and the sudden destruction of some beloved one by shot or shell. In reading such narratives—and how many were furnished by the year 1857 from Northern India !—we feel as if we never knew human nature before, nor comprehended how it is capable of enduring, for weeks and months, slow agonies that might be sufficient in a single night to extinguish in most people reason, if

not life itself. Here are the rapid jottings of two Sundays in the same month:

"Sunday No. 1.—An attack near the European hospital during the night, but comparatively quiet here; the enemy unsuccessful. Three round shot came through the dome of the drawing room this morning. This is fearfully near, and makes us feel more and more that we know not when the day and hour of *our* call may come. May a Father in Heaven have mercy on us! for His dear Son's sake make us ready! Mr. A—, 7th Cavalry, shot dead, looking out from the Cawnpore battery, and Mr. H— had his leg broken from a round shot hitting a table, the leg of which broke his. Round shot of seven and nine pounds through the dome. During the night a screen made to protect from musketry at an exposed corner. Mr. Gubbins read the service about three P. M. Mr. Polehampton, our chaplain, feared to be dying of cholera, at the European hospital, where he and Mrs. P. have been living for some time, doing much good."

"Sunday No. 2.—Poor Mrs. G.'s boy ill all night; no hope of him. Her other two children brought up stairs to be taken care of. I watched from twelve to two, and then for two hours poor baby seemed in such pain nothing would pacify him. Mrs. B— so kind in helping me to do so; poor William, much disturbed, of course; thank God, he was easy when he woke after a short sleep, about daybreak. M. A. very restless and fretful. Dr. P. says it is from want of fresh air. Captain H. so good in nursing; Mrs. G— sent both my women to help him, as I could not go. Messenger arrived with a letter for Mr. Gubbins, which, however, was taken *by order*

at once to Brigadier Inglis, saying the relieving force was at Ounama, first march from Cawnpore, which was left in charge of a regiment intrenched, after a complete victory. They had force for any opposition they might meet in coming here, and hoped to arrive in four or five days. May God prosper them! The man who brought the letter has seen the General, and said he was little, with white hair, supposed to be General Havelock. Mr. Gubbins read service after breakfast; an unusually quiet day! Mrs. G. rallying; hopes of her recovery. Mr. L— killed in Cawnpore battery this afternoon, leaving a young widow and child. Mrs. A— very feverish and heavy; baby a shade better; quite tired out; obliged to go to bed early; aroused at ten P. M. by sharp firing; an attack, but mercifully unsuccessful, and over in half an hour; but Mr. —— killed, and it is feared by our own men in cross fire. Fires in several rooms, to try and purify the air."

Such were their Sundays of rest!

Here, again, are the records of two successive week days:

"Tuesday.—About twelve, two round shot struck the house, and, from fear of others, the ladies and children moved to the dining-room. Mr. L— firing shrapnel to try and silence one of the enemy's guns which they have brought to bear on the front of the house. A European shot dead; another wounded. Good, kind Major Banks shot dead through his temples! I had just been helping their good nurse to prepare his body for *her* to see it, and had been through the sad scene with *her*, when soon after Mrs. A. told me that my own W— (the writer's husband,)—was wounded. When I got to him,

he was lying on a couch, very faint, with Dr. Frayer examining and dressing his wound. A rifle ball had passed through his body. God bless the doctor for his kindness. He assured me it was not dangerous. We are in God's hands. Lord, I believe, help my unbelief! I am thankful I can attend to him myself. He is in great pain. From my heart I grieve for poor Mrs. Banks! She has lost the one that was everything to her—and their darling little girl! More barricades just outside. Some of the mutineers seem moving in bodies to day.

"Wednesday.—A wakeful, watching night! Dear W— in much pain—better, thank God, toward morning. The ladies from the other side of the house obliged to remove and go down stairs. We were busy removing the gentlemen's things, Mrs. Dorin assisting, when at the door leading from her room to the dining-room, a matchlock-ball struck her on the face, and she immediately expired, while I was looking at her, and calling for a doctor! It was very awful. I had peculiar cause to think her kind and obliging, for she did much for me and mine. The enemy have moved to-day, but we know not where." Many other extracts might be given, but this suffices to show something of the fearful trials of the besieged. The writer and her family escaped.

The siege went on, and increased in fierceness. Daily the rebel Sepoys drew the circle of guns still closer around the Residency, and more resolute and determined stood the twelve or fifteen men at each battery within its walls, knowing that for each one of them, thousands of the enemy outside were planning their destruction, and who, if once able to make a breach in their little force, could never be turned out.

Sir Henry Lawrence became convinced that he could no longer hold both the Muchee Bháwun and the Residency. By telegraphic signals communications were at length established between the Residency and Muchee Bháwun. To the commanding officer this order was transmitted, "Blow up the fort and come to the Residency at twelve o'clock to-night. Bring your treasure and guns, and destroy the remainder."

The movement was successfully accomplished. What a fearful march was that for those few hundred who left the fort. A third of a mile away was the Residency. On one side of the road, and but a few yards from it, were encamped the batteries and troops of the enemy; behind them the fuses were already burning which were connected with two hundred and fifty barrels of gunpowder and millions of ball cartridges for the destruction of the fort. With bated breath, muffled footsteps, and praying hearts, they stole through the darkness, and no word was spoken until they stood knocking at the Residency gates.

On the night of July 4th, Sir Henry Lawrence died from a wound received from a bursting shell. The Sepoys having learned which room he occupied, began to send shells into it, and unfortunately, with the deadly effect they desired, for no heavier loss could have befallen the besieged than the death of their leader. Shortly before his death he said, speaking rather to himself than to those about him, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy upon him." And such is the simple inscription upon his tomb.

"Space would fail to give a brief outline of their sorrows during the next three months. Reduced to starva-

tion allowances of the coarsest food, many of them clad in rags, and all crowded into the narrowest quarters, so that Mrs. Harris's diary speaks of the ladies lying on the floor, 'fitting into each other like bits in a puzzle, until the whole floor was full.' Small-pox, cholera, boils, dysentery, and malarious fever, added their horrors to the situation, while the iron hail of death, mingling with the drenching rain of the monsoon, dropped upon them, so that by the first of August the deaths sometimes rose to twenty in a single day."

While thus death daily stole the little strength of the garrison, their enemies were constantly increasing outside. By the end of August, there must have been as many as one hundred thousand men around the Residency. Several times they attempted to storm it. The overwhelming numbers and fierce determination of the Sepoys, and resolute and heroic resistance of the besieged, rendered three of those occasions specially memorable. "The wounded, knowing the danger, and how their comrades were pressed, insisted on leaving their beds in the hospital, and being helped to the front. The poor fellows came staggering along to the scene of action, trembling with weakness, and pale as death. Those whose limbs were injured laid aside their crutches, kneeled down and fired as fast as they could out of the loop-holes, while others, who could not do this much, lay on their backs on the ground, and loaded for those who were firing."

The five hundred women and children, a terrified crowd, were forced to take shelter from shot and shell in the cellars, and there they listened to the fearful booming, they waited, wept, and prayed. Wept and prayed for their husbands and fathers, their brave defend-

ers, many of whom, they knew, would be brought to them at night, ghastly, gory corpses.

While those in the Residency were thus nobly defending themselves, General Havelock was fighting his way through the enemy's country to their relief. Sheridan's march to the sea was a picnic party compared with Havelock's three months' march during the hot and rainy season, opposed by thousands of the enemy swarming on every side, with a force constantly diminishing, in battles, by sunstroke, dysentery, and Asiatic cholera. The most fearful contest was reserved for the end of the march. On the 24th of September Havelock's troops were within two miles of the city. All day they fought. Night found them within twenty minutes walk of the Residency. But human endurance has its limit, and that night they tried to bring together their wounded, and rest a little. Those of their wounded whom they could not reach, the Sepoys collected and burned to death in one of the public squares. Early the next day they resumed the terrible task. For twelve hours the awful battle raged. Shortly after five o'clock Havelock's troops emerged from the wild carnage to where they could be actually seen by those in the Residency, "and then the garrison's long pent up feeling of anxiety and suspense, burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers. From every pit, trench, and battery—from behind the sand-bags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits—rose cheer on cheer, even from the hospital. Many of the wounded crawled forth to join in the glad shout of welcome to those who had so bravely come to their assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten." The gates were opened,

and the Highlanders poured in, "shaking hands frantically with everybody, and those great, big, rough, bearded men, black with powder and mud, seized the little children out of the ladies' arms, and were kissing them, and passing them from one to another, with tears rolling down their cheeks, thanking God that they had come in time to save them from the fate of those at Cawnpore.

Of the 2,242 persons who were in the Residency at the end of June, Havelock found, eighty-seven days after, scarce nine hundred left. Less than half of that number were able fighting men. For fifty-seven days more, they, with Havelock's troops, resisted the siege, until Sir Colin Campbell came with a force sufficient to make escape possible. It was only by the most terrible fighting that Sir Colin was able to reach them, three days after arriving at the city. "How fierce that fighting was may be imagined from a single item in the commander-in-chief's dispatch, wherein he says that within the limits of a single building, the Secunderbágh and its garden, the bodies of two thousand Sepoys were counted."

This second relief of the Residency was immediately followed by its evacuation, a movement that must be accomplished in the midst of fifty thousand enemies, and yet so silently that they should not suspect it. At midnight of the 22d of November, with trembling, thankful hearts, they crept silently forth, along a narrow, tortuous lane, protected by outposts, who, as the column passed, were withdrawn. "The pickets fell back through the supports; the supports glided away through the intervals of the reserve; the reserve, including the commander-in-chief, silently defiled into the lane; while the enemy,

seeing the lights and fires burning, thought the Residency still occupied, and kept up on the south and west sides their desultory night-firing."

When the grey dawn arose, all were safe, camped in the center of the English force, three miles from the Residency, in the Dilkúsha—Happy Heart Park. Such happy hearts beat there that day as he who named the park never dreamed of. The besieged, released from the long iron hail of death, the four hundred and seventy-nine women and children brought out from dark and damp cellars into the bright sunshine and green fields of India's gladdest month, the sick and wounded receiving such food and medicine as they required, and they of the relief, proud of their share in its accomplishment. But with their tears of joy, were tears of sorrow for the noble defenders and brave deliverers who had fallen in the fierce fight, and for those who shortly must die from the hardships and labors they had endured. The next day, Havelock, the Christian soldier, brave and beloved, fell, vanquished only by a disease, the result of care, exposure, and "bread want," against which bravery and strong will were powerless. The women and children, a few days later, were conveyed to a place of greater safety, and the English army passed through many more fierce contests with the rebel before peace and tranquility was restored to India.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

Tradition says that the first Christian missionary to India was St. Thomas. The Portuguese missionaries, receiving the legend from the natives, wrote a very exciting account of the miracles that he wrought, how he converted Magi, how he built a temple, brought the dead to life, gave wonderful prophecies, and finally became a martyr for the faith. Marco Polo, who visited India before the time of the Portuguese, relates that St. Thomas was accidentally killed when at prayer in a wood, by a low caste man, who was shooting peacocks, and that thenceforth none of the poor man's tribe could ever enter the place where the saint lay buried. St. Thomas' Mount, near Madras, has for centuries been held by the Syrian and Romish churches as the burial place of the apostle. Alfred the Great, in the ninth century, sent an embassy from England, to visit the shrine of the Saint at Madras. Close investigation, however, leaves little ground for belief in this legend of St. Thomas.

Sometime towards the close of the second century, the Word was preached on the southern coast of India, but by whom is not now known. Egyptian mariners brought home tidings of those Christians to Alexandria, which stirred the heart of Pantænus, a Professor in one of Alexandria's most famous schools, to go forth and preach the Gospel to the heathen of India. Of what he accomplished, but little is known.

The records of the Christian Church in India, for the first thousand years, are few and uncertain, but still the Church gained many converts and considerable power. The Christians of Egypt, and the Nestorians of Persia, had not labored in vain. About the year 1000 the Christian people in Southern India had become so many and so powerful that they set up a sovereignty of their own. For some time they prospered, under Christian Rájáhs, until one of them, happening to be childless, adopted a heathen successor. About this time the Múhammedan power over-ran India, and the Christians received a severe check.

The landing of Vasco de Gama upon the shores of India, in the year 1497, was the beginning of a new era in the history of Christian missions in India. Suffering under the Múhammedan yoke, knowing nothing of Papal power, the Syrian Christians were easily led to seek the protection of Vasco de Gama, and acknowledge his authority. Upon his second visit to India, a deputation of Christians ascended the sides of his ship to present to him the scepter of the last of their Christian kings. Missionaries were soon sent out by the Romish Church, but as a Portuguese historian frankly states, the unholy lives of the Portuguese was one of the main obstacles to the conversion of the natives. In 1541 Francis Xavier, as earnest and self-denying a missionary as ever set foot on any heathen soil, appeared in India. That he was the subject of strong delusions, that he demanded too little of his converts, that he accepted willingness to make the sign of the cross and receive baptism, instead of the evidence of a pure life, as sufficient to entitle his followers to the name of Christian, is not to

be denied; but that he was earnest and ambitious for the spread of Christ's kingdom, is most true. He counted his converts by the hundreds of thousands, and "baptized ten thousand heathen in a single month; carrying on the holy work till he could no longer articulate the words of the formula, or raise his hand to perform the office." Xavier sought the conversion of men's souls not simply for church supremacy, and the Christians of St. Thomas held their own peacefully. His successors, being men of inferior ability, strove to make these Syrian Christians bow allegiance to the Pope, and when they refused, declared them heretics, and began severe persecutions. Under the influence of unworthy leaders, persecutions, bribes, and threatenings, the Syrian churches, at last, sullenly submitted. Sixty years after, upon the overthrow of the Portuguese power, the Syrian churches again asserted their independence, and have since remained a separate body, though weak, and greatly influenced by idolatry and heathenism.

The Jesuits did not esteem any dissimulation, any imposture, any stratagem, as unlawful or unholy, by which they might induce the heathen to call themselves Christians, and submit to the rite of baptism. The Jesuits called themselves Western Bráhmins, and dressed as such, and, following closely the customs of the natives, they led many people to believe in them. Except that the image of the Virgin Mary was substituted in the place of idols, scarce any difference between heathen and Christians could be seen. The new Bráhmins were detected at last. They were found to be only Feringhís in disguise; and the natives rejected their ministrations with anger and contempt. They were driven from India

for awhile, but are again working in strong force, and with considerable success.

In 1599 the East India Company was organized in London, for purposes of trade with the East. This company did much directly to throw odium upon, and prevent the introduction of Christianity in India; yet indirectly, in the hands of God, it was the means of opening that land to civilization and Christianity. Some good men went out among the early agents of the company, but the majority were unprincipled adventurers, the "black sheep" of good families. The profligate lives of such men gave the natives a fearful opinion of the Christian religion. One of the first English clergymen who went to India wrote that he frequently heard the natives say, in broken English, "Christian religion, devil religion; Christian much drunk; Christian much do wrong; much beat, much abuse others."

That the early English adventurers were not altogether without religious sense, the following extract from the old records of the East India Company will show. The request came from some settlers on the western coast of India. * * * * * "We likewise petition your honors for two good orthodox ministers; we having not one on this side of India, as formerly advised to your honors. We likewise beg you will yearly supply us with good paper and quills. * * * If you do please to send us a little good English beer, as they call stout, it will be very welcome; and a little wine from your honors, as you were pleased to favor us with formerly, would not be amiss."

The wine and stout probably reached them, at least reports of great drunkenness would indicate as much,

and perhaps the ministers. The records show that nineteen men were sent as chaplains to the three Presidencies during a hundred years. It was eighty years after the English entered India, before the first Protestant church was erected. Two successive Presidents in Bombay made great efforts to get a church built in that place, but Bombay had to wait many years after the first church was erected in Madras by an Englishman of the name of Streynsham Master. He built this first house for Protestant worship in India, at his own charge, superintending the work himself. His memory deserves a tribute.

Upon the renewal of the company's charter in 1698, it was stipulated that a clergyman should be stationed at each principal point, who was required to learn within a year the Portuguese language, and also to study the native tongue, in order to be able to teach the native servants of the company, something of Christianity. That they accomplished much does not appear. In 1709 England made the first pecuniary contribution for missions in India. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent out a case of books, some encouraging letters, and £20. This contribution was sent to a Danish Mission, established at a Danish trading post, on the eastern coast of the Southern Peninsula of India. Ziegenbalg and Plutscho were its agents, the first Protestant missionaries to India. These men were full of holy zeal, practical good sense, and energy. When they entered India, in 1705, they immediately began the study of the language, without aid of dictionary, grammar, or easy lessons. The literature of the people was found scratched on palmyra leaves. These earnest men,

graduates of the University of Halle, put themselves to school along with little children, under a native school master. By their industry, their pure and blameless lives, they won the admiration and confidence of the natives. In 1707 their first converts were baptized. In 1711 Ziegenbalg had translated the New Testament into Támil; the first translation of the Scriptures, that was given to the people in their vernacular. They also introduced the art of printing into India, importing from Denmark, type and presses, and because paper was unknown, manufacturing it themselves. Ziegenbalg also compiled a dictionary, and prepared a grammar of the Támil language. For over a hundred years, earnest and noble men of like stamp labored in the Danish Missions. Christian Frederick Schwartz for fifty years honored his Master before the heathen and among his dissolute countrymen. In 1758 John Kiernander founded the first Protestant mission in Calcutta, whither he went upon the invitation of Lord Clive. For more than thirty years, he sustained the mission at his own expense, amid the scoffings, and against the demoralizing influences of Christian (?) Englishmen. Many other worthy names might be given did space permit. They made thousands of converts, but never emulated their Romish brethren, for they insisted on a radical change of life. These missions have mainly passed into the hands of the English and German societies.

A few good men in India, and some earnest men in England, were becoming more and more interested in giving Christianity to India. An Indian chaplaincy seemed the nearest road to a missionary life, and many sought and obtained such appointments. Among these

were such worthy names as David Brown, Henry Martyn, Daniel Corrie, Claudius Buchanan, and Thomason, all men of earnest work and deep piety. They sought neither fame, nor greatness, nor romance, yet, almost unconsciously to themselves, their self-sacrificing labors brought to each of them, strange vicissitudes, the honor and respect of their fellow men, and an enduring and blessed memory. David Brown, who went to Calcutta in 1785, when English society was at its worst, for a quarter of a century never missing but one Sunday from his post, upheld the banner of the Cross, and had the satisfaction of seeing a marked change in the lives of his countrymen. Not content with the accomplishment of even so great a work, he sought the establishment of a Church Missionary Society in England. Through his ardent and continued appeals, an interest in missions was aroused in England, that shall bear fruit for ages to come. It was in answer to his call, that Martyn and his coadjutors sailed for India. Martyn, with holy devotion and apostolic zeal, undaunted by dangers, strange languages, unknown and savage peoples, suffering from feeble health, traveled from one end of India to the other, preaching Christ to multitudes of wondering heathen, thence to Persia, where he translated the Bible into Persian, and at last, with no Christian hand near to comfort or aid, fell a victim to the plague. Buchanan, after years of toil in India, was obliged by failing health to return to England, where took a most prominent and able part in the great discussion which resulted in the establishment, by the English government, of a Protestant See in India; and also in the concession of greater liberty to Christian missions. Thomason and Corrie, with the

love and devotion of the Apostle John, labored for the evangelization of the heathen, not only by preaching to them, but by helping to arouse the interest of Christians in the mission cause. Corrie was afterward raised to the Indian bishopric.

But other hearts were burdened for the salvation of India, other men, who, being Dissenters, could not avail themselves of the protection and salaries of the company, were already toiling in preaching, in schools, and translations.

In 1793 Andrew Fuller, a Baptist, went from house to house in London, until, weary and almost disheartened, striving to collect a small sum to be expended in sending two missionaries to India. He with a few others had already quietly inaugurated a Baptist Missionary Society, and two men, Mr. Thomas and William Carey, were under appointment as their missionaries.

Mr. Thomas could speak of the needs of the heathen from his own observation, and with his ardent missionary zeal was calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of those at all interested in sending the Gospel to India. He had the honor of being the first English missionary to India, having already spent several years in that land; but, unhappily, his indiscretion unfitted him for the work. Mr. Charles Grant, an English gentleman of noble character, had spent several years in India, in the service of the East India Company, and while there, had become deeply interested in the evangelization of its people. He with David Brown, vainly sought aid from England to establish a mission. Out of the correspondence, however, ultimately sprang the Church Missionary Society. Failing to obtain funds from England, Mr. Grant under-

took the support of a mission at his own expense, with Mr. Thomas at its head. Mr. Thomas, though full of zeal, lacked in wisdom and discretion, and failed as a missionary; he went into speculation, in that failed also, and became deeply involved in debt. Mr. Grant, upon his return to England, after spending large sums of money, was obliged to close the mission.

William Carey, son of a poor village schoolmaster, and a cobbler by trade, being of earnest and devout mind, desired to enter the ministry, but "the Church of England had no place for such men as William Carey, except as diggers of graves, or openers of pews, or utterers of 'Amen!' hence his eager desire for the ministry drove him into the ranks of dissent." He was baptized and placed over a small congregation, but the people were poor, and could not support him. He still continued at his trade, but his heart was in preaching, so the shoe business did not thrive. While in this state of trial, his mind conceived the grand idea of carrying the Gospel to the heathen nations of the earth. So absurd and chimerical a plan met only frowns, and sneers, and contempt, these too from good men. "When he first proposed at a ministers' meeting of which he was a member, as a topic of discussion, the duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the gospel among heathen nations," the venerable Dr. Ryland, presiding officer of the meeting, received the proposition with astonishment and indignation. "Young man, sit down," said he, "When God pleases to convert the heathen, he will do it without your aid or mine." But Carey held on to his plan, urged it upon the attention of his fellow-ministers, and at last gained for his idea practical recognition. The Baptist Missionary Society was

organized. Andrew Fuller begged a little money, and Carey and Thomas sought a passage to India. But "India was a close preserve in the hands of the East India Company, and to go there without a license from the Company was to become a poacher, and to incur the risk of being ignominiously sent home again." The Company were decidedly not in favor of missions. They feared lest any interference with the religion of the people of India, should cause them to rise, and drive the English from the country. Carey and Thomas sought the aid of men of influence, and through them the assistance of Mr. Charles Grant, who was then in England, in obtaining a license. Mr. Grant, being an influential member of the Company, and heartily in favor of missions, could have procured the license for them, but he knew nothing of Carey, except that he was in the company of Thomas, of whom he knew far too much. Mr. Grant felt that he must refuse aid to anything in which Mr. Thomas was concerned; hence the missionaries were obliged to seek a passage to India without a license. Carey and Thomas started alone, but as they could show no passports, were obliged to return from the British Channel. Later, a passage was obtained in a Danish vessel. Mrs. Carey, who, unhappily for herself and family, could not understand her husband's missionary enterprise, had refused to go with him when he first started, but was induced, with her sister and four or five children, to take passage in the Danish ship.

Carey, with his wife and family, who had no sympathy with his work, and with the enthusiast and debtor, Thomas, was heavily weighted. Weaker men would have succumbed and failed. Refused recognition and

aid in India, on account of his connection with Mr. Thomas, for five weary years he supported himself and family as best he could, in an indigo factory, but keeping ever before his mind his great object, studying the language, preaching some, caring for a little school for heathen children, and working at a translation of the New Testament into Bengálee.

In 1797 hope again sprang up in the heart of Carey. He heard of the arrival of an American ship, bringing four men who were to be his colleagues in his great work.

The Governor General of India, Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, and subsequently founder of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a sincere Christian, and a cautious, but firm friend of missions, who permitted Carey to land without question, had just retired from office to England. The new administration was more in accordance with the prevailing spirit of the time. Four Dissenting missionaries, with the Bible and without licenses, come to preach against the corruptions of heathenism, could not be permitted to land under the British flag. Acting upon advice received from Mr. Charles Grant before leaving England, they at once went to Serampore, sixteen miles above Calcutta. Serampore was then a Danish settlement, subject to the King of Denmark. The Governor received the missionaries cordially, and they finally made the place their home. It was not until 1800 that Carey was able to remove from his factory, and join the missionaries at Serampore. One of the company was already dead, another died the next year, but Marshman and Ward had a great and long work yet before them. Many volumes have been written to show what these three men accomplished, but who

can do them justice ? With what sublime fortitude they prosecuted their work, amid the greater trials and discouragements, and the thousand lesser, but no less wearing trials, found only under an Indian sun, and among a heathen people; three families living together in one house, bearing and forbearing with one another, that they might save money to print the translated Scriptures; with Mrs. Carey gone insane, and Mr. Thomas still clinging to them, engaged in strange speculations, he too becoming insane with joy over their first convert; standing fast by, and upholding each other, though they could not always agree, for they were but human. Surely, they must have let patience have its perfect work.

These men, by their scholarship and industry, overcame the prejudice of the English, and so won their admiration, that the Governor General, Lord Wellesley, was glad to avail himself of their assistance in an educational scheme of his own. For this they received £600 a year; all of which, with the £1,000 a year which Mr. and Mrs. Marshman were receiving from their boarding school, was put into the common mission fund, save £20, which was reserved for Mr. Carey, to enable him to appear "in decent apparel," at the Government House, where he was sometimes expected to attend. The number of their converts was not so very great. Their principal aim was to translate the Scriptures into as many languages as possible, and to train up young men for the native ministry. They felt that by so doing their influence would be much longer, more widely and effectively felt. They translated the entire Bible into seven different languages, the New Testament into twenty-three more,

and portions of the Scripture into ten other languages, making forty in all. They also added greatly to the literature of India in the publication of dictionaries, grammars, school books, tracts, histories, etc. In 1818 Dr. Marshman's son, with the advice and assistance of his father and Dr. Ward—Dr. Carey was at first opposed to the project—published the first native newspaper, the *Sumachar Durpun*, or "Mirror of News." It not only received the support of the natives, but signal encouragement and support from high English officials. Two weeks later, a native started a paper called "The Destroyer of Darkness," and later still another paper appeared, published by a Bráhmin of the Bráhmins, called 'The Moon of Intelligence." At present, there are more than four hundred native newspapers, the majority of which are published by a lithographing process, that being cheaper for small newspapers than type and presses.

These missionaries were also instrumental in the abolition of the horrid custom of throwing living children into the Ganges, and also in the abolition of Suttee, or widow burning.

But still other hearts were praying and laboring for India. In America, a little flame of missionary zeal had been kindled, and six earnest young men were asking for ways and means to carry them to the far East, where they might preach the gospel of Christ's kingdom. The story of their holy ambition and devotion has been many times told. In 1812 Messrs. Newell, Judson, Hall, Nott, and Rice, with their wives, sailed for India. They proposed to enter at Calcutta. The Serampore missionaries and the English chaplains were already spreading gospel

light in those parts, and God would have that light shed in still darker places. They landed at Calcutta, and were warmly greeted by the chaplains and missionaries, but they were without licenses, and were missionaries. As such the East India Company would not allow them to remain. At this time the discussion both in India and England was at its height, as to the advisability of introducing, or allowing Christianity to be introduced, to the natives of India. The English government in India was on the conservative side, hence the missionaries were ordered to return home by the ship which brought them. Afterwards they were permitted to go anywhere not under the jurisdiction of the government. Newell and his wife with great difficulty made their way to the Isle of France. There Mrs. Newell soon died of quick consumption, but thanking God for the privilege of laying down her life in the cause of missions. The name of Harriet Newell for more than half a century has been a star in the East, guiding many worthy and noble men and women to the accomplishment of a far greater work than she alone could have done. Rice, Judson, and his wife, landed in Burmah, carrying to the Burmese the first tidings of a free salvation; now a hundred thousand Christians call Judson their spiritual father. Messrs. Hall and Nott sailed for Bombay, where they were met by an order commanding their immediate departure. Upon one pretext and another, they were allowed to remain until the following year, when the granting of a new charter to the East India Company took place, in which the establishment of an Indian bishopric and the concession of greater liberty to Christian missions, was required. News of this decision of a question which

had been the occasion of one of the greatest discussions in the English Parliament during the present century, having reached India, Messrs. Hall and Nott were quietly allowed to remain, and prosecute their missionary labors. From that day forward, protection has ever been granted to missionaries of whatever country or denomination.

To sketch the rise and progress of all the missions to India would far exceed the limits of this article. "A late official report to the British Parliament states that 35 Protestant missionary societies now maintain 606 missionaries in India, including 551 ordained ministers. These occupy 522 principal, and 2,500 subordinate stations. Besides these, there are 381 ordained native ministers, 78,494 communicants, and a Christian population of 318,363. The native contributions to Christianity in 1872 amounted to about $80,000, or over one dollar per capita of the communicants—a liberality transcending the average of Christian churches in England and America.

The printing establishments number twenty-five. In ten years, ending with 1872, they issued 3,410 new works, in thirty different languages, and circulated 1,315,503 copies of the Scriptures, in whole or in part; 2,375,040 school books, and 8,750,129 Christian books and tracts. There are four great universities, twenty-five colleges, and thousands of schools, all imparting the science of Europe and America. More than 200,000 pupils are studying the English language. "There are also eighty-five training schools for native missionaries and teachers, enrolling 1,618 students, and twenty-eight female institutions of high grade with 567 students."

With a population which has increased at least fifty millions within a few years, from 1856 to 1873, Hindúism increased but thirty-seven per cent., and Múhammedanism thirty-three, while Christianity from 1861 to 1871 increased sixty-one per cent. The Rev. Naráyan Sheshádrí has shown that at the same rate of increase, in less than two hundred years there will be in India alone 150,000,000 Christians. That is human arithmetic, but who shall say what God's ratios may be? The number of Christians in India is about 900,000. Of these, some 250,000 are of European descent, 330,000 are native Protestant Christians, and the remainder are Roman Catholic. Some 10,000 native Protestant Christians were added in 1874.

These are the figures, but the mind often more readily comprehends a great object by viewing and comparing its small points, than by attempting to grasp the whole. In noting the decay of idolatry, the fruit of the Gospel as evinced in the lives of individuals, and the vast improvement in tribes and communities, it may the more distinctly appear how the Divine leaven is affecting the whole mass. The decay of Hindúism is a great and undeniable fact. That many of the temples are still supported in great style, and at great expense, is true; but the larger and more noted temples are nearly all heavily endowed, kept up by their own revenues, and the worship maintained is necessary to the incumbency of the estates. Such temples and shrines do not suffer from the defections of their adherents, and, as yet, comparatively few do; still—as in the case of an idol temple and grove in Ceylón, which was bought by a missionary, who, to the surprise of the horrified natives, walked away alive

with the god in his coat pocket, and who afterwards erected a school house upon the sacred spot; also when we hear that one of the most popular shrines of the devil worshipping Shanárs is now overgrown with thorns, the habitation of bats and reptiles, notwithstanding two attempts to repair it—we see the mark of the entering wedge which is destined to split to pieces, this mighty fabric of superstition and lies.

The impression and the influence of Christianity has gone far deeper into the hearts of educated Hindús than any deserted temples or pages of statistics can show. The author of a census report for a part of India says: "The influence of closer contact with European civilization and learning has, however, been perceptible in a modification of Hindú religion. Many natives have entirely rejected idol worship, and the monstrous teachings of the Puráns and Tantras, and address their supplications to the one Supreme Being. The magnificent temples erected in past ages in honor of Shiv and Vishnú, or their human personifications, are slowly succumbing to the destroying hand of time. New temples, on a scale of grandeur equal to those of former eras, are unknown. The general decay of Hindú temples throughout the country is but the visible sign of the waning vitality of the religion itself. Among the classes already influenced by western ideas, Hindúism is practically dead."

He also states that pilgrimages are fast losing popularity, that only tens now undertake long pilgrimages, where formerly hundreds visited the sacred shrines. It is only a short time since the car of Juggernáth was left standing in the mud because sufficient people did not care to exert themselves to extricate it. The religious

fairs are mainly upheld by the women and trades-people. The women greatly fear the visitation of some dire calamity if these shrines are not duly visited, besides, to thousands of women, who are permitted to attend, the fair is the only break durmg the year to the dull routine of their lives. It is the women, too, who prevent thoussands of Hindús, who would be glad to see Christianity the religion of the country, from openly proclaiming themselves Christ's disciples. A missionary, writing on this point, says:

"Just now a Bráhmin pundit, or teacher, called to see me. When I introduced the subject of Christianity, he frankly said, 'I do not depend on Hindú gods for salvation; I believe in Christ, and expect to be saved through Him.' Thousands who, because of social and family bonds, do not openly confess Christ, do pray in His name, and have more confidence in Him than they have in Rám or Krishna. A few years ago a poor cultivator, not far from this, who had heard of Christ, and had been convinced of the truth of the Gospel, accidentally fell into a well, and was badly injured. His friends succeeded in getting him out alive, and carried him to the government hospital, where he soon died. From the time he was injured until death ended his sufferings, he continued calling on Christ to help and save him. The names of his old heathen gods were not once mentioned; no cry went up to them for help; but with the precious name of Jesus on his lips, his soul went into eternity."

A gentleman who spent a short time in India, tells of the kindness and courtesy which he received from a finely educated Hindú doctor in Bombay, who was in every respect a gentleman and a scholar. They spent

days together, visiting noted places, and in kindly interchange of thought. But the doctor, a Hindú, would not eat with the Christian. The gentlemen finally ventured to ask him how it was that having enjoyed such social intimacy in other respects, they could not eat together. The doctor "replied at once, without any reserve, that so far as his own feelings were concerned, he had no more objection to eating or drinking with me or any other Christian man, than with one of hís own race and his own Bráhminical caste, but said he: 'I am a Hindú by birth; my domestic and social relations are with Hindús; and if I were to eat an orange with you, or take a glass of water from your hand and drink it, I should at once become an outcast from all Hindú society, my wife would never look at me again, and I know no reason why I should make this sacrifice of myself."

There is not a missionary in India who could not cite numbers of such instances. No missionary estimates the extent of his work or influence simply by his list of converts. The preparatory work of breaking up old prejudices is a silent, almost invisible force, which cannot be expressed by figures.

Among several of the aboriginal tribes of India, some of the most remarkable work has been done. Among the Karens of Eastern India, over ten thousand have become Christians, reclaimed from wild, illiterate, jungle people, to a good degree of civilization and education, and are set in families in their respective homes.

The Sontháls, a wild tribe, who occupy a district some three hundred miles west of Calcutta, seem almost as a people to be turning to Christianity. No tribe has experienced a greater change for good.

The Shanárs, on the southwestern coast of India, a tribe of devil worshippers, are embracing the Christian faith and habits of life in still greater proportions. A ruder people, more destitute of every attribute of wealth or cultivation, was scarcely to be found in India, yet so far have they progressed that in 1866 the one hundred thousand Christians among them gave $20,000 for the support of the Gospel. In a missionary report, their present condition is thus summed up:

"Formerly they were devil worshippers, one of them, a devil's priest; they grew up in the fear of demons; they were given to gluttony, drunkenness, and the works of the flesh; in cases of sickness they took refuge in sorcery and other powers of darkness. Now they come together to hear the Word of God. They declare that they have renounced the devil and all his works, that they hate drunkenness and disorderly life, and that they are ashamed of their former life and doings. Instead of fearing the demons any longer, they trust in the living God."

The Baptist missions among the Telúgús report wonderful successes. A work of great promise has been in operation for some ten years, on the borders of Tibet, at Lahoul. The German missionaries laboring there are men of wonderful zeal, practical energy, and sacrifices. For six months of the year they are cut off by the snows of the Himálaya Mountains from all communication with the outer world. Still other tribes might be mentioned.

The English government, in its "Blue Book," recently gave most unqualified testimony of its appreciation of the practical benefit which Christianity is working among the people. It says:

"The districts are dotted over with flourishing villages and Christian churches. There are hundreds of native teachers employed among them, of whom fifty-six are ordained and are supported to a great extent by their congregations. Order and peace rule these simple communities, which give the government little trouble; while large tracts of country have been brought under cultivation, and the peasantry enjoy a larger share of material comfort than in days gone by."

Of the native Christian population, it also says:

"The principles they profess, the standard of morals at which they aim, the education they have received, make them no unimportant element in the empire which the government of India has under its control."

This official publication sums up its testimony as to the value of missionary operations, viewed from the civil standpoint, in the following sentence:

"The government of India cannot but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions made by these six hundred missionaries, whose blameless example, and self-denying labors, are infusing new vigor into the stereotyped life of the great populations placed under English rule, and are preparing them to be in every way better men and better citizens of the great empire in which they dwell."

Under the labors of Rev. Wm. Taylor, a work of grace has sprung up among the English and Eurasian population, a class of people numbering at least five hundred thousand, that must have a marked effect upon the progress of Christianity in India. The unprincipled and religiously indifferent lives of the majority of these has been a constant barrier to the success of the mis-

sionaries. Everywhere the question put by the heathen, "If these are Christians, why do you speak to us?" must be answered by the missionary. Not only their changed lives, but their efforts for the spread of Divine Light around them, must have a decided influence.

The missionary periodicals of the different societies give us from week to week, from month to month, precious and glowing testimonies of the power of the Christian religion to change the lives and hearts of individuals, to transform the superstitious, deceitful, adulterous idolaters, into men of upright, pure, and earnest character.

The missionaries of the last half century have required their converts to make immense sacrifices before they could be received into the Christian church. They are all required to renounce caste, a matter which the early Dutch missionaries never dared touch, and a custom that is still retained among Roman Catholic converts. With but few exceptions, they have been cut off from family, friends, and property, and have often gone through severe ordeals of persecution. Caste has been and is one of the greatest barriers to a profession of Christian faith. It has answered a great and beneficent purpose throughout the ages that India has been steeped in ignorance, superstition, and idolatry. It has been a moral and social restraint, and among many classes its sanitary effect has been undeniable. Education in the arts and the practices of civilization are every day weakening the hold of caste upon the people, but unless the moral and social restraints of a pure and active religion immediately steps in to take its place, there is no sadder fact in the history of the Hindús. There are none so outrageous

or so daring in wickedness, as those who have voluntarily broken caste, and given up their ancient faith, but have not embraced Christianity. Upon the sins of heathenism they feel at perfect liberty to engraft all the vices of civilization, and they do so with a recklessness that is unexcelled.

Civilized nations and Christian missions have done too much for India's sons and daughters, to draw back now, and leave them to work out their own salvation. For many years yet English law-givers must hold restless spirits in check, until education and religious principle has fully prepared them for self-government. For many years yet, the friends of Christian missions must double and redouble their efforts for the salvation of India, lest, having prepared the ground, they leave it for the enemy's tares, which only a baptism of fire and blood could extirpate.

CHINA.

THE LAND OF SINIM.

Away on the outskirts of the world, seemingly, lies a vast country, inhabited by a people strangely unlike, and yet so strangely like ourselves. Human laughter, human tears, human love and passion, are the same in all zones, climes and lands, and yet differing religions, differing governments, climates and civilizations, seem sometimes almost to have produced another order of beings. Unlike ourselves as we may at first glance consider the Chinese, there is probably no heathen country or people that bears so many points of resemblance to our own land and people. These resemblances are thus summed up by Dr. Speer, in his work on "China and the United States:" "These two vast countries resemble each other in location, contour, climate, and other physical conditions and capacities, more nearly than any other of the countries of the earth. Each is occupied by a people, naturally thoughtful, earnest, acquisitive, and enterprising; each by a people strangely conglomerate, yet strangely homogeneous; each by a people among whom intellect and education constitute the only patent of nobility; each by a people the freest upon its own continent, and governed mainly by rulers of its own election, and each country is now in the travail of a change from old bondage and feebleness to new power, light and influence, which will be felt to the very corners of the earth."

The dissimilarities are, however, far more apparent to the ordinary observer. The Chinaman is an idolater; he clings with closest tenacity to the old ways of his ancestors, his learning is that of the ancients, modern research and science counts for nothing; the days of his invention are past, and he is to-day simply a careful copyist; the habits of his every day life are conducted in a manner that is to us apparently contrary to all ease or sound sense, and in his personal habits, he is outrageously uncleanly; yet, like the American, he imagines that his alone are the people, that he of all the world knows best how the affairs of this universe should be conducted. If any nation on earth could be pardoned for such an egotism, that nation is the Chinese. Their rule covers one-tenth of the habitable globe, and holds one-third of its people, while the age and stability of their empire is unparalleled.

The name China is unknown to the Chinese, its origin is the subject of many speculations, almost every writer on the country which bears the appellation, having some theory of his own regarding it. Some say that it is derived from Tsin, the name of a dynasty that became supreme in China about two hundred and fifty years before Christ. This theory, however, "cannot bear the test of criticism, enlightened by modern acquaintance with the literature of the East. It is evident that the word was used in the Sanskrit and other Indian languages, long previous to the Tsin dynasty. The exact word 'China' is found in the Laws of Munú and in ancient Támil books. It is found in the Hebrew of Isaiah, four centuries before the reign of Tsin, in a prophecy of the conversion of the distant East to Christ.

'Behold, these shall come from far—the south—and lo! these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim!' This remarkable passage the best Hebrew scholars of the day have almost unanimously settled to mean 'the Chinas,' the plural form of the word being that which is often granted to notable or extensive countries."

In the ancient times a legend was current in Persia and Arabia, that "Japhet had eleven sons, of whom Gin or Chin was the eldest; that as such his father sent him for his portion to the fertile countries of the far East, and that his descendants early became distinguished for painting, carving, and the cultivation of silk." Dr. Speer's theory is that the name China comes from a Chinese name of the silkworm.

The Chinese have several names for their country, all more or less expressive of their supposition that theirs is the most important and centrally located of the nations of the world. The name most common among themselves is Chung Kwoh, or Middle Kingdom. This name is applied more particularly to the Eighteen Provinces, and in it is seen the evidence of the greatness of their power, and also their lack of knowledge of other portions of the world. On the north and west lies the vast country of the Tartar tribes, all subject to Chinese rule. On the south and southwest are Burmah and Siam, on the east Japan, and on the southeast the near islands of a boundless sea render tribute to their power. Within all the realm of their rule or conquest they are the most civilized and enlightened nation. That there is anything great beyond they are but just discovering, and they are scarcely yet aware that ambassadors from

other lands are not always messengers from inferior nations, bearing tribute to the "Heavenly Dynasty." The terms "Celestial Kingdom" and "Celestial" are also unknown to the Chinese, having been given by foreigners who misunderstood the meaning of the appellation, "Heavenly Dynasty," which simply signifies that the reigning dynasty is appointed by the authority of heaven.

The Chinese Empire contains more than five millions of square miles, or twice the area of the United States. This vast country "occupies the same position in the Eastern Hemisphere that the United States does in the Western. Its line of sea-coast on the Pacific, resembles that of the United States on the Atlantic, not only in length, but also in contour. Being found within almost the same parallels of latitude, it embraces the same varieties of climate and productions. A river as grand as the Mississippi, flowing east, divides the empire into two nearly equal parts, which are often designated as 'North of the River,' and 'South of the River.' It passes through an immense and fertile valley, and is supplied by numerous tributaries, having their rise in mountain ranges on either side, and also in the Himálayas on the west."

Indefinite as may be our ideas of this wonderful country, it is not because, as in Africa, that its native people have not sufficient intelligence or public spirit to study out its geography. No portion of Asia, excepting India under the English government, has been so carefully surveyed and mapped out as China. The Chinese geographies are hardly equalled in number or minuteness, in any language. It would not be difficult to collect a library of ten thousand volumes, of the geographical and statistical works in China.

An immense desert, lying north and northeast of Tibet, covering an area of more than a million square miles, is nearly uninhabitable, though not so dreary and desolate as the Sahara of Africa. Of the rest of the empire, nearly four-fifths is mountainous or hilly, and is mainly immensely productive and populous.

"The rivers of China are her glory, and no country can compare with her natural facilities of inland navigation, and the people themselves consider that portion of geography relating to their rivers as the most interesting, and give it the greatest attention. The four largest rivers in the empire are the Yellow River, the Yangtsz' kiang, the Helung kiang, or Amour, and the Tarim, or Yarkand; the Yaru-tsanghu also runs more than a thousand miles within its borders. Of these magnificent streams, the Yellow River is the most celebrated, though the Yangtsz' kiang is the largest and most useful."

The Chinese divide their empire into three principal parts or divisions:

"1. The Eighteen Provinces, or that which is more strictly called China or China proper; it is, with trivial additions, the country which was conquered by the Manchus in 1664.

2. Manchuria, or the native country of the Manchus, lying north of the Gulf of Liautung, and east of the Inner Daourian Mountains to the Pacific.

3. Colonial Possessions, including Mongolia, Ilí—comprising Sungaria and Eastern Túrkistán, Koko-nor and Tibet.

China proper, the portion best known to foreigners, is about half as large as Europe. It is nearly square, being about fourteen hundred miles in length from north to

south, and thirteen hundred in width. An impression has prevailed that China was an unhealthy country, particularly for foreigners. This misapprehension arose from the fact that the first ports open to Europeans were among the rice-growing districts, that during the summer months were surrounded by stagnant water. Later treaties have opened other ports that will compare favorably with most parts in our own land. "In different parts of the country almost every variety of climate may be found, hot or cold, moist or dry, salubrious or malarious. The winters of the more northern provinces are as severe as in Philadelphia or Boston, but the summers are very warm. At Peking, navigation is closed for two or three months during the winter. How bitterly the cold must oppress the poor we can scarcely realize, for "there are no stoves or fire-places even in the north of China, where the winters are severe. To keep the hands and feet warm, brass and earthen foot-stoves are used, and a delicate little hand-stove, which gentlemen and ladies carry in their sleeves. In the colder latitudes, a raised platform, or dais, is built in the room, of brick and stone, under which a fire is kindled, a chimney carrying off the smoke. The whole substance of this dais becomes heated, and retains its warmth for several hours. This is the almost universal bed of the north of China. It radiates very little heat, however, into the room. The people keep themselves warm by the use of additional clothing."

The population of all China numbers between four and five hundred millions, at least one-third of the human race. "Its inhabitants are about equal in number to those of all the kingdoms of Europe, and of North and

South America combined." Single provinces contain a population nearly equal to that of the largest nations of Europe or of the United States. The greatness of the population seems almost incredible, but the indications of an immense number of inhabitants are everywhere seen. "The fields are everywhere full of laborers; in the mountainous districts are seen scores of terraces, rising one above another, to the height of five hundred or one thousand feet, and the hills cultivated in many places to their very tops. Pedestrians are everywhere seen in the roads and by-paths, the rivers, and numerous canals, are filled with boats, and a great variety of busy artisans ply their crafts in the noisy streets of the cities and villages." Every foot of ground is in use, either as a burial place, a dwelling place, or a carefully cultivated garden. The majority of the streets in the cities are not more than eight feet wide. The paved footpaths in the country are often so narrow that persons passing must turn off the walk altogether. The rivers and canals swarm with a population peculiarly their own, who know no other home. To a traveler in the rural districts and villages of America, who has spent several years in such a densely populated country, nothing seems more strange than the apparent absence of people here.

The Chinese eat but little meat; their diet is mainly vegetables, varied by pork, fish, and poultry. For leather they use pig skin; tor clothing, silk and cotton; they seldom use either milk, butter, or cheese, and in the provinces, horses or beasts of burden are but little used; hence, comparatively speaking, scarce an acre of ground is reserved for pasturage. It is all put under tribute, to furnish food for man, and with the Chinese habits of

life, a much larger portion can find subsistence, than in countries where wool is one of the principal articles of dress, and cattle and their products contribute largely to supply daily food.

The public works of China are scarcely paralleled for magnitude in any age or country of the world, and yet their usefulness, beauty, or scientific construction, is not at all commensurate with their greatness. The walled cities of China number over 1,700, each averaging a circumference of four miles. Adding to the aggregate number of miles of solid wall encompassing these cities, the 1,500 miles of the Great Wall, or "Myriad-mile Wall" of China, there are estimated to be over 8,000 miles of wall built for protection against invading forces. To this amount might still be added the many miles of walls built in the cities as fire breaks. The walls enclosing the cities and the Great Wall are much the same in strength and construction. "The outside is of solid masonry, from two to four feet thick, built of hewn stone, or bricks backed with earth, broken tiles, etc." They are from twenty to thirty-five feet in height, and from twenty to twenty-five feet thick at the base, but somewhat narrower at the top.

An American consul, returned from China, was showing to his friends a brick from the Great Wall. "It was brought," said he, "all the way from the Great Wall, on the back of a donkey," and, still anxious to assure his friends that he knew it was from the Great Wall, he added, to their intense amusement, "I brought it myself."

The Great Canal is the second great public work of China. It was constructed partially in the seventh century, partially in the thirteenth, and completed in the

fourteenth. Its entire length is 650 miles, but this is insignificant compared with the aggregate length of other canals. In some parts of China, canals almost entirely supply the place of roads. With so wonderful a net-work of rivers and canals, furnishing water communication with so many parts of China, the necessary number of boatmen form no inconsiderable part of the people. Their boats are usually their homes during their entire lives. They become very expert in the handling of their water craft, and have some curious kinds, that our college regattas might not find beneath their skill to try. The boats are often propelled by a broad bladed scull, that turns upon a pivot in the stern. Sails are used during favorable winds, oars are occasionally seen, and other boats are tracked or towed by the boatmen on shore. A curious kind of foot propelled boat is described by Mr. Nevius. "It resembles a canoe, and is made to carry one passenger, with a little baggage. The hull is generally decorated with landscape paintings. A thick, bent, bamboo matting covers the top, and while it protects the traveler from sun and rain, obliges him to keep a recumbent position, except when one of the mats is removed. The boatman, sitting in the stern, which is only about a foot and a half wide, and bracing his back against a board, propels his little craft in a very peculiar way, with a foot oar, and guides it with a paddle. It is so crank that the passenger must be careful in moving, for fear of upsetting it. This may be called the dispatch-boat of China. One boatman will sometimes ply the oar for sixteen or more hours, with very little intermission, changing constantly from one foot to the other. I have known one of them to stop for

a moment at an eating-house, procure a bowl of rice, and one of vegetables, resume his seat, put the two bowls on one hand, the two chop-sticks in the other, one foot on the oar, and the paddle under his arm to steer by, and so proceed on his journey and enjoy his dinner at the same time."

The boatwomen are usually allowed to have large feet; probably to save them from greater liability of being drowned. It becomes the boat-people each to look out for themselves, for no friendly hand is ever put forth to save a drowning person. They believe that the water-dragon has need of the drowned, and were any to interfere with his wishes, he might return his anger upon them.

The student of Natural History finds an ample field, and abundant material, representing its every department in China. Not only are found on its banks or in its waters nearly every kind of production known to other countries, but also some kinds or species peculiar to itself. Among plants, bamboo, rice, sugar-cane, mulberries, and the tallow-tree, are the most important, as contributing largely to the subsistence of the Chinese. The bamboo answers almost innumerable purposes, but principally that of paper making, a most important article of trade, as the Chinese consume an immense amount of paper. Rice is the bread of China, sugar is consumed in a thousand forms, and in unlimited quantities; the mulberry feeds the silk worm; the tallow-tree furnishes candles for homes and temples, and a species of sumac furnishes the varnish for the japanned material or lacquer work of China.

Tea is peculiarly Chinese. The exportation of tea

from China, and the importation of opium, have opened its ports as no other force seemed able to do. The consumption of tea by the Chinese themselves is unlimited. "A true Chinese is never seen to drink cold water, for he thinks it destructive to health, and hates it." In families and shops a pot of tea always stands ready, but when something especially nice is wanted, a few leaves are put in a cup, and water, boiled after the following receipt, is poured over them. "Whenever tea is to be infused for use, take water from a running stream, and boil it over a lively fire. It is an old custom to use running water, boiled over a lively fire; that from springs in the hills is said to be the best, and river water the next, while well water is the worst. When making an infusion, do not boil the water too hastily, as at first it should begin to sparkle like crabs' eyes, then somewhat like fishes' eyes, and lastly to boil up like pearls innumerable, springing and waving about. This is the way to boil water."

The best teas do not find their way to this country, as they are unappreciated here. The green tea, so largely a favorite among Western nations, is never used by the Chinamen, and is only made by them to please a market that requires it. Prussian blue and gypsum are used for coloring. A kind of green tea is made without coloring, but its color is not so bright and uniform as the foreign market requires.

Since the patriarchal age in China, silk has been one of its most abundant and useful products. Si-ling, one of the earliest empresses, who lived about 2602 years before Christ, taught the people to weave and dye silk, "and even to this day the Chinese offer up annual sacrifices,

and hold a festival in honor of the princess, who first wove silken garments." One of the early emperors, discovering that silk worms fed on mulberry leaves produced a fine quality of silk, decreed that every man owning an estate of not less than five acres, should plant the boundary with mulberry trees. The use of silk was discovered very early in the history of China, probably within the century after Noah. The few silks that were carried across the country to the West, were highly prized, and commanded great prices, but it was not until the middle of the sixth century after Christ that silk worms were carried into Europe. Two Nestorian monks, who went as Christian missionaries to the East, returned to Europe with silk-worm eggs concealed in a cane, and these were the progenitors of all the silk-worms propagated in Europe.

The Chinese system of chronology was established during, or but a short period subsequent to the time of Noah. This system of noting cycles of sixty years, has been kept up with great care and precision, and though there is much that is fabulous in Chinese histories, the dates of actual events narrated are pretty closely determined.

Previous to the age of Confucius, Chinese history is obscure, but presents points of interest. The people dwelt securely under a regular form of government, the peasantry had rights of farming, pasture, and fishing, far superior to those enjoyed by the peasants of Europe. Coined money was in use at an early day, the magnet was known to the Chinese ages before the Christian era, writing was one of the earliest of their arts, public schools were established, and the rich and poor were all

educated alike, and the dress of a literary man, then as now, was distinguished by a square of black silk, ornamented with an embroidered bird or tiger, worn upon the breast.

About 550 B. C. Confucius appeared in China, and by his virtuous teachings and noble example, exerted a most remarkable influence upon his native land and its people.

"The age of Confucius was the great turning point in Chinese history. He was to Eastern Asia what Luther was to Western Europe—the great harbinger of the departure of an old, corrupt, and iron age, and of the advent of a new, thinking, progressive, silver age." The teachings of Confucius for nearly twenty-five hundred years have been the primer, the school book, the classic, and the gospel of the Chinese. They elevated the people to a degree of civilization above that of all surrounding nations, but stranded them upon the coldest of formalisms.

The artesian well was known centuries ago in China; the art of making paper and ink was discovered by the Chinese some time during the first century of the Christian era; books were printed in 958, five hundred years before the invention of Gutenberg; gunpowder was also among theii early inventions; the fact of the circulation of the blood has long been known to the Chinese, and they inoculated for the small-pox in the ninth century.

Important as were these early inventions, the Chinese have scarcely improved upon them, and still use many of the early and imperfect methods. The proud conceit and blind superstition of the Chinese, has long kept them from accepting or receiving benefit from the inventions

and improvements of other lands. A strange superstition, called "Fung Shwuy," relating to the powers of the air and spirits, practically shuts out from China the telegraph and railway. A few years ago a short line of telegraph was put up between two European stations, but it interfered with somebody's "Fung Shwuy," and one night was pulled down by the Chinese. Quite recently, six miles of railway have been projected, and permission received to put it down. That it can be accomplished is not quite certain. Still, slowly and surely, a few leading spirits among the Chinese are awaking to the fact that all the world lies not under their umbrella, that some day they must accept something of the civilization and learning of the West, or be left behind in the march of nations.

THE WOMEN OF CHINA.

Dark as the picture may be of the 200,000,000 women of China, still it is not so utterly hopeless and soulless as that of the women of Múhammedan, or other heathen countries. Yet their estate is dark, and wicked, and sad enough, to stir the pity of the most thoughtless women in Christian lands.

The teachings of Confucius very largely determined the position of women in China. While he did not very narrowly restrict women, he accorded to them little respect and honor. His own experience of women seems not to have been altogether a happy one. As a son, brought up and educated by a widowed mother, he taught the utmost respect to aged women, but as a man, who felt called upon to divorce the wife of his youth, after she had borne him one son, he placed a very low value upon girls and young women.

It is a heavy burden of disgrace, a crushing sense of inferiority, that is borne by the countless multitudes of women in China, each of whom is told that her sex is the just punishment for sins committed in some previous stage of existence, each of whom is taught to believe that "Boys are a blessing, but girls are a curse and nuisance."

For ages the first smiles of the myriads of China's daughters, have been met by a mother's tears of bitter disappointment, and a father's imprecations. In unutter-

able anguish, they have realized their own nothingness, when called upon to give into a murderer's hands daughter after daughter, simply because they were *girls.* What wonder that their first, their last, and their most oft-repeated prayer in the Buddhist temples, is that they may be men in their next stage of existence, or that with infinite fatigue and discomfort, they should travel hundreds of miles in their extreme old age, to some sacred shrine, to "remind their god of the long abstinence from flesh and fish during the course of their lives, and solicit, as a recompense, a happy transmigration for their souls." One writer speaks of having seen women of seventy and ninety years of age, upon such an errand, three hundred miles from their homes.

In many families, the girls are not named, but are called No. One, Two or Three. When they are married they are called Mr. So and So's wife, and when they have sons, they are such and such a boy's mother. They have no place in general society, live in a great measure secluded, and are always expected to retire when a friend of the opposite sex enters the house. Among the very poor, who have but one room in their houses, though the feeling is the same, circumstances do not allow of the same seclusion, and in families where the labor of the mother must contribute to the support of the family, the women come and go as the men.

A Chinese woman is either a small-footed lady or a day laborer; "a gilded recluse or a field hand; destined to idleness, frivolous occupations, and jealous seclusion, or made to delve in the soil, tug at the oar, groan under burdens, and jostle, shout and swear with the roughest and rudest in the crowded streets, thronged rivers, and

choked market-places," toiling for her own support, for her children, and perhaps supporting an idle rake who calls himself her husband, and squanders her earnings at the gambling house or opium den.

Chinese ladies are seldom seen in the streets, yet a certain degree of liberty is allowed. "When a mandarin gives a grand entertainment, his wife frequently invites her friends to witness the theatrical performances, and various amusing exhibitions that are going forward during the dinner. These they can see, without being seen, from a latticed gallery provided for that purpose; and thus they are not entirely debarred from the enjoyment of the festivities, although they do not mingle with the guests."

Polygamy prevails to a certain degree in China, and is sometimes considered necessary to save a man from the appearance of impiety. The philosopher Mencius says, "There are three kinds of impiety, the greatest of which is to be without male descendants," hence should a family be without sons to perpetuate the family name, make sacrificial offerings, and feed the spirits of deceased ancestors, a man at forty years of age is considered to be only fulfilling the demands of respectability by taking a second wife. Men of high rank, or wealth, however, take new wives as often as they choose.

Another source of humiliation to Chinese women, is the custom of buying and selling them for marriage. All classes of Chinese present some equivalent to the parents or guardians of the women they marry. Little girls are sold for a comparatively small sum, while older girls, which, as a matter of course, have been sources of greater expense for food and clothing, command a higher price.

"A family of handsome daughters, particularly if well trained in ceremonials and Chinese accomplishments, are often a source of great profit to their parents." Men occasionally sell their wives to other men, who cannot afford the expense of a girl. A living man's wife sells very cheap.

"The employments among wealthy Chinese ladies are—working embroidery, playing on different musical instruments, and painting on silk and rice paper. Yet some ladies are well educated, and there are families where private tutors are employed, and the girls are allowed to participate, to a certain extent, in the studies of their brothers."

The dress of Chinese ladies differs but little in style from the fashion of a thousand or so years ago. It is ample and comfortable, and may be plain, or richly ornamented, according to the wealth of the wearer. Miss Seward thus describes the dress and appearance of a woman of high rank and wealth: "She wore a lavender-colored, embroidered crépe petticoat, over this a double tunic of two pretty shades of blue silk, trimmed with a variegated chintz border, scarlet satin embroidered under-sleeves, so long as nearly to conceal the slender hands—the nails, as long as the fingers, polished and stained to resemble tortoise-shell, each nail having for its protection a wrought gold case. Her coarse, black, Mongolian hair, carefully dressed, and fastened with gold pins, was partly covered with a black satin cap, tied on the back. This cap, not unlike in shape to the "Mary Stuart," was entirely seeded with pearls, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, many of them, especially the pearls, large and of rare value. Her feet, of which only occasional

glimpses could be had, were not more than three inches long, and were tightly encased in scarlet satin shoes; her face and neck literally plastered with pearl white, in shocking contrast with eyelids and cheeks painted pink, and lips red; her manners and speech unmistakably refined, and she is reputed intellectual, and fond of books." Pearl white is in great demand among the ladies of China. Unlike other dark races, who usually consider their own tint the true color for beauty, the Chinese are particularly anxious to look as white as possible. The gems and flowers, either natural or artificial, are as necessary to a Chinese woman's proper appearance, as a hat or bonnet is to an American woman upon the street.

"The tiny shoes are of satin, silk, or velvet, beautifully worked with gold, silver, and colored silks, the soles being formed of layers of paper, from one to two inches in thickness, and covered outside with white leather, made from pig skin. The little girls are very becomingly attired in short dresses, reaching to the throat, and worn over the full trowsers. The hair, which is combed from the forehead, hangs down on each side, and the back hair is plaited into one or two long tails, in which style it remains until the young lady is about to become a bride, when the more matronly fashion is adopted, and the braids and curls are formed into a knot, intertwined with flowers and jewels."

Jewels, flowers, satins, brocaded silks, painting, and music, however, do not indicate all that elegance and cleanliness which we suppose to be their natural and necessary attendants. The filthiness of the Chinese of all classes is almost past belief. The houses of all, save of the wealthiest and highest in the land, have mud

floors, no chimneys, and are but dimly lighted from paper windows. They never build a fire for warmth, but even in parts where the winters are as cold as in Pennsylvania and Ohio, they put on garment upon garment, cotton, silks and furs, to keep from freezing. Hence, as wash day and clean bedding are unknown, the griminess, foul odors, and vermin of head, bed and body, are as much a matter of course, as dust during a long summer drouth.

A lady relates an amusing incident, showing how, even the higher classes seem indifferent to what we usually suppose are universally accepted notions of cleanliness. Some of the literati of China were visiting at her house, when her husband showed them a microscope, and among other things, placed a fly under the glass. One of these Chinese gentlemen, seeing the wonder, exclaimed in his own language, "It would be curious to see a body louse magnified." Placing his hand in the bosom of his elegant silk, fur lined robe, when lo, he had a body louse ready for inspection !

The claim of one's parents and brothers upon his affection and love is considered to be paramount to that of his wife. A reason given for this doctrine in a celebrated Chinese work, which treats of the domestic relations and duties, is, that the loss of a brother is irreparable, but that of a wife is not !

A daughter, after she is married, is not subject to her own parents, owes them no duty, and is not counted as one of their children. She is thereafter completely subject to her husband's parents. To them she is often little different from a slave. With their money she was bought, and the Classics teach that, beside a man's par-

ents, a wife is of only secondary consideration. The wife is no more at liberty to oppose the wishes of her parents-in-law, than previously to resist the commands of her own parents.

A lady missionary thus speaks of the effect of this doctrine: "It is true that there are young wives, even in Christian lands, that know something of family meddling and tyranny, but it is not to be compared to the *sanctioned* authority wielded over the Chinese wife by her parents-in-law and her husband's brothers and sisters, and not a few have committed suicide to get relief from this tyranny. But a few years ago, a wife in that house just below us, ended her miserable earthly existence by taking opium, to free herself from her mother-in-law." If the husband should die, his friends may sell the widow to improve their own finances, or to obtain means to buy a wife for another son. She could not return to her father's house, as she is no longer counted as one of his children.

"As sons are the delight, the honor, the hope of a family, both for the present and future life, the wife is careful to observe all the prescribed offerings to the gods that have power to grant such a blessing. If given her, she is an honored, happy woman, but alas! if denied, her very existence is often made a burden to her. If the husband is in circumstances to take another wife, he may do so, though she must show due honor to the first." Still, the mother of the son receives the honor and respect of the family, for the mother of the heir to the throne is the first woman in the land, though she may not be the Emperor's first wife.

The Classic says a woman has three obeyings. "She

must obey her father. She must obey her husband. She must obey her son," that is, after her husband's death.

Though the Classic requires the mother to obey her son, still the custom and the law would not allow him to treat her with other than respect, or in any way to cause her discomfort.

"Women are treated with more respect and consideration as they advance in years; mothers are regarded with great affection and tenderness, and grandmothers are sometimes almost worshipped."

There appears to be some diversity of opinion, among those conversant with the Chinese, as to how far this feeling is real or assumed. Though the doctrine of filial duty is most carefully taught, still, much of its performance is by many considered to be but the result of selfishness and slavish fear, rather than from any genuine affection. Relatives frequently leave the world with a threat to return and torment those who survive. These threats are greatly feared, and both before and after death, it is the best policy to keep the spirit in good temper.

"The practice of binding the girls' feet is almost universal. There is a class of women in Canton and Fuchow, who have natural feet, but these are rare exceptions. In nearly all other parts of the empire, women of all classes conform indiscriminately to the objectionable custom, and large-footed women are almost unknown, except those who have come from Canton, of the class already referred to, and women in the Tartar cities, who do not adopt this Chinese practice. There is, however, a marked difference in the degree in which feet are compressed. Country women, and the poorer classes, have feet about half the natural size,

while those of the genteel, or fashionable class, are only about three inches long.

"The process of compressing is commenced after girls have thoroughly learned to walk, and have developed the muscles for locomotion—generally at the age of five years. A cotton bandage, two or three inches wide, is wound tightly about the foot in different directions, and, in the case of the higher classes, the foot can hardly be said to grow from this time. It assumes the shape of an acute triangle, the big toe forming the acute angle, and the other toes being bent under the foot, and almost absorbed. Though the effect of this custom is to produce real deformity, and a miserable, tottering gait, even foreigners naturally come to associate it with gentility and good breeding, and to estimate the character and standing of women, as the Chinese do, by the size of their feet."

The custom of compressing the feet has existed over a thousand years, and the Chinese can give no satisfactory account of its origin, but it probably arose from vanity, not unlike that displayed by some American women, who will endure tortures from tight shoes, that they may appear to possess feet of an elegant shape. Gradually the smallness of women's feet, in China, has come to be almost the measure of her respectability, and though the process of binding is extremely painful, young girls willingly submit to the torture, though crying from the agony. Even when properly attended to, it requires two or three years for the feet to be cramped into the genteel shape. After the feet have been sufficiently compressed and deadened, the women often walk ten or fifteen miles, to worship at Buddhist temples.

"Infanticide prevails to a greater or less extent in certain parts of the empire, and is confined almost exclusively to female children. The existence of moral tracts, written, published, and distributed by the Chinese, denouncing this practice, and warning the people to avoid it, is sufficient evidence, both of the prevalence of the custom, and of the acknowledged wrong or immorality of it."

The reason given for the murder of these children is the poverty of parents, who find themselves unable to bring up a family of helpless girls, and get them respectably married. If they allow their girls to grow up with large feet, and able to earn something for their own maintenance, no respectable man will take one for his lawful wife, and they must almost inevitably lead lives of shame. As small-footed women, the amount they can earn by embroidery, painting, or making mock money and clothes for sacrifices, is but the merest trifle.

The most usual methods of putting the helpless little creatures out of the world, are by drowning in a tub of water, throwing into a running stream, or burying alive, the latter method in the belief that consequently the next child will be a boy. The father of the child is usually the murderer, as friends fear the occasion for unpleasant reflection in future years. Generally, the mother prefers that the child should be given away. Sometimes, however, the parents agree to destroy their daughter, in order to keep her from a probable life of shame or poverty.

Frequently the little ones are exposed alive, by the side of a street, or under some shelter, probably with the hope that some family, or some one of the foundling asylums, of which there are several, both native and foreign,

may rescue them. The little waifs rescued by the native asylums, are considered, even by the Chinese, to have a particularly hard time. Usually but one nurse is allowed for three children, and consequently a large proportion of the little creatures die. Those who survive, are, at a very early age, sold for a trifle, to poor people, as wives for their sons.

Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, writing from China, on infanticide, says: "Many of the mothers themselves seem to be utterly without feeling upon the subject, and I am compelled to admit that, after years of inquiry, I have met with but *very* few who showed the slightest feeling when they told me of the children they had drowned. This has been to me one of the most terrible phases of heathenism, for it is the result of idolatry and their heathen faith, as only the son can care for the parents' future, not only in this world, but in that to come. Oh, the horror, the utter degradation of this idol-worship, rendering man brutal, and even turning the mother's heart against her little one!"

Worthy widows, who do not remarry, are highly honored in China. Societies for affording pecuniary aid to such are common. Immediately after the death of her husband, a widow, if she is a mother, receives a larger stipend than at any subsequent time, in order to assist her in providing for her young children. The avarice and cupidity of the friends of widows who are not mothers, often make it impossible for them to remain in widowhood, even if they would. There is quite as much difficulty in carrying out beneficent laws in heathen as in Christian lands, and a thousand times more duplicity and selfishness opposed to the enactment of humane laws. If

some of our savans understood this, we should hear less of the beauties of Confucianism, Buddhism, or Hindúism.

The Chinese consider it disreputable for a widow to marry again, and none but the very poor, who cannot afford the expense of a girl, will consent to marry a widow. Widows are encouraged to remain single by the respect paid to them, particularly if they are able to maintain themselves, and also by the hope that if they arrive at the age of at least fifty years, they may have a tablet or honorary portal erected for them by their friends. The Emperor Kang-hi decreed that every widow who reached her hundredth year, should receive thirty taels of silver from the public treasury, for the erection of a triumphal arch.

Nowadays, these arches are seldom erected in honor of widows. Very few reach the age of a hundred years, few have influential friends to carry the project through, and public funds are not always spent for the purpose specified.

Though the Chinese daughters-in-law seem to be so sorely oppressed, that sometimes they choose a voluntary death rather than life, still, the physical and temporal condition of the women of China has its bright aspects. Their moral and religious state demands our pity, and earnest endeavor to give them a higher faith, the comfort and assurances of the Christian religion. Infanticide hardens their hearts, and so robs them of natural affection that they speak of the murder of infant children with levity; in cursing and swearing, and in the use of foul language, the Chinese are fearfully adept, and they themselves say that their "mouths are exceedingly filthy," and also say that the "heart of woman is superlatively

poisonous," meaning that the women exceed the men in the use of curses and foul abuse. Religiously, the women of China are the slaves of idolatry and superstition.

Burdened with a sense of sin, as are all human hearts, terrified by superstitions, disgraced by their womanhood, these women of the Flowery Kingdom repair to the temples and Búddhist priests asking for light, seeking a way of salvation. Mr. Nevius represents the Búddhist priests as answering their inquiries, and teaching them in the following terms:

"When you die, your soul will pass into the land of spirits, where it may remain ages, or hundreds of years, before it is allowed to return to earth and inhabit another body. In your journeyings there, when you cross bridges you will have to pay toll; when you cross a ferry, you must fee the ferryman; if you wish good accommodations and attentions in the inns, you must be able to pay well for them. It will be very desirable also for you to fee the inferior officers of Hades, so as to bring your case speedily before the courts for adjudication, and facilitate your release and advancement. In a word, money answers all things in the land of spirits, as well as in this present world." "The women are further informed that the Búddhist priests have opened communication with the land of spirits, and that their drafts are honored there. In one corner of the temple, a priest sells these drafts, called *tieh*. When a paper has been bought, it receives the great seal or stamp of the temple, and after the recipient has chanted the name, *Na mi o mi ta fuh* over it from three thousand to ten thousand times, it is regarded as veritable money, and is laid aside

for future use, in a safe provided for the purpose." There are four different kinds of *tich* necessary; one of these most essential to future happiness, are issued on but ten days of the year, and only one can be procured a day. It requires sixteen years to collect a sufficient number. Altogether, *tich* can be obtained fifty or sixty days of the year. The priests, for a consideration of money, make matters easy for the women, when sickness or other causes interfere with proper methods of worship. The ceremonies of the temples, and the repetition for hours of the words, *Na mi o mi ta fuh*, with a rosary to assist in counting, would seem dull and monotonous, but the very opposite is the case. "The scene is full of lively interest, and affords abundant matter for the gossip of many days to come. Old acquaintances meet and mutually entertain each other with news of neighbors, family difficulties, and the virtues of their own children, faults of their daughters-in-law, and superstitious tales. With the chattering of voluble tongues is mixed the continually-interrupted chant of *Na mi o mi ta fuh*, which, when they are in their turn listening to the stories of others, their tongues seem to repeat almost spontaneously." When they are chanting together, as they sometimes do, the sound is very peculiar; it seems like the mournful whistling of the wind.

While all women engage more or less in temple worship, as above described, there is a class of women called book worshippers, who are regarded as particularly religious. The exercise consists in worshipping every character of certain books successively, making prostrations as before idols. A person is able to worship a little more than a page a day. These books must be

worshipped from ten to ninety-six times. In this manner, they pay off a debt and its interest incurred in Hades before entering this life. By another weary amount of worship, they obtain a passport to the regions of the dead.

Besides the above, there are days of fasting to be observed in honor of the Tauist gods; many days of worship to the goddess "Mother," the particular guardian of children, the worship of the ancestral tablets of five preceding generations, the semi-monthly worship of the "kitchen god," and of many other gods, as sickness, adversity, prosperity, or the religious sentiment of a woman or her family may require.

Idolater though she be, woman in China holds a higher place than the heathen women of surrounding countries. The testimony of dissolute seamen and traders, whether American or European, in regard to the women of China, must be taken for just what it is worth. Dissolute, unscrupulous men find bad women all the world over. Neither are all the Chinese women to be put in the scale with the majority of Chinese women in California. A nefarious trade in bad women has sprung up there, against which the Chinese protested, petitioning Congress to put a stop to it.

The intense prejudice of the Chinese against foreigners, renders the women particularly difficult of access to missionary effort, but as this aversion shall gradually wear away, it will be found that there is no more abundant or hopeful field for missionary labor. There is no prejudice against the education of women to be encountered; their manners are very pleasing, and their hearts kindly, save as they are warped and bound by heathenism. Mission-

ary ladies feel more encouraged and more hopeful in their work, the more they become acquainted with the better class of Chinese women, and those removed from the corrupting influences of seaport towns. Some of the best fruit of missionary labor in China has been among the women, and no mission field has produced converts of greater stability, or more consistent lives, than China.

THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

The three principal religions of China are known as Confucianism, Buddhism, and Tauism. These three systems are not rival and antagonistic, but co-ordinate and supplementary. But few of the Chinese follow solely the teachings of any one of these religions, and a considerable number perform the ceremonies or worship the gods of all, lest, at last, they should find that they had failed in their duty to the true god.

Confucianism holds the first place in rank and influence among the religions of China. Confucius, the founder of this religion, was one of the master minds of the world. His writings and teachings have affected the thoughts and lives of a greater number of people, than the teachings of any other author, save the inspired writers of the Bible. Múhammedanism, at the point of the sword, has won and held a lesser influence. Aristotle is a classic known only to the cultured few. The teachings of St. Augustine and Luther are superseded by the morals, culture, and learning, of later days, while to-day the precepts and teachings of Confucius are the rule of conduct for the millions of China, even as they have been for the last twenty-three centuries.

Confucius was born about the year 550 B. C.—the same year in which Cyrus became King of Persia. During his lifetime, the Jews returned from Babylon, Greece was

invaded by Xerxes, and Egypt was conquered by the Persians. Confucius' father was a district magistrate in the petty kingdom of Lu, now included in the province of Shantung. His father died when he was but three years of age, and his education and training were conducted by his worthy mother. Such was his gravity of demeanor, and his learning, that at seventeen his fellow-townsmen intrusted him with the duties of an office. When he was twenty-four years of age, his mother died. In accordance with an ancient usage, which had then fallen into disuse, he resigned his office and employment, to mourn for her three years. This practice of mourning has continued until the present day, and any man of wealth or rank who fails in this duty is subject to scorn and reproof.

At the age of thirty, Confucius formally set himself up as a teacher, and traveled largely in neighboring kingdoms, to learn of their methods of government and codes of morals. Some fifteen or more years later he was recalled to act as prime minister in his native country, and there he had an opportunity to test the value of his theories. His success soon became apparent in the unwonted prosperity of the country. In a few years, however, the king wearied of strictures and austerities, and plunged into dissipation. Confucius resigned his office, and again became a teacher, promulgating his doctrines through his disciples, of whom he had some three thousand, ten of whom bore much the same relation to him as did the Twelve Disciples to Christ.

At seventy-three Confucius died, leaving only a grandson to perpetuate his family and name, which in China is not Confucius, but Kung; Confucius being his title,

Kung-fu-ts, or "The teacher Kung," as Latinized by the Jesuit missionaries. The descendants of Confucius at present number about forty thousand.

A correct general idea of the system and teachings of Confucius may be obtained from the Five Relations, which form the basis of them, and the Five Virtues, which were the subject of his most frequent conversations. The Five Relations are those subsisting between emperor and officer, father and son, husband and wife, older and younger brothers, and friends.

The duties of the First Relation, between emperor and officer, as explained by Confucius, form the foundation of the present system of government and political economy in China.

The duties of the Second Relation, between father and son, are in some instances considered paramount to all others. Filial piety stands first in the category of human virtue, and by Confucius was believed to form the basis of all good government.

Of the Third Relation, between husband and wife, comparatively little is said. The wife is required to yield strictest obedience to her husband and his parents, and has no higher duty; but the first and highest duty of a man is to his parents and his father's family, because a wife can be replaced, but parents and brothers, once dead, can have no substitute.

The duties of the Fourth Relation, between older and younger brothers, requires great kindness and forbearance from each, and the respect and obedience of the younger for the elder.

In teaching the duties of the Fifth Relation, between friends, Confucius seems to have had much of the spirit

of the Golden Rule. A paragraph from his teachings shows this. He says: "When one cultivates to the utmost the principles of his nature, and exercises them on the principle of reciprocity, he is not far from the path. What you do not like when done to yourself, do not to others. In the way of the superior man there are four things, to no one of which have I as yet attained. To serve my father as I would require my son to serve me; to this I have not attained. To serve my prince as I would require my minister to serve me; to this I have not attained. To serve my elder brother as I would require my younger brother to serve me; to this I have not attained. To set the example in behaving to a friend as I would require him to behave to me; to this I have not attained."

The duties of these relations are not simply given as general principles, but are most carefully and minutely explained, and numberless forms and ceremonies prescribed.

The Five Virtues of the Confucian system are Benevolence, Righteousness, Propriety, Knowledge, and Faith.

Of Benevolence, Confucius had a most exalted idea, and considered it a rare virtue. The following is his definition of it. One of his disciples asked, "Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" His answer was, "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."

For Righteousness, there is no code of laws, but the law of the heart and conscience; whatever the conscience says is right, should be done.

Propriety, or proper demeanor of person, is supposed to foster and develop inner virtue. In following the

teachings and rules of Confucius, in this matter, the Chinese are one of the most dignified, formal, and polite peoples of the earth.

Knowledge of history and men is considered indispensable to rulers especially.

Faith, or truthfulness and sincerity of character, the groundwork of faith, is especially insisted upon.

A purely religious element is almost entirely wanting in the teachings of Confucius. Of the gods he did not profess to know enough that was certain to enable him to teach men obedience to them. Nor does he teach of a future life, rewards or punishments; they were received either in this life, or visited upon posterity. When asked by one of his disciples about death, his sad answer was, "Imperfectly acquainted with life, how can I know of death."

Though imperfect, the teachings of Confucius come nearer to truth than those of any other uninspired writer. He was undoubtedly appointed by the Supreme Ruler of nations to lead his people toward the light of Eternal Truth. Of the imperfection and lack of spirituality in his teachings he was aware, and taught that "in the West the true Saint must be looked for and found."

There are no images or pictures of Confucius in his temples for worship. The offerings are made before a tablet, upon which is inscribed his name and greatness. Tablets of noted scholars and officers are placed in the temples. In every school room tablets are dedicated to Confucius, before which incense is kept continually burning.

Most of the educated class are quite sincere in their adoration of Confucius, and are willing to admit the

folly and uselessness of idol worship, but still participate in it, either because of law or custom. The common people take no part in the great semi-annual worship of Confucius, other than as laughing, talking, jesting spectators, enjoying the performance much as they might a circus. At such times of worship, hundreds of dishes of rice, salt, and other articles, are offered to Confucius. A missionary who was watching the preparations for a grand ceremony, noticed that instead of filling the dishes and jars with food, layers of paper were carefully pasted just below the brim of the vessels, and upon this a small quantity of the lighter and dearer articles were sprinkled. Some one asked if it was expected that Confucius would be deceived, and how they dared try to deceive him; a young Chinaman replied, "Yes, it will answer to deceive Confucius, but it will not answer to deceive Jesus."

The cold, intellectual morality and formalities of Confucius did not satisfy the religious need of the Chinese. They wanted a God to worship. About the year 60 of the Christian era, the Emperor Ming-ti sent an embassy to the West to seek for religious teachers. Some suppose that this embassy was suggested by a dream, and others by a saying of Confucius—"In the West there are great sages." It may be that some rumor of Him who was born King of the Jews may have reached Eastern Asia. It is remarkable that the name of the monarch who sat upon the throne at the time of the birth of Christ was Ping-ti, which means *emperor*, or *prince of peace*. The commission sent to the West were instructed to inquire for "a Holy One," that was to appear, and this was the occasion of the introduction of Búddhism into China. The embassy, reaching India, met the priests

of the Búddhist religion, then in the zenith of its influence there, and from them received in Sanskrit the teachings of Sakyámúni. In these, the ambassadors found greater spirituality than in the doctrines of Confucius, the priest asserted that in Búddhism a way of salvation from sin was declared, they saw its magnificent topes and cave temples, witnessed its imposing ceremonies, and returned to their native land to establish among their own people the religion of Búddh.

The founder of Búddhism was Sakyámúni, who is supposed to have lived in the seventh century B. C. By a life of contemplation, good works, and austerities, he reached the condition of Búddh, or that of "complete knowledge." Above this is a higher state, called Nirvana, a state of absorbed unconsciousness, but Búddhá denied himself the pleasure of such a state, for the benefit of the human race.

"The distinctive characteristics of the Búddhist system are a belief in a benevolent deity, associated with inferior ones, whose special object and care it is to save men from sin and its consequences, and also the doctrine of transmigration of souls, and the efficacy of good works. In accordance with these doctrines, the religious or idolatrous rites of Búddhism consist in prayers to these gods, works of merit and austerity, and provision for the anticipated wants of the spirit in Hades, and also for the deceased relatives and friends."

Búddhism, as taught by its founder, divested of the superstitions and fables heaped upon it by its subsequent teachers, probably more nearly approaches the spirit and teachings of Christianity, than any other of the religions of the heathen world. Sakyámúni had the broadest

charity for all men and creatures. He says in so many words, "My law is a law of grace for all." He strove to establish a religion that should aid and console all hearts and all nations, for all time. "He also tries to guard man against evil, by establishing habits of chastity, temperance, and self control. He goes forward into the Christian graces of patience, and humility, and forgiveness of injuries. He has a horror of falsehood, a reverence for truth; he forbids slander and gossip; he teaches respect for parents, family, life, home.

"Yet Saint Hilaire declares that with all these merits, Búddhism has not been able to found a tolerable social state, or a single good government. It failed in India, the land of its birth. Nothing like the progress and the development of Christian civilization appears in Búddhism. Something in the heart of the system, makes it sterile, notwithstanding its excellent intentions."

The great fault of Búddhism lies in its selfishness. Sakyámúni taught and performed austerities to make merit for himself, to become Búddh, and at last to attain to Nirvana. It is on the same principle that his followers act, but in a vastly more restricted sense than that of their noble-minded leader. If a Búddhist gives alms, it is to make merit for himself; if he removes the worm from the path, that it may not be destroyed, it is to make merit for himself; if he picks up a bit of orange peel, that no one may slip on it, the aim of his act is to make merit for himself, to save his own soul, rather than to save his neighbor from a fall; long prayers and austerities are to him greater duties than his duty to his neighbors, family, or country.

The temples are numerous, costly, and imposing, and

are usually built in retired spots among the hills, excepting, of course, those necessary in large cities. There are a large number of idols in each temple, there being no less than five hundred lesser deities demanding attention. The priests usually assume their vocation when quite young, either because they are orphans, or because their parents are unable to support them. They are universally detested by the Chinese, as men devoid of proper feeling in deserting the constant relations of life, still they are much sought after, and employed to officiate in religious ceremonies.

The manner in which they are disesteemed is shown in a custom which the Chinese have of consecrating a son, for whose life they are very solicitous, to the office of a Búddhist priest, in order to secure for him good health and long life. It is not necessary that he should really become a priest, but they call him "Búddhist priest," "beggar," "dirt," "refuse," supposing that the evil spirits will be deceived as to his real value, and allow such a worthless mortal a chance for life.

The priests live in monasteries, from one to several hundreds in one institution. They spend their time in chanting and performing ceremonies in temples and private houses, and begging. Occasionally, for a consideration of money, they obtain merit for rich men who have no time for religious services, by chanting prayers and meditation for them, in solitary confinement. Women are the chief patrons and sustainers of the Búddhist temples.

Some of the larger temples are regarded as peculiarly sacred, and thousands come from long distances every year, to worship at these shrines. The worship usually

consists in burning candles and incense, making prostrations before the gods, and giving a few *cash* to the priests. The first and fifteenth of each month are particularly observed as days of worship, though any day will do. The rites and ceremonies of the monastic system of Búddhism bears so strong a resemblance to that of the Romish church, that an early Portuguese missionary to China, in astonishment and disgust, exclaimed, "There is not a piece of dress, not a sacerdotal function, not a ceremony of the court of Rome, which the devil has not copied in this country."

Lao-tse was a contemporary with Confucius, and founded Tauism, the third principal religion of China. He was chiefly a thinker, and made no attempt to elevate the people; his purpose was to repress the passions, and to preserve the soul in perfect equanimity. To retain its hold upon the people, this system has been obliged to change its form, and has passed from philosophy to superstition and the grossest idolatry.

The Dragon, a prominent, and one of the most universal objects of worship among the Chinese, is usually classed among the gods of Tauism. It is said that the Dragon once consented to show himself in his own peculiar form to a king, provided no picture should be taken of him. The king, however, broke his promise, and it is no marvel that so nondescript a creature should object to having his picture taken, since he possesses parts of the camel, deer, rabbit, cow, snake, frog, carp, hawk, and tiger. So highly do the Chinese venerate the Dragon that they can give their Emperor no greater honor than to speak of him as seated on the Dragon Throne, his coat of arms is the dragon, and to see him

is to see the dragon-face. Pictures of the dragon are everywhere seen; his domain embraces all seas, lakes, rivers, and ponds. He is not regarded as a fabulous animal, but as a real existence, which many profess to have seen. Beside the "Sea-dragon King," there are believed to be innumerable inferior dragons. Competitive examinations are supposed to be held among the dragons, corresponding to the examinations of the scholars. All kinds of the lesser water animals, once in three years, are supposed to be helped on their way to the great sea, by an elevation of the water in canals and rivers. One particular animal, living in caves, is supposed to be helped on by a flood, and so popular is this belief, that proclamations are often issued by the government officers, calling upon the people to hunt and destroy these animals, to avoid the destruction which they occasion. In times of drouth, any reptile which may be found on the edge of a dragon pool, is carried in great state to the office of the civil magistrate, who is required to worship it, and pray for rain, supposing the snake, frog, or whatever may have been caught, to be an assumed body of the dragon.

The "Three Rulers" of Heaven, Earth, and Sea, are indispensable gods of Tauism. By some they are said to have been three brothers, who, on account of their remarkable lives, became gods, others say that Lao-tse, the founder of this religion, in one breath became the "Three Pure Ones," which Tauist writers describe as a trinity in a unity. Of other idols belonging to this sect, there are vast numbers, some of them the most popular gods in China.

The temples and forms of worship differ but little

from those of Búddhism. A small class of Tauist priests are in nearly all respects like the Búddhist priests, and lead a monastic life. A larger and more respected class of Tauist priests live like the common people, dressing, marrying, and frequently engaging in business, as other men. This class are under the control of a head man, who is a priest himself, and is appointed to his office by the Emperor. They are more often called upon to perform in State worship and in families, than any other class of priests, but their temples are not so much frequented, nor is so much money spent upon them, as the Búddhist priests receive. Tauism is a species of jugglery to escape the evils of this life, offering no atonement for sin, or preparation for a life to come.

There is a form of State worship in which the common people take little or no part, nor does this State religion attempt to teach them any particular code of morals or laws. It more nearly resembles the Tauist religion, as its chief object is to avert the evils and secure the benefits of this life. Deified heroes, and gods or spirits who are supposed to exercise a good or evil influence over the affairs of this world, are the principal objects of worship. The ceremonies are performed by the mandarins and high officials of the land, many of whom have no confidence or interest in the worship, but law and ancient custom require their careful observance.

These rites are extremely formal and heartless, as the officers performing the part of priests, have little or no faith in idol worship. Their education is entirely contrary to the spirit of idol worship; one of the Sacred Edicts, which they are obliged to commit to memory, being a severe satire on idolatry. Their reverence for

custom and law requires of them that which is entirely opposed to their good sense.

All classes, clans, or sects of the Chinese worship the ancestral tablets, the kitchen god, and heaven and earth, at the beginning of the year.

Concerning the soul, the Chinese believe that each man possesses three souls, one of which goes to the judgment, another resides in the tablet, and the third in the tomb. Of the final fate of these souls, there is no uniform opinion. Transmigration is largely believed in, but not until after many changes have befallen the spirit.

EDUCATION AND LITERATURE IN CHINA.

One of the chief inducements for a Chinese to become a literary man, is the hope that he may be able to obtain government offices. Not only are these offices lucrative, but the respect for literary men is very great, a respect which is constantly accorded to them, as their prescribed dress denotes their rank and degree of learning. This respect is justly given, as the studies require long and close application, and comparatively few of the millions who elect a literary life, are able to reach the higher grades or offices.

The only course of study open, or of value to one desiring office, is a classical and historical one, prescribed by law, and in following this, lies the only hope of gaining office. Whatever may be a man's relationships, or whatever his wealth or influence, it is almost impossible for him to get office without the necessary learning.

One of the favorite maxims of the Chinese is, "By learning, the sons of the poor become great, without learning, the sons of the great are mixed with the common people."

With few exceptions, the competitive examinations, and consequently the highest offices of the land, are open to the sons of all. For three generations, the sons of public play actors, prostitutes, executioners, the lower servants of the mandarins, and the sons of jailors, are

excluded. However intelligent or well educated such persons may be, they are supposed to have inherited low, coarse natures, that unfit them to be entrusted with public offices.

No person can present himself as a candidate at the examinations, during the three years of mourning for a parent. If a man who had already attained a "degree" should present himself at the examination during the time of mourning, he would lose his rank. Literary competition is considered incompatible with sincere mourning for a parent. The Chinese regard filial duty as the highest of all duties, as the foundation of all virtue; more important than any state services. When a man's parent dies, whatever be his rank or official duties, he must at once memorialize the Emperor, and ask for three years leave to mourn the dead. He does not wait for an answer, but takes his leave, and if he did not do so, would lose the respect of the people and the esteem of the government.

In the larger cities, schools are established by government, and in many places free schools are supported by wealthy individuals, but as only the very poorest attend these, they are neither popular nor flourishing.

"The furniture of a school merely consists of a desk and a stool for each pupil, and an elevated seat for the master. Upon each desk are implements for writing, and a few books. In one corner is placed a tablet or an inscription on the wall, dedicated to Confucius, and the god of Letters. The sage is called the 'Teacher and Pattern for all Ages,' and incense is continually burned in honor of them both. A mat shed, which barely protects from the weather, the low, hot, upper attic of a

shop, a back room in a temple, and occasionally a house built for the purpose, answers for a school room." The majority of teachers are unsuccessful candidates for literary degrees, who are often men of more learning than their more fortunate brethren, but were not so ready in off-hand composition, or lacked money or influence. The teachers receive from three to twelve dollars a year, for each scholar in school, according to varying circumstances. Many families hire private tutors, paying from $150 to $350 per annum.

School opens at sunrise. At ten A. M., the boys go to breakfast, and in an hour reassemble, to study until five o'clock. The scholars all study aloud, oftentimes shouting at the top of their voices. If they flag at all, the teacher has a bamboo within easy reach. Bamboos are considered as one of the most important articles of furniture in a Chinese school.

When a boy comes into school, he salutes the tablet of Confucius, and then his teacher. There are no vacations during the year, except at New Years; there are, however, several holidays, which are all the more necessary in a land without the rest of the Sabbath.

"There is no occasion for the complaint, so often heard with us, that the teacher wishes to introduce a new book, for theirs are nearly two thousand years old, and few have any idea of their being changed for the next two thousand years. These books are all written in the book language, as different from the vernacular as Latin is from English." Every word in this written language has its independent symbol. When a boy enters school, a classic is put into his hands; the teacher reads over a few lines, which the boy repeats until he can do so cor-

rectly. The writing and reading lessons are the same, and both are continued for a year or two, until the forms and sounds of a few thousand characters are made familiar, but no particular effort is made to teach their meanings. After this, the teacher goes over the same ground, explaining the meaning.

No arithmetic, geography, natural history, science, or foreign languages, are introduced in the schools. The knowledge of figures and letter writing must be learned in shops and counting houses.

There are several government colleges, in which the classics are still further studied. Composition in prose and verse, on themes selected from the thirteen works called "Chinese classics," are regularly required. Nothing outside of the classics and the ability to compose and write rapidly, is considered necessary for a complete Chinese education. "The Chinese system of education, while it develops and stores the memory to an unprecedented extent, discourages and precludes all freedom of thought and originality."

The respect which the Chinese have for literature is shown in a curious custom that everywhere prevails in China. They collect and burn every scrap of printed or written paper, and send the ashes out in junks to the sea, where they are thrown overboard. Individuals, families and societies, all seek merit in this way. The merit consists in keeping the extravagantly revered Chinese character from being trampled upon and mingled with refuse. "A leaf from a classic or a vulgar song book, the proclamation o an officer, or a schoolboy's copy, are alike regarded. In school rooms, shops, private residences, and sometimes by the roadsides, baskets

or boxes designed for the reception of these revered scraps are placed, bearing the inscription, 'Respect printed paper.'" Men are hired to go about the streets and collect every scrap they can find. In this custom we see one of the principal reasons why Christian books, distributed by missionaries, are so carefully preserved and respectfully treated. "Few things excite the feelings and prejudices of the Chinese, or produce a more unfavorable impression with regard to foreigners, than the manner with which they treat useless printed paper."

This singular notion has been carried to such an extent, that within a few years, the ornamentation of crockery with characters has been largely prohibited.

According to theory, every civil officer in China must be a literary graduate of the second or third degree. Before striving for the first degree, it is necessary to pass two lower examinations. These are held annually. The examinations for the first degree are still more strict. Each person is placed in a separate apartment, and are even searched before entering their cells, to see that they have neither books or papers concealed about them. They are then supplied with writing materials, and themes selected from the classics, to try their skill in composition, both in prose and verse. Of the thousand or more from each district, not more than ten in a thousand receive the degree.

The trial for the second degree takes place once in three years, in all the provincial capitals. There are usually from 5,000 to 8,000 present at one of these examinations, and as not many more than one in one hundred and forty can receive the degree, the emulation and excitement are of course very great. If but one word of

a composition is written wrong—no corrections or erasures are allowed—it is thrown aside.

The examination for the third degree occurs once in three years, in Peking. Not more than three hundred of the ten thousand candidates, receive the coveted honor. These three hundred are again examined in the presence of the Emperor, and a few are chosen to fill the vacancies in the Hanlin College, from which the ministers and high officers of state are usually appointed.

The Hanlin College is the goal of every Chinese boy's ambition, in much the same way that every American boy looks forward to the possible Presidency.

These examinations are conducted with a surprising amount of carefulness, to prevent frauds and unfairness. It is only by the expenditure of hundreds, or thousands of dollars, the most painstaking duplicity, and the risk of losing previous honors, that a man can get through by other than legitimate means.

The Chinese have many little stories which they recite to their children, to encourage them to lead literary lives, and thus acquire distinction and fat offices.

Filial piety is also inculcated, in numberless anecdotes for children, and many of these stories might with much benefit, be read to lazy or undutiful children in Christian lands.

The education of women is looked upon with considerable favor. Parents of wealth and rank take great pride in the accomplishments of their daughters. Music, poetry, composition, and the classics, complete the list of studies, but it would not be considered at all proper to cultivate these at the expense of the more domestic arts. Literary ladies are highly respected, and the list

of Chinese authoresses is quite a long one. Considering the great labor it is to learn to read and write in the Chinese language, and also that women are deprived of the stimulus of the examinations, it is somewhat surprising that even a little education is found among them. The esteem in which educated women are held is encouraging to missionary effort among them, as it is not necessary to overcome prejudice as well as ignorance.

In the days of Confucius, 500 B. C., pieces of bamboo, pared thin, leaves, and reeds, were all used for writing upon, with a sharp stick or stylus. About the third century B. C., silk and cloth were employed, and hair pencils, such as are still in use. Paper made from bamboo, was invented about the first century, India ink came into use during the seventh, and the present mode of printing upon blocks was discovered in the tenth century, five hundred years before printing was discovered in Europe.

Books in China are cheap and plenty. They are hawked about the streets, circulating libraries are carried from house to house, upon movable stands, and booksellers' shops are frequent in large towns.

"The paper used for printing books, being thin and transparent, is only impressed on one side, and folded, so that every leaf is double, with the edge uncut. Books are not bound, like ours, but every work is divided into a number of separate parts, with strong paper covers. The parts in this shape are placed all together, loosely, in a square case or envelope." The books are almost wholly those of native authors. The most ancient are those most valued. But very many are seen in the shops, on medicine, agriculture, the language, religion, and poetical subjects; novels are very abundant, and theatri-

cal plays, of which some are well written and interesting.

The classics, the foundation of all Chinese learning, are mainly the writings of Confucius and Mencius, his disciple. They teach history, morality, manners, and filial duty. The immortality of the soul and the worship of God, is not taught, neither is the worship of idols taught. These works are remarkably pure and chaste in tone, and little or nothing can be found in the writings which are most highly prized, that could not be read aloud in any Christian family circle.

The Historical Writings of China are many and voluminous. Biographies of distinguished men and women are numerous, and their preparation forms a favorite branch of literary labor. Among the translations of some of these works are found many curious and interesting chapters.

For the last two hundred years, a book called the "Sacred Edicts," by the Emperor Kang-hi, has exerted a great influence upon the people of China. It is a collection of discourses upon practical subjects, each headed by a suitable proverb or text. They are sixteen in number, each a few pages in length, and written in a pleasing style. It is by law required that these be read throughout the empire by the local officers twice a month, in a hall set apart for the purpose, but at present this *preaching* is neglected, except in large towns. At the great examinations, the candidates are required to write portions of the Sacred Edicts from memory. The Sacred Edicts inculcate respect of parents, industry, learning, morality, and obedience to the laws. One chapter speaks in the most scornful and decided manner against the Búddhist and Tauist religions, and worship of idols.

Poetry forms a large part of Chinese literature, probably from the fact that every student must try his hand at poetry in the examinations. The rhymesters, however, exceed the poets, and "it is quite as easy for them to write a sonnet on shipping a cargo of tea, as to indite a love-epistle to their mistress."

Chinese novels usually have some kind of a plot, a favorite one being of the old story of true love, whose course runs not more smoothly in China than elsewhere. The hero is generally a young academician, amiable and studious, who meets no end of difficulty in obtaining the literary honors he seeks. "The young heroine is also well acquainted with letters, her own inclinations, and her father's desires, are, that she may find a man of suitable accomplishments for a husband, but after having heard of one, every sort of difficulty arises, which, of course, on the part of both are happily surmounted."

In all the Chinese literature, there are no works on the geography, languages, inhabitants, history, or governments of other countries. Works on natural history, medicine, and physiology, are few and useless, while those on mathematics, and the exact sciences, are of small account.

The following are a few of the proverbs of the Chinese, given by Dr. S. Wells Williams, in his valuable work, "The Middle Kingdom:"

"Human joys are like the skippings of a sparrow."

"To climb a tree to catch a fish, is to talk much and get nothing.

"Vast chasms may be filled, but the heart of man is never satisfied.

"A gun is not polished without rubbing, nor is a man perfected without trials.

"Let every man sweep the snow from before his own doors, and not trouble himself about the hoar frost on his neighbor's tiles.

"If you love your son, give him plenty of the cudgel; if you hate him, cram him with dainties.

"To sue a flea and catch a bite;—the results of litigation.

"The fame of good deeds does not leave a man's door, but his evil deeds are known a thousand miles off."

CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

In the Chinese Classics, government or practice, there is no virtue so much insisted upon, or considered of such importance, as respect and politeness to parents and the aged. Filial piety is considered to be the foundation of all good government, and every Chinaman's duty to his parents is paramount to his obligation to the state. Upon the death of a parent, the son, if an officer of state, is expected to resign his office and mourn for his parent during three years. The higher his office, the more imperative his duty. If a son by his talents attains rank and titles, he is required to request from the Emperor a higher title for his parents, even though they may be deceased.

Every young man is required by law to maintain his aged parents, and there is a law which spares the life of a criminal, condemned to death, if there is no other son or grandson, over the age of sixteen, to work for them.

To the Chinese, the promise connected with the command to honor father and mother, has been most amply fulfilled. Nations great, powerful, and glorious, have risen, flourished, decayed, and fallen; their people have been scattered throughout the earth, and yet their history and existence has been but as a day to the hoary antiquity of the Chinese.

Politeness is one of the most elaborate and pleasing

accomplishments of the Chinese. The first care of a father is to teach his son the language of respect toward kindred and superiors. Even in the crowded streets, and among the thronging boatmen upon the rivers, politeness and good temper is the rule. The rules of politeness are as carefully studied in the schools in China, as grammar is in those of the West. When a number of individuals are walking together, their age or rank may be inferred from the order in which they unconsciously range themselves. The bearing of literary men is very dignified and measured. When a visitor leaves his friend's house, he must back out, begging his host not to be at the trouble of accompanying him to the door, while the host is far too polite to do otherwise.

Mr. Nevius says, "This excessive politeness is noticed in the language, as well as in the manners of the people," and gives some phrases illustrating it. In asking a friend his place of residence, though it may be known that he is very poor, it is necessary to ask, "Where is your honorable mansion?" and he replies, "My hut," or "hovel," is in such a place. The wealthy answer in the same manner. The following, and a great variety of similar expressions, are constantly heard: "What is your honorable age?" "My empty" or "worthless number is forty-five." "Is your honorable wife living?" "The mean person of the inner apartment is still in life." "Is your noble son doing well at school?" "The contemptible little dog has learned a few characters." "Indeed, you are too polite and deferential." "I dare not presume to claim such a reputation."

Two officials, upon accidentally meeting, often do not notice each other, rather than spend the time necessary for

the bowings and compliments required upon recognition.

It is rather curious, that, among the personal decorations of the Chinese, there is none that they prize more than the plaited queue. Over two hundred years ago, when the Tartars invaded China, and seized the government, they obliged the Chinese to wear the queue as a sign of dependence. Many of the Chinese at that time gave their heads to the executioner, rather than to the barber. The Tartar rulers made the lack of the queue a sign of the lowest crimes, and thus firmly established the present fashion of wearing the hair among the men.

The wearing of a summer or winter cap is regulated by law. The summer cap is extremely light, the winter cap is of satin, with a wide brim of velvet, turned up all around. At the proper season, the Board of Rites announce in the Government Gazette, that the viceroy of the province has changed his cap, when the mandarins and officers at once follow his example. Yellow is a royal color, and none but those nearly related to the Emperor are allowed to wear it.

White is the color worn for mourning, and the Chinese refuse to wear it under any other circumstances. Widowers have a curious fashion of wearing their weeds sometimes after a subsequent marriage. If a man takes another wife shortly after the decease of the previous one, and before the set days of mourning for her are passed, he lays aside his white mourning girdle only for a few days, during his marriage festivities, to resume it again, until the appointed time of grief for his first love has elapsed.

The Chinaman's diet presents some strange contrasts to our own. They are particularly fond of good living.

No one can make the least claim to a fine personal appearance, unless they show that they have been well fed. When they entertain their friends to dinner, some fifty, sixty, or more courses are provided, each dish being partaken of separately, and a very long time spent over it. Beef and butter is never eaten by the Chinese, milk is only used occasionally, and then in the form of curds. Chinese cooks can scarce repress their disgust, when obliged to keep for their foreign masters' use, the "yellow scum" that rises upon milk. A missionary lady tells oi a native preacher's wife, who was almost persuaded to be a Christian; she was willing to bear all the crosses and losses, but could not make up her mind to eat butter, as her heathen friends told her she would be required to do if she joined the Christians. The Celestial nose goes quite as high over our barbarian custom of using milk, butter, and cheese, as do our noses at the mention of Chinese delicacies; as, for instance, nicely fattened cat meat. Vegetable oils, made from pea-nuts, the tallow tree, and other plants, are very bountifully used by them in the preparation of food, and renders their dishes quite unpalatable to foreign taste, though otherwise, as are the majority of Chinese foods, they would be entirely acceptable.

A kind of light wine, made of rice, and taken hot, is used in very small quantities at dinner. Drunkenness is almost unknown in China.

Opium smoking is the form of intemperance that is working death and ruin among the Chinese. They know perfectly well its evil influences, they know that if they take it regularly, in three weeks, or two months, at the most, they are its slaves, and yet, by some strange

infatuation, thousands every year begin its use. Some learn to like it by taking it in order to cure toothache, headache, or dyspepsia; others become bound to it by the fashion of "treating" with opium. Many families keep the opium-pipe and fixtures ready for the demands of fashion, and many classes of persons, when called to a house on business, refuse to act until they have been served with opium.

China is one of the most highly and carefully cultivated countries of the world, yet the agricultural implements are of the simplest and most primitive character. The plow, harrow, hoe, and sickle, comprise the list of a farmer's tools, and they are of the same pattern as those used a thousand years ago. The plow is usually drawn by water buffaloes, but sometimes men, and even women, are attached. In the present overcrowded state of the country, the introduction of better or more numerous farm implements would not be beneficial, nor profitable. Human labor, however tediously performed, is cheaper than the interest on expensive machines, and in a country where every possible industry scarce affords bread to its teeming millions, it would be disastrous to the peace of the land to introduce labor-saving machinery. Two or three crops of grain and vegetables are taken from one piece of land in a year. When it is necessary to carry grain from one part of the field to another, two large bundles are fastened to either end of a pole, and carried on a man's shoulder. Farm carts are seldom used. The grain is threshed by beating it, a handful at a time, upon a frame of slats, or with flails, on the hard ground. It is winnowed by throwing it up against the wind, or by a rude fanning-mill.

There are no fences, walls, or hedges dividing the fields. Boundaries are defined by a narrow, raised pathway. Cattle are herded by boys or girls. Hay is never made. Horses are not kept by the farmers, and cattle are only kept as beasts of burden. Light, portable chain pumps, and large, but light, bamboo water wheels are used for irrigation, which is one of the most important parts of agriculture in China.

In the spring, two ceremonies of "plowing the field," and "exhorting the farmers," are performed to encourage and give dignity to husbandry. The Emperor, or his delegate, with great pomp and ceremony, plows a few furrows, and sows five sorts of grain. The high mandarins of each province, on the same day, must observe the same rites, after which they mount a gaily ornamented platform, and exhort the farmers to the careful cultivation of their fields. At the close of the address, coarse fans and common hats, and sometimes a silver medal, are presented to some of the farmers.

China, like all old and densely populated countries, has its full share of beggars, who, in daring and importunity, are unrivalled. They frequently take their position in front of a store, and scream, pound the floor with their sticks, or beat a gong, until the shop-keeper, in very self-defense, gives the required *cash*, when the beggar goes on his way, to vex some one else. In each city there are several head men, or kings of the beggars, to whom they are subject. Merchants and business men, for a sum of money—from two to twenty or thirty dollars a year, make an agreement with the beggar king that they shall not be annoyed by the beggars. He receives a strip of red paper, on which is a sentence to

the effect that "the brethren must not come here to disturb and annoy." If a beggar comes to the door, the merchant has but to point to his strip of red paper, which is kept pasted up in a conspicuous position, when the beggar must leave. The beggars often interfere with the burial of the dead, or the annual sacrifice to the dead, and will not allow the ceremonies to proceed until they have received a liberal present.

Theaters are very common in China, but are without buildings built expressly for the purpose, scenery, drop curtain, or foot lights. They are a necessary part of many religious ceremonies, in order to propitiate the god or spirits worshipped. Temples of every kind have stages erected in front of the gods designed solely for theatrical purposes. Wealthy families frequently have platforms for play-acting erected in the court-yards, and merchants often place a platform across the street, in front of their shops, the floor being sufficiently high to allow people to pass under it. Upon this, theatricals are performed, for the benefit of the shop-keeper. Women are almost never seen upon the stage. Young boys act their part. The plays are performed in a very animated style, and the dresses are often exceedingly grotesque, and sometimes very gorgeous. Vulgar and immoral plays are comparatively rare.

The great gravity of manner, unflinching industry, and the unbounded self-complacency of the Chinese, have led Westerners to regard them as a stolid people, but in their festivals, sports, and pastimes, they show no lack of vivacity. Fire-works and fire-crackers are used on every possible occasion in China, and flash, and crack, and fizzle from year's end to year's end. No one ever thinks

of firing a single cracker, but always a pack, or more. Gambling is pursued with ruinous zeal. Athletic sports are undignified, hence little followed, but a most animated game of battledoor and shuttlecock is played, the soles of the feet being used as battledoors. Kite flying is a favorite pastime of the Chinese. The kites are made in many fantastic shapes, representing birds, butterflies, fishes, and other animals. They often try their skill in bringing down each other's kites, in imitation of hawking. On the ninth day of the ninth month, everybody takes a holiday for kite flying.

The Feast of Lanterns is the occasion of one of the most beautiful spectacles in China. On the fifteenth day of the first month, every city, village, and hamlet in the country, is splendidly illuminated with lanterns of many beautiful and curious forms. Every house, from the palace to the hut, is brilliantly lighted. Many of the lanterns represent moving figures, such as horsemen galloping round, ships sailing, soldiers marching, or people dancing, the propelling power of which is the current of air created by the heat of the lamp within. The illumination continues for three nights, and is attended by a grand display of fireworks.

The New Year's festivities last usually for fifteen days. Fuel and provisions, sufficient to last for several days, must be purchased before the New Year, and all debts either paid or arranged for. If a man refuses to pay a debt, his creditor may, on the last night of the year, go to the debtor's house, and break his furniture, smash crockery, and create general confusion. Such a beginning to the New Year is considered as most unfortunate and inauspicious. If a debtor eludes his creditor,

until New Year's morning, the creditor may still search for him, if he carries a lighted lantern, thus pretending that he is not aware that it is yet daylight, for the seeking of debtors, after a man has acknowledged that it is a New Year, is not allowed.

Five ceremonies are to be observed on New Years' days, which are, the sacrifice to heaven and earth; the worship of the gods belonging to the family; the worship of deceased ancestors; prostrations before living parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles, and the making of New Year calls.

The festival, which begins at the midnight that closes the old year, is ushered in by ceremonies of offerings, incense-burning, and numerous other rites, which last till daylight. As soon as day appears, visits of congratulation are paid and received, and New Year's gifts are sent to particular friends, always accompanied by a visiting card of red paper, on which is written the name of the donor and a list of the gifts sent. The first fifteen days of the year are the harvest of all the actors, musicians, jugglers, and gambling, smoking, and drinking booths in the Empire. Few are too poor to spend a little for amusement, while the rich provide entertainment for the poor.

Marriage customs differ in various parts of China, but a few leading characteristics may be noticed. Betrothal usually takes place when children are ten, or eleven, or twelve years of age, and is as binding as the final marriage ceremony, which must inevitably follow, a few years later, without reference to any evil that may have befallen, or been developed in either party during the intervening time.

When poor people have a daughter born to them that they do not feel able to keep, they frequently give the infant to some family, to be brought up by them as a wife for their son. Persons of the same name cannot marry, though not related.

Betrothals are always made by go-betweens. Even families who are very intimate employ a go-between to negotiate, as it would not be considered proper for any member of either family to make proposals. There are many ceremonies and superstitions to be observed, and many presents to be exchanged at the time of betrothal, but upon the final wedding days, superstition and ceremony hold high carnival. A few of the multitude of performances are the following: On the day before the wedding, the bride's wedding outfit is sifted piece by piece, in a coarse sieve, over a coal fire, to purify them of any evil influence. Before this, however, the bride's female friends are feasted, and see her try on the wedding dress. Her hair is done up in the style of married women, and her eyebrows are plucked out. She worships the ancestral tablets, her parents, grandparents, and aunts and uncles. Towards evening, four men, with musicians, torch bearers, lantern bearers, and some other attendants, go from the bridegroom's to the bride's house, with a handsome red sedan chair, which is next day to take her to his home. These persons must be lodged and feasted for the night by the bride's friends. On the morning of the wedding, the bride and her friends are expected to have a good, hearty cry, before she goes to live with strangers. Before the bride takes her seat in the sedan chair, her face and head is completely covered with a thick embroidered veil. To the music of the

band, and the firing of crackers, the bride is seated in the sedan, and the procession of musicians, lantern and torch bearers, attendants, and brothers or friends of the bride, starts on its way. A company of the bridegroom's friends soon meet the procession. After some ceremonies, which changes her name, the bride's friends, all save two female attendants, leave her, and the party proceed to her husband's house. There, surrounded by a multitude of the bridegroom's friends, they worship his ancestral tablets, go through many ceremonies, and drink wine together, after which the bride's face is uncovered, when she and her husband see each other's faces, frequently for the first time. The day is spent in feasting, congratulations, complimenting the bride, and general hilarity.

An all-prevalent and all-powerful superstition, called Fung-Shwuy, or powers of nature—literally, winds and waters, is the occasion of innumerable customs and performances. Its influence must be considered in nearly every individual or public affair of life. All classes of society bow humbly before it. The directions given in an almanac, for overpowering evil influences, will convey some idea of its meaning:

"For a fortunate flag-staff, use a long, solid beam. To a transverse pole, at the top, suspend a wooden cover, formed of four sides, and an inclined roof, like a house, to protect a lantern beneath from the rain. Write upon one side of the lantern the word 'Peace,' on the opposite, the name of the god, Tse-mi-yuen. Then the god will enter and establish himself there. If there be any evil influence exerted upon you from the neighborhood, whether it be from a large tree, from a lantern-staff,

from a high residence, from a watch-tower, from an official residence or building, or from the house of an enemy, the erection of this staff will be found efficient for your protection. Should there be a house in front of your family residence higher than your own, let a staff of moderate height be raised at your back door, or in the open court behind the house. If there be a dwelling house, or a high wall behind you, raise a flag-staff in your front open court, or before your door, to counteract its influence. Thus you will obtain prosperity."

The funerals of grown persons, and especially of parents, are as remarkable for burdensome ceremonies, extravagant manifestations of grief, and lavish expense, as those of children are for their coldness and neglect, though the little creatures were most carefully and lovingly attended until the moment of death. Infants are not buried, but are thrown into "baby-houses"—little buildings with a small hole in one side, or wrapped in a mat and thrown into the river, or thrown anywhere, out of the way, after which the house is swept, gongs beaten, and crackers fired, so that its spirit may never dare enter the house again. They suppose it to be some "short-lived spirit" or "devil," come to annoy and exact satisfaction for some old debt.

On the death of an Emperor, the Board of Rites issues directions for mourning, and all the millions of China clothe themselves in coarse sacking or white serge, lay aside every kind of ornament, and refrain from all festivities, either in public or private. During the first hundred days, men are obliged to leave their heads and beards unshaven. Marriages are not celebrated, nor any sacrifices performed in the temples. Similar ceremonies

are observed for about fifty days, on the death of the Empress-mother.

For a grown person, especially for a parent, the ceremonies and wailings are most tedious and lengthy. Lights and incense are burned before the spirit, food placed before it, money provided for its use, paper sedan-chairs, houses, furniture, and servants burned for its accommodation, and from eight to forty garments put upon the corpse. The coffins are very heavy and strong, and are made air-tight by the use of a preparation of Chinese varnish, lime, and broken crockery, pounded fine. A well made coffin, which has been painted or varnished every seventh day, for seven times, after the dead have been placed in it, may be left unburied a number of years, without any unpleasant effect. The very poor are obliged to bury their dead in a few days, to save expense, but among the rich, it would be disreputable to bury their dead under sixty days, and sometimes not for years, when there is any difficulty in obtaining a suitable resting place, that is, one well established with regard to the principles of Fung Shwuy.

The extreme anxiety concerning the bones of the dead, is caused by the belief that their spirits will haunt the living, if proper respect for them is not shown. The selection of a proper spot for a tomb is a matter of great concern. The professional diviner is employed to examine lucky sites, and decide upon the one most suitable. The hills around a Chinese city are scattered over with tombs, for there are no common cemeteries. Wealthy men spend thousands of dollars in ascertaining a spot where their spirits will rest satisfied, and secure prosperity and health to their families.

The worship of ancestors, and the offerings and prostrations before ancestral tablets, is one of the two most universal forms of idolatry. The tablets are small pillars, upon which are inscribed the names of ancestors. These may be found in every house. They are worshipped twice a month, and on every occasion of joy or ill in the family. Large ancestral halls, belonging to communities, are erected, in which the tablets of noted men are kept, and worshipped with imposing and solemn state ceremonies.

THE OPIUM WAR.

No event in the history of China has been of such portentous interest to either the Chinese, or surrounding nations, or has so greatly affected the people of China, as the Opium War. It opened to the commerce of the world one of its most extensive and wonderful kingdoms. It introduced to the people of that kingdom an insidious but mighty engine for their destruction, and one of its ultimate results is the introduction of modern civilization, and Christianity, which may be the means of the country's salvation from idolatry and opium.

Whatever the results of the Opium War finally may be, there can be no doubt that it was one of the most wicked, selfish, and cruel wars ever waged against any nation. If good arises from it, it is only because there is a Divine Power overruling the nations, who can make even the wrath of man to praise Him, restraining the remainder, which would otherwise entirely destroy the race.

"In 1833 the charter of the East India Company, which had carried on all the trade between England and China, expired, and all British subjects were equally at liberty to trade with China. Independent merchants were less honorable and careful in their dealings with the people, than had been the Company. Troubles sprang up, and mutual suspicion and hatred increased between the two nations. But the great cause of the war was the fearful

evils inflicted upon the Chinese, from the highest to the lowest, by the growth and illegal introduction of opium." The trade, which was contraband, had been extensively carried on by the Company, and had increased more than fivefold in twelve years. This drew the serious attention of the Peking government to the growing evil. Decrees were issued, ordering that all smokers, venders, or purchasers of opium, were to be beaten with a hundred strokes of the bamboo, to stand in the pillory, and to receive other punishments.

From that time until 1839, difficulties increased, and the animosity of the Chinese towards foreigners, gained strength from the persistent efforts of the English to force opium into every accessible port. A stupendous system of smuggling grew up, in which many Chinese officers were involved, and which those who sincerely deplored and resisted, were utterly unable to control.

The factories or storehouses of the European and American traders, occupied a small space along the banks of the river, outside the walls of the city of Canton. Native feeling was so high against all foreigners, that they were obliged to remain within that narrow limit.

"In January, 1839, the government sent the police to search the native houses of Canton, and seize opium wherever found. This led to a curious scene, highly characteristic of the democratic character of the Chinese institutions, and the independence of the people. The people would not allow the search to begin until they had first searched the policemen, who were generally known as the greatest opium smokers in the city. A few days after this, the Canton authorities caused a native opium smuggler to be executed in front of the factories,

whereupon all the foreign flags were immediately struck. The Governor took no notice of a remonstrance addressed him by Captain Eliot."

A week after these occurrences, the celebrated Commissioner, Lin, arrived from court, vested with the most absolute powers that were ever delegated by the Emperor. In one of his edicts, he said, "I, the Commissioner, am sworn to remove utterly this root of misery; nor will I let the foreign vessels have any offshoot left for the evil to bud forth again." "When he arrived at Canton, there were several British ships in the river, having not less than twenty thousand chests of opium on board. These he demanded should be given up without delay, to be destroyed. He blockaded the factories, and even threatened to put the occupants to death; on which the British superintendent—Captain Eliot—deemed it advisable to agree to the surrender of the opium, in order to secure the safety of his countrymen. Several weeks were occupied in landing the forfeited drug, during which the merchants were still detained in the factories; but as soon as it was ascertained that all the chests had been brought on shore, the troops were withdrawn, and the captives allowed to depart."

Commissioner Lin sent to the Emperor, asking what he should do with the seized opium, and received the following answer: "Lin and his colleagues are to assemble the civil and military officers, and destroy the opium before their eyes; thus manifesting to the nations dwelling on the sea coast, and the foreigners of the outside nations, an awful warning. Respect this. Obey respectfully." In obedience to this command, the opium was thrown into trenches, with a quantity of quick-lime, salt

and water, so that it was decomposed, and the mixture ran into the sea. The operation for destroying the drug continued about twenty days, and was witnessed by some English merchants, who had an interview with Commissioner Lin. The value of the opium was about twelve millions of Spanish dollars.

After this, the English removed to Macao, but on getting into trouble there, were obliged to go to Hong-Kong, a rocky island near the coast of China.

"The High-Commissioner Lin no sooner became aware that the British fleet had removed to Hong-Kong, than he issued a decree that all trade between the English and the Chinese should be suspended until the former had given bonds to obey the laws of the empire, signed with the names of all the owners of vessels engaged in the opium trade, as well as that of the Superintendent." This the English refused to do, trade was suspended, and the Chinese made preparations to attack the English ships. England declared war against China. For over two years, the Chinese strove bravely to resist the invasion of the English, but the Chinese army was not able to cope with the well trained English soldiery.

The Chinese military men are comparatively little respected, their social rank being considerably lower than that of husbandmen. "The Chinese soldiery are merely a militia, as they dwell at their own homes, clothe and arm themselves according to their own fancy, and are very seldom required for actual service. Their chief duty is to act as police in the cities, and assist in putting down any local disturbances or rebellion among the mountaineers, but they spend the greater part of the year with their families, engaged in cultivating the land."

The Tartar troops, which comprise probably less than half the army of eight hundred thousand men, are more warlike, regularly trained, and organized. Their training is not in the use of fire arms, which certainly seems strange, as gunpowder was known to the Chinese centuries before it was introduced into western lands. At the military examinations, proficiency in archery, in sword exercise, with ponderous swords, weighing from one hundred to one hundred and eighty pounds, and in exercises with stones of like weights, is required of the candidates for military offices.

It is scarcely surprising that the English troops, in almost every instance, were victorious over an army of such training and standing. The resistance of the Chinese was brave and determined, but ineffectual. Their principal ports were captured, and only redeemed by the payment of immense sums of money. The destruction and pillage of property was beyond all computation. The carnage was fearful, thousands of soldiers and citizens were slain, and hundreds of women, whose husbands were killed, threw their helpless infants into tanks and wells, and then destroyed themselves or each other.

After many unsuccessful attempts at negotiation, the Chinese government were at last obliged to yield to the demands of the English, and on the 29th of August, 1842, a treaty was made. "The articles of the treaty were summarily these: Lasting peace and friendship to be preserved between the two empires; China to pay the immense sum of twenty-one millions of dollars (of which twelve millions were to pay England the expenses of the war, three millions were claimed for debts due to English merchants, and six millions of dollars were

required to remunerate the owners of the smuggled opium which Lin had seized in the Canton river); the five ports of Canton, Amoy, Fu-chau, Shanghai, and Ningpo to be open to the British, who should have the liberty of appointing consuls to reside in those towns; regular tariffs of import and export duties to be established, so that merchants might not be subjected to impositions; and the island of Hong-Kong was to be ceded for ever to the Crown of England!" All subjects of Great Britain, then prisoners, were to be released, and also all Chinese subjects, who had incurred penalties by holding intercourse with British officers, were to be granted a free pardon.

Sir Henry Pottinger, the Minister of "her most gracious and religious Majesty," Queen Victoria, who had the treaty and settlement in charge, also made a proposition to the Emperor to legalize the trade in opium. The noble answer of the aged heathen Emperor, Tau-Kwang, is worthy of lasting remembrance. "It is true, I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison; gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people." Sixteen years after, his weaker son, the Emperor Hien-Fung, gave way to the overwhelming pressure from the Ministers of England, France, and America, and thus have Christian nations succeeded in firmly planting "this root of misery" among 400,000,000 of people, and as some one has truthfully said, "*Opium is as much legalized as the Gospel.*"

Though a treaty of peace had been signed between the two nations, the Chinese were far from being at peace with the English. They have always, and with

good reason, viewed the Opium War and its exactions and results, with great bitterness. The following extract from one of the papers published by some of their writers, shows their bitter feelings:

The English, "linking themselves with traitorous Chinese traders, have carried on a large trade, and poisoned our brave people with opium. Verily, the English barbarians murder all of us that they can. They are dogs, whose desires can never be satisfied. Therefore we need not to inquire whether the peace they have now made be real or pretended. Let us rise, arm, unite, and go against them. We do bind ourselves to vengeance, and express these our sincere intentions, in order to exhibit our high principles and patriotism. The gods from on high look down on us; let us not lose our just and firm resolution." This paper was agreed to at a great public meeting at Canton, and the officers declared that they could not prevent its publication.

The immediate results of the war were great insecurity of life and property in the open ports, continual outbreaks by the patriotic Chinese, the gathering at Hong-Kong, under a British and Christian flag, of the scum and offscouring of many nations, making it a den of vilest iniquity; rebellions, robbery, want, and suffering in all parts of the empire, and the return of the Emperor Tau-Kwang to idolatry.

The introduction of opium was resisted with the most noble fidelity, to the best interests of his subjects, by the Emperor Tau-Kwang. Though all classes are affected by the use of opium, as in America and Europe all classes are affected by the use of alcohol, still there are millions, and even those who are its victims, who deplore and

curse its evil influences. No words could present the case more strongly than those used by one of themselves, who thus describes the calamities which he saw around him, or in the future: "Opium is the author of the most pressing evils to the nation, the consumer of its substance, the destroyer of its people, the corrupter of its officers, and the plotter of its final subjugation."

"What is the effect of the opium trade upon Christian missions? Every man who has been engaged in the work of preaching the Gospel, healing the sick, instructing the young, and disseminating the word of God, knows the incessant and bitter objection urged by all classes to his efforts, is, that it is impossible that nations which carry opium in the right hand, can have any boon of mercy in the left." Missionaries, while denouncing the evils of opium smoking, and entreating the people not to use it, are very frequently met by the reply, "You foreigners bring it to sell, and now you exhort us not to use it. If you do not wish us to smoke it, why did you import it? If you did not bring it to sell, we could not buy it, and therefore should not use it." A missionary was driven out of Ho-man by a mob, led on by the native gentry, whose feeling was shown by shouting these words after him, "You burned our palace; you killed our Emperor; you sell poison to our people; now you come professing to teach us virtue."

The opium trade, and its effect upon the Chinese, to Americans is a question of the most vital importance. A measure of the sin of it lies at our door, for our representatives aided in establishing it, and we as a nation seem destined to reap largely of its curses. Our country is great and broad, and in comparison with China, most

sparsely settled. China swarms with humanity. Its teeming millions are slowly but surely colonizing in America. To us they come, idolaters, gamblers, and opium smokers. This last vice, which was less known in China a hundred years ago than it is in America to-day, is now a national and a growing evil. To their own hurt, and to the injury of the people among whom they go, they carry this curse. Enslaved as they are by the opium pipe, we cannot but respect them for the bravery and determination with which for years they fought against its introduction, and for the zeal and good sense with which they still strive, by tract distribution, and numberless antidotes, to warn or cure men of the great evil. While passing travelers may picture to us simply the infatuation of the opium smokers, others, well acquainted with the Chinese, tell us of the sorrow with which they regard this national evil, and of the bitterness and hatred which all Chinamen entertain for the "foreign devils" who introduced opium to the Flowery Kingdom.

A thousand missionaries, leading among the Chinese the most godly and self-sacrificing lives, could not undo the sin which Christian nations have imposed upon China, nor totally obliterate that bitterness which the Chinese justly entertain for the Western nations; nevertheless, whatever the difficulties we may have hedged about the commandment, it still stands, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

THE CHINESE IN AMERICA.

In view of the general attention that the subject of the Chinese in America is attracting, and also the necessity that all aspects of this most portentous question, should be frequently and carefully brought before our people, this chapter has been mainly compiled from Dr. Wm. Speer's very valuable work on China and the United States. Dr. Speer, from his very intimate acquaintance with the Chinese, both in their own land and in America, is well qualified and competent to speak clearly and emphatically on this subject. Shortly after the discovery of gold in California, marvelous stories of its wonderful wealth and profusion, reached China, and, as in other lands, the gold fever seized upon men of all classes and occupations. "And those who remember the strange compound of the refined and the base, the good and the bad, the men of professions and employments, who were cast together into the mines of California, will understand how the same variety existed among those who were drawn by the same motives, and in the same haste, from the opposite shore of the Pacific Ocean."

"The means to pay the expenses of the voyage are obtained by Chinese emigrants to California, in the same way in which they are by our own people, in similar circumstances." Little stores are sold out, farms mort-

gaged, friends lend aid, or money is borrowed, at a high rate of interest. The most careful inquiry, by those most competent to make such inquiry, does not show that slaves have ever been imported by the "companies" or capitalists, to be worked against their own will, and for the advantage of the employer. The abuse and cruel treatment of the Chinese emigrants by the agents and ship-masters of Christian nations, has been fearful, and it became necessary for the English, French, American, and Chinese governments, to enter into an agreement for their protection.

There are at present about 85,000 Chinese in California. This estimate is based upon the census report for 1870, and the reported arrivals and departures of the Chinese to and from California. In 1870, according to the census, there were less than 50,000 Chinese in California; since that time the annual arrivals have been about 13,000, the annual departures 5,000. The death rate is about two per cent. of the average number of residents; and the birth rate is practically nothing. From six to seven thousand of these are women, the larger part of whom are women of bad character. "The character of their women in California has been constantly urged against the Chinese there. Among the better class of that people, this is a very bitter subject. One of the first of their people who came to California, was a woman from Hong-Kong—not from China proper, but from a Christian Queen's dominion. She was a bold, cunning, and bad woman, who saw at once the profit which might be reaped from the importation of abandoned women. She had several brought over. The respectable Chinese in San Francisco used their utmost efforts to compel their

return, but in vain. The matter was brought before our courts, and these men were compelled by our laws to submit to what they saw would be a cause of untold injury to their and our people." The difficulties which prevent the Chinese from bringing their families with them, are many. Their prejudices, the expense of bringing them, and of living here, the wants of parents and children in China, and many other excuses, are given. But inducements should be offered by employers and ship captains, to bring their families with them. Their moral improvement would thus be greatly accelerated.

To judge correctly concerning a people, we should know something of their capabilities. The industry of the Chinese, their habits of economy, their intelligence, and the variety of their employments, deserve attention and full appreciation. "Ages of toil seem to have tamed the nature of the Chinese, till now patience and diligence have become elements of both mind and body. They work because they love work, honor work, and maintain happiness and self-respect by work."

Foreigners in China see this national characteristic exhibited in manifold ways. The tea they purchase is prepared with an amount of manual labor that is almost beyond belief. Silk is wrought with a care, and embroidered with a delicate skill which is not known elsewhere. The paintings upon rice-paper are so elaborately finished in every vein, and stripe, and spot, and tint of a butterfly's wing, or of the petals of a tiger lily, or of the bright feathers of a tropical pheasant, that one has to examine them carefully, to be satisfied that they are not the article itself, attached to the surface."

The next cardinal virtue of the Chinese is economy.

There is no people in any nation who exercise greater economy and carefulness in the use of materials, tools, or utensils, or in the saving of odds and ends, than the Chinese. They understand the value of time, and are economical of it, just as they are of money.

The intelligent, straightforward, and sensible manner in which the Chinese work, is another worthy characteristic. In this respect they are far superior to laborers of some of the European nations. Combined with intelligence is willingness and politeness. It amounts to cheerfulness and mirthfulness among each other, and those with whom they feel at ease. But to employers generally they manifest a most refreshing promptness and willingness to do just what they are asked to do.

Such are some of their good points. "Have these people no faults? Yes. They are suspicious until they become thoroughly acquainted with us; they are often dishonest; they often lie; they feel unsettled in this country; and they are in danger of temptations to sensuality."

Though the Chinese have these serious faults, they are not destitute of honor or moral considerations, and by properly appealing to them, they may be won to faithfulness. It is not for Americans to say that the Chinese have the monopoly of lying, cheating, or thieving, nor to scorn them too proudly, as suspicious or sensual minded. May we who extol and long for missionary work, not be disheartened nor disgusted when we find such work brought to our doors.

"Our people require considerable time to become accustomed to the strange looking race who go so quietly, and, as some unused to them would imagine, slowly about their daily tasks. They will not bear

goading, or harsh language. They abhor irritability, and despise fretfulness. They rebel against irregular hours of toil, and bad and insufficient food. Their characteristics of industry, economy, and intelligence, must make them a treasure in many an American home. And it is the pleasant experience of their usefulness in families, which has made so many of the better class of people in California and the neighboring states their warm friends, and impatient with the injuries which chiefly low white foreigners have inflicted upon them."

The Chinese "companies" in San Francisco, and their branches in the principal towns of California, have been a continual puzzle to Americans. Through ignorance, the Americans have regarded them with fear, jealousy, and hatred, supposing them to be the centers of slavery and oppression. Careful investigation by competent persons, shows that the companies are benevolent institutions, having no object but the well doing and welfare of its members in view.

A company house is thus described: "Upon entering the house by the side door, an uncovered area, in accordance with Chinese custom, is seen in the middle, from which rooms open toward the front and rear, the stairs ascend on either side to the second story. The smaller apartments below are occupied by the managers and servants of the company. The largest hall is pasted over with sheets of red paper, covered with writing. These contain a record of the name and residence of every member of the company, and the amount of his subscription to the general fund. The upper story and the attic, with the outbuildings on the upper side, are, it may

be, filled with lodgers, nearly all of whom are staying but temporarily on a visit from the mines, or on their way to or from China. A few sick persons lie on their pallets around, and a group here and there discuss a bowl of rice, or smoke and chat together. In the rear is the kitchen. All is quiet, orderly, and neat."

A few extracts from the constitution and rules of one of these companies, will give a clearer idea of their peaceful, just, and law-abiding character, than a long explanation could convey. The strict requirement that their members should obey the laws of America, contrasted with the utter lawlessness of the majority of Americans in China, puts the "Heathen Chinee" in a most favorable light. "Since it is necessary for the government of such associations, and the promotion of the common good, that some rules should be adopted, we, members of the Yeung-wo Company, now dwelling in a foreign country, have established those which follow: * * * They are in conformity with the customs of the foreign country in which we are sojourning. We trust they will be exactly observed by common consent. * * * The entrance fee shall be ten dollars. * * * No fees will be required from those proved to be invalids, or from transient persons. * * * In the Company's house there must be no concealment of stolen goods; no strangers brought to lodge; no gunpowder, or other combustible material; no gambling; no drunkenness; no cooking (except in the proper quarters); no burning of sacrificial papers; no accumulation of baggage; no filth; no bathing; no filching of oil; no heaps of rags and trash; no wrangling and noise; no injury of the property of the company; no goods belonging to

thieves; no slops of victuals. For the weightier of these offences, complaint shall be made to the police of the city; for the lighter, persons shall be expelled from the company.

"Invalids that cannot labor, are poor, and without relatives, may be returned to China at the expense of the Company for their passage money; but provisions and fuel, and other expenses, must be obtained by subscription. Coffins may be furnished for the poor, but of such a careful record shall be kept.

"Quarrels and troubles about claims in the mines should be referred to the Company, where they shall be duly considered. * * * If, when foreigners do injury, a complaint is made, and the Company exerts itself to have justice done, without avail, it ought to be submitted to. * * * Difficulties brought upon men by their own vices and follies, will not receive attention. Thievery and receiving of stolen goods will not be protected; nor will troubles in bawdy houses, nor those in gambling houses, nor debts to such, nor extortions of secret societies, nor the quarrels of such associations, nor those who are injured in consequence of refusal to pay their licenses, nor smuggling, nor any violation of American laws. * * When the conduct of an individual is such as to bring disgrace on the Company, and his countrymen, he shall be expelled, and a notice to that effect be placarded in each of the five Companies' houses; nor will the Company be responsible for any of his subsequent villainies, or even make any investigation, should he meet with a violent death." * * * * * *

These companies are a great saving of trouble and expense to the Chinese in the collection of debts, settle-

ment of disputes, and the relief of the sick and unfortunate, and are a remarkable illustration of their practical wisdom. Without them, California could not have been so exempt from crime and strife among them; but, as in the wisest of human arrangements, their designs are not always so well executed as planned.

"The Chinese were at first kindly treated and publicly welcomed, but when it was found that they in some sense interfered with the whites, that they would work for less wages, while others were idle, that they did not readily learn our language, or mingle freely with the rude men of those times, public sentiment began to turn against them." The principal complaints at present brought against the Chinese are, that they are crowding out and rendering it impossible for American laborers to obtain an honest livelihood, that they are annually sending to China millions of our money, that they are exporting large fish, and destroying small ones, by wasteful fishing, to the amount of a million or two of dollars yearly, that they do not spend their earnings here, nor come here to seek a home. Competitive labor should be regarded not simply in its relations between man and man, between the Chinaman and the Irishman, or German, but in its bearing upon the highest good of all. Very many of the public improvements of the State of California could not have been accomplished had there been none but the more expensive white laborers available. "The roads among the mountains, the leveling of the rugged and broken streets of various cities and towns, the introduction of pure water from distant streams into these places, the reclamation of swamp or overflowed lands, and similar important enterprises, have

owed their projection and success mainly to the fact that there were thousands of laborers to be procured at rates which would render the outlay of capital remunerative." The directors of the Central Pacific Railroad declared that they would not have dared to undertake the building of that road had they been unable to procure Chinese labor. The grain and fruit crops of California are more valuable than the gold crop, but with only expensive white laborers to cultivate and garner them, they can never be brought into successful competition with the grain markets of Europe and the Atlantic States.

The Chinese undoubtedly do send a large amount of treasure to China, but probably far less than the Irish, Germans, Norwegians, Scandinavians, and people of other European nations annually remit to their homes, and far less than Americans send out of the country for foreign luxuries. Could the Chinese feel assured of protection and justice on our shores, they would be in less haste to send their gains to China, and would probably seek to introduce valuable productions and manufactures.

Much of this gold has been gained from mines abandoned by white men as not sufficiently productive, or requiring too severe labor. For the poor privilege of working mines that without them would have been unproductive—they rarely own a good mine—they pay annually into the State treasury from sixty to eighty thousand dollars.

The Chinese are not only great fish consumers, but the most successful of fish raisers. A few wise laws would not only protect our fisheries, but greatly increase their productiveness. The early settlers in California,

from any place or nation, did not intend to make that State their home, nor would any one think of doing so now, did they suffer the same wrongs, the same sense of oppression and insecurity as that to which the Chinese are subjected.

The estimate of the Chinese in this country has been one-sided and biased. Their vices, that are undeniable, are so often represented, we conclude too hastily that they are without redeeming qualities.

The high-born and superior-minded American traveler and reporter, when they wish to write up the Chinese quarter in San Francisco, seek out the opium dens, the gambling dens, and the courtezans, rather than any possible good that may exist.

The robberies, burnings, murders, and unjust taxation which white men have inflicted upon the Chinese in California are almost past belief; the forbearance, conciliatory and respectful conduct of the Chinese under such trials, seems stranger still. Had a small fraction of such abuse been put upon Americans in China, our government would have declared war against that country. It is not dullness or stolidity which causes them to remain so patient under such persecution, but sound good sense, which makes them aware of the utter uselessness of violent resentment, or even of prosecution in the courts, while the laws of the State forbid their giving evidence against a white man. The remonstrances and requests of the Chinese to the State government, and to Congress, asking for fair dealing, are most just, eloquent, and conclusive. None should more readily put away all foolish prejudice, or be more anxious that the Chinese on our shores should receive justice, than persons interested in

the success of missions. There is no greater barrier to their acceptance of the religion of Jesus, than the outrages and contempt which they suffer in America. A paragraph from their most eloquent appeal to Congress shows this: "Heaven brought forth one Jesus, and ordained him to be a teacher in foreign lands. Now Jesus also (as well as Confucius) taught mankind the fear of Heaven. He showed that the chief end is to pray for eternal life. He comprehended the reverence due to Heaven, and the obligations of virtue. He was in accord with the holy men of China. He looked on all beneath the sky as one great family. He did not permit distinctions of men into classes to be loved or despised. But now, if the religion of Jesus really teaches the fear of Heaven, how does it come that people of your honorable country, on the contrary, trample upon and hate the race which Heaven most loves, that is, the Chinese? Should this not be called rebellion against Heaven? And how is it possible to receive this as of the religion of Heaven?"

"The question of the preparatory qualifications necessary for citizenship in the case of the Chinese, is one of the most serious that has come before the people of the United States. The continent will, in the course of time, be occupied by millions of them. They are naturally one of the shrewdest races in the world. Scarcely any other race can compare with them in capacity for organization, and in adroitness in political management. No question relating to the African race is a hundredth part so important as that which fixes the political power of the Chinese.

"An intelligent acquaintance with our institutions and

principles should be made imperative where application is made for the privilege of naturalization, and the converse duty is obligatory upon us of affording all possible aid in the way of schools and other educational advantages. And the warning cannot be given in language too strong, that if these claims of reason, humanity and patriotism be despised, the hereditary jealousies of their native districts and clans, the unavoidable control of the masses of them, by those most acquainted with our laws and customs, the tricks of our politicians; their untaught passions, and their uncorrected fears, will inflict upon us severe and not unmerited retribution."

AN EMPEROR'S EDICT.

Two hundred years ago, the great Kang-hi sat upon the throne in China. For sixty years he reigned as a father over his people, enacting many wise laws, and encouraging every art, industry, or branch of learning which he thought might enrich his country or benefit his people. Of all the books written or published by the rulers of China for the instruction or improvement of the Chinese, none has exerted so great an influence as the Shing-Yu, or Sacred Edicts of Kang-hi. He commanded that these sixteen discourses should be read twice a month in public halls, that no one need be ignorant of the rules of morality and justice published by the Emperor. Students are required to commit the whole book to memory, and at the examinations to write, without a single error, any given portion of it. The seventh discourse, of which the following is an extract, has had a great influence in making the literary men unbelievers in the idolatries of Búddhism and Tauism:

"You simple people know not how to discriminate; for even according to what the books of Búddha say, he was the first born son of the King Fan; but, retiring from the world, he fled away alone to the top of the Snowy Mountains, in order to cultivate virtue. If he regarded not his own father, mother, wife, and children, are you such fools as to suppose that he regards the multitude of the living, or would deliver his laws and doctrines to

you? The imperial residence, the queen's palace, the dragon's chamber, and the halls of state—if he rejected these, is it not marvelous to suppose that he should delight in the nunneries, monasteries, temples, and religious houses, which you can build for him? As to the Gemmeous Emperor, the most honorable in heaven, if there be indeed such a god, it is strange to think he should not enjoy himself at his own ease in the high heavens, but must have you give him a body of molten gold, and build him a house to dwell in!

"All these nonsensical tales about keeping fasts, collecting assemblies, building temples, and fashioning images, are feigned by those sauntering, worthless priests and monks to deceive you. Still you believe them, and not only go yourselves to worship and burn incense in the temples, but also suffer your wives and daughters to go. With their hair oiled, and faces painted, dressed in scarlet, and trimmed with green, they go to burn incense in the temples, associating with the priests of Búddha, doctors of Reason, and barestick attorneys, touching shoulders, rubbing arms, and pressed in the moving crowd. I see not where the good they talk of doing is; on the contrary, they do many shameful things that create vexation, and give people occasion for laughter and ridicule.

"Further, there are some persons, who, fearing that their good boys and girls may not attain to maturity, take and give them to the temples, to become priests and priestesses of Búddha and Reason; supposing that after having removed them from their own houses, and placed them at the foot of grandfather Fúh (Búddha) they are then sure of prolonging life! Now I would

ask you, if those who in this age are priests of these sects, all reach the age of seventy or eighty, and that there is not a short-lived person among them ?

"Again, there is another very stupid class of persons, who, because their parents are sick, pledge their own persons by a vow before the gods, that if their parents be restored to health, they will worship and burn incense on the hills, prostrating themselves at every step, till they arrive at the summit, whence they will dash themselves down ? If they do not lose their lives, they are sure to break a leg or an arm. They say themselves, 'To give up our own lives to save our parents, is the highest display of filial duty ?' Bystanders also praise them as dutiful children, but they do not consider that to slight the bodies received from their parents, in this manner, discovers an extreme want of filial duty.

"Moreover, you say that serving Fúh is a profitable service; that if you burn paper money, present offerings, and keep fasts before the face of your god Fúh, he will dissipate calamities, blot out your sins, increase your happiness, and prolong your age ! Now reflect, from of old it has been said, 'The gods are intelligent and just.' Were Búddha a god of this description, how could he avariciously desire your gilt paper, and your offerings, to engage him to afford you protection ? If you do not burn gilt paper to him, and spread offerings on his altar, the god Fúh will be displeased with you, and send down judgments on you ! Then your god Fúh is a scoundrel! Take, for example, the district magistrate. Should you never go to compliment and flatter him, yet, if you are good people, and attend to your duty, he will pay marked attention to you. But

transgress the law, commit violence, or usurp the rights of others, and though you should use a thousand ways and means to flatter him, he will still be displeased with you, and will, without fail, remove such pests from society.

"You say that worshipping Fúh atones for your sins. Suppose you have violated the law, and are hauled to the judgment seat to be punished; if you should bawl out several thousand times, 'O your excellency ! O your excellency !' do you think the magistrate would spare you ? You will, however, at all risks, invite several Búddhist and Rationalist priests to your houses, to recite their canonical books and make confession, supposing that to chant their mummery drives away misery, secures peace, and prolongs happiness and life. But suppose you rest satisfied with merely reading over the sections of these Sacred commands several thousands or myriads of times, without acting conformably thereto, would it not be vain to suppose that his imperial majesty should delight in you, reward with money, or promote you to office ?"

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN CHINA.

In no mission field have the hindrances to the propagation of the Gospel seemed greater than in China. In no other field have those hindrances more largely been the fruit of the unholy lives and infamous deeds of professedly Christian people and nations. From our standpoint, some of the principal barriers to the introduction of Christianity among the Chinese, are apparently as follows:

The intense pride of the Chinese in their nation, antiquity, and learning, which precludes all curiosity and inquiry concerning newer or less popular beliefs. The utter materialism of the Chinese, which discerns no motive for goodness or self-sacrifice, except as it may result in temporal good, is one of the great barriers to their desire for, or acceptance of a more spiritual life. The deep depravity of heart and life, covered over as it is with pompous courtesy, induces a form of self-righteousness most difficult to affect. The acquirement of the language long seemed an obstacle, but that is no longer considered, since missionaries of all denominations save the Roman Catholic, have mastered it. The language itself, however, presents serious difficulties, as all the conceptions of the Chinese mind are essentially earthly. Among all the forty thousand words of their tongue, capable of expressing every shade of human

passion and vice, in which the tenets of three religions are taught, there is no word clearly expressing the idea of God as a Supreme Divinity, nor "suitable phraseology to describe one of the graces of the Spirit." Many portions of the best translations of the Bible are unintelligible to the Chinese reader, as new combinations of words have been necessarily introduced, to express ideas entirely foreign to their minds. The Bible in China needs, more than in any other land, the oral interpreter, to explain not only its teachings, but the ideas of God, heaven, eternal life, all the fundamental principles that underlie its rules of action.

Viewed from the Chinaman's standpoint, the obstacles to his acceptance, or even consideration, of Christianity, seem still greater, and more difficult to overcome. Their reasons are based upon what they have seen of the evil lives of adventurers and unworthy representatives of Christian nations; upon what they have suffered in cruel and unjust wars, and what they do daily suffer from the infamous opium trade, forced upon them through the unholy greed of Christian nations. These reasons are set forth in a tract written by a Chinese, and translated by Mr. Medhurst. He declared "that it was monstrous in barbarians to attempt to improve the inhabitants of the celestial empire, when they were so miserably deficient themselves. Thus, introducing among the Chinese a poisonous drug, for their own benefit, to the injury of others, they were deficient in benevolence; sending their fleets and armies to rob other nations of their possessions, they could make no pretentions to rectitude; allowing men and women to mix in society and walk arm through the streets, they showed that they

had not the least sense of propriety; and in rejecting the doctrines of the ancient kings, they were far from displaying wisdom; indeed, truth was the only good quality to which they could lay the least claim. Deficient, therefore, in four out of the five cardinal virtues, how could they expect to renovate others? Then, while foreigners lavished money in circulating books for the renovation of the age, they made no scruple of trampling printed paper under foot, by which they showed their disrespect for the inventors of letters. Further, these would-be exhorters of the world were themselves deficient in filial piety, forgetting their parents as soon as dead, putting them off with deal coffins only an inch thick, and never so much as once sacrificing to their manes, or burning the smallest trifle of gilt paper for their support in the future world. Lastly, they allowed the rich and noble to enter office without passing through any literary examinations, and did not throw open the road to advancement to the poorest and meanest in the land. From all these it appeared that foreigners were inferior to Chinese, and therefore most unfit to instruct them."

We may smile at some of these objections to foreign teachers, but they are not to be lightly set aside. With the inborn sense of justice that God has implanted in every human heart, and the ideas of propriety and decency which the customs of thousands of years have instilled, these reasons, to the Chinese, are weighty and powerful almost past our comprehension. They are far more important to them than any reasons, not purely moral and religious, that we may hold for wishing to give them our Christianity and civilization, as, for instance,

their utter lack of cleanliness or sanitary measures, their bondage to the superstitions of Fung Shwuy, their want of all means of rapid transit or communication by telegraph or railroad, or their barbarous methods oi punishment. Our seeming disrespect of ancestors is to the Chinese one of their most serious objections to Christian people and teachings, and the renunciation of no heathen custom brings greater reproach or trial to the Chinese convert, than the failure to worship the ancestral tablets.

St. Thomas, who traveled farther on his missionary tours than St. Paul, is said to have preached the Gospel in China. The first Christian mission to China, of which we have any authentic record, was that of the Nestorians, begun about the year A. D. 505. For over six hundred years, the Nestorians labored in China, making thousands upon thousands of converts, some of them persons in high office. Marco Polo, who went to China in the year 1274, and spent seventeen years there among the people, part of the time holding office at the court, speaks of the Nestorians as numerous, respected, and long established, though at that time fallen considerably under the influence of heathenism. In the year 1369, when the Mongols were expelled from China, the Nestorians ceased missionary effort. Eventually their churches fell away, and their religion was forgotten. The only trace of them that now remains is a monument in Singau Fu, in Shensi. This monument was erected A. D. 781, and bears a long inscription in Chinese and Syriac, recording the successes of the Nestorians. The translation of it may be found in Williams' Middle Kingdom. A late writer "suggests, that the 'Nameless Sect' in China,

which has frequently shown a friendly spirit to Protestant missions, may be a remnant of the wide-spread Nestorian work. The followers of this sect are very numerous in China, particularly in the province of Shantung, and are intensely disliked by the authorities. Their religion is said to have come from the West, from whence they also expect a deliverance. They do not worship idols, and have a religious form resembling the Lord's Supper."

In the latter part of the thirteenth century, Romish missions were first established in China. One of the earliest missionaries of that church, Corvino, seems to have been an earnest and devout man, who did considerable good. His work, however, was in the Tartar language, among the Mongols, who were at that time the ruling power in China, and did not reach the native Chinese. Upon the expulsion of the Mongols, the priests and their adherents were scattered and lost.

From that time until 1851, the missions of the Roman Church were feeble and fluctuating, leaving scarce any record. After preaching in India and Japan, Francis Xavier resolved to carry the Gospel into China, but died upon a small island off the coast. In 1581 Matteo Ricci established himself at Canton, and by his policy, accomplishments, and wily suavity, gained a foothold for himself and his coadjutors. His religion was of the flimsiest sort, as he allowed ancestral worship, also that his followers should join in idol processions and worship, provided that they bowed before the symbol of the cross hidden by flowers. While the Jesuits extolled him, the stricter sects of Romish priests were at constant variance with him. One of them speaks of him in the following

terms: "The king found in him a man full of complaisance; the pagans a minister who accommodated himself to their superstitions; the mandarins a polite courtier, skilled in all the trickery of courts, and the devil a faithful servant, who, far from destroying, established his reign among the heathen, and even extended it to the Christians." The hundred and fifty years following Ricci's entrance to China, was the most prosperous period of the Roman missions. Adam Schaal, a German Jesuit, became the tutor of the Emperor, and a chief minister of State. Many converts were made among the rich and noble. Occasional severe persecutions arose, sometimes because the Jesuits were gaining too much political power, and sometimes as a result of the violent and disgraceful quarrels between the Jesuits, who followed Ricci's principles, and the Dominicans and Franciscans, who considered him disloyal to religion and the Pope.

The Emperor Kang-hai, who died in 1722, after a reign of sixty-one years, denounced every form of idolatry in the strongest terms, and also commands his people concerning the Romish missionaries, as follows: "Even this sect, who talk about heaven and prate about earth, and of things without shadow and without substance—their religion also, is unsound and corrupt. But because the teachers of this sect understand astronomy, and are skilled in mathematics, the government employs them to correct the calendar. This, however, by no means implies that their religion is a good one. You should not on any account believe them. The law is very rigorous against these left-hand-road and side-door sects. Their punishment is determined in the same way as that of the masters and mistresses of your dancing gods, or

your male and female conjurors." In 1724 the Emperor Yung-ching issued an edict forbidding the propagation of the Tien Chu kiau, or religion of the Lord of Heaven, and banishing all missionaries from the country save those needed at Peking for scientific purposes. Since that time they have experienced various degrees of quiet and storm, but their influence and numbers have been constantly decreasing.

The Rev. Robert Morrison stands father of Protestant missions to China. His course presents a marked contrast to that of either the Nestorian or the Romish missionaries. He sought neither power nor influence from the rich or the great. In 1807 he entered Canton as agent of the London Missionary Society. He lived in a quiet and unobtrusive manner, in a room in an American factory, adopted the Chinese customs, discarded the society of foreigners, and sought only the acquaintance of the Chinese. His first object was to translate the Scriptures and compile a dictionary. A better understanding of his position induced him to resume his own dress, and to mingle more with foreigners. He never preached, except to a small congregation in his own house. He baptized his first convert in 1814. Besides his translation of the Bible, and his Chinese dictionary, "more comprehensive and correct than any preceding one," he published a number of works in Chinese and English. For twenty-seven years he labored in China, the greater part of the time alone. Though his work was quietly done, without show or ostentation, his name and influence for the last sixty years have been a missionary stimulus the world round.

Morrison's labors were pursued amid the greatest

difficulties and discouragements, but with the most sublime faith. In China itself he had but three assistants, and those only for the latter part of the twenty-seven years of his work. "After all his toil, and faith, and prayer, he saw only three or four converts, no churches, schools, or congregations, publicly assembled; but his last letter breathes the same desires as when he first went out. 'I wait patiently the events to be developed in the course of Divine Providence. The Lord reigneth. If the Kingdom of God our Savior prospers in China, all will be well; other matters are comparatively of small importance.'"

It was not until 1844, ten years after Morrison's death, that there was any promise of toleration for the "Religion of the Lord of Heaven", or of safety to its missionaries. At that time the French made a treaty with the Chinese, in which it was agreed that missionaries and Christians might live in five of the seaport towns. It was not until 1860, however, that the Chinese made treaties with the American, English, French, and Russian governments, that China felt bound to respect, and which permitted missionaries to travel and preach in the interior.

The early missionaries were obliged to find homes and opportunities for work among Chinese emigrants, on the islands along the coast. That work was never very successful, owing to the fluctuating character of the inhabitants, and has been almost entirely given up, in favor of the greater opportunities opened by the treaties. There are at present thirty missionary societies represented in China. Thirteen of these are American, twelve British, and the remainder European. Of the 436 mis-

sionaries laboring in China, more than half are women. About thirty native ordained preachers, and over six hundred native agents of all kinds, are endeavoring, in preaching, teaching, Bible and tract distribution, to bring their fellow countrymen to Christ. Ten thousand church members are reported by the Protestant missionary societies. The translation of the Bible into the Mandarin dialect, the language of the common people of the great North, and the dialect used by scholars throughout China, probably carries the Word of God to more millions of human hearts than any other version save the English.

The history of missions in China furnishes many examples of the most earnest, prolonged, and successful missionary labors. Dr. Milne, Dr. Medhurst, and Mr. Stronach, were the chief members of the committee for the revision of the Bible, and this they accomplished, in addition to other labors innumerable. Dr. Bridgman, for sixteen years, besides preaching, teaching, and translating, edited the "Chinese Repository," a most valuable depository of information concerning China and its people. David Abeel in apostolic labors laid down his life for China, and in his earnest appeals, both in England and America, for China, aroused in many hearts a living, working interest in Chinese missions. He was the first to urge the necessity of Women's Foreign Missionary Societies. Dr. S. Wells Williams, in over forty years of labor for China, has accomplished a work that will bear fruit for generations to come. Many other names might be mentioned, did space permit, of noble men and women, who toiled long years in China, who gave up native land, friends, health, and even life itself, that China

might be redeemed, and were not permitted to see the first fruits, the promise of a glorious harvest of souls, which we see. At the desk, among type and printing presses, in hospitals, treating loathsome diseases, combating ignorance and superstition in small schools, teaching not only the learning of books, but the first principles of cleanliness and godliness, those noble souls toiled, and finally went to their rest, praising God for the privilege of being at least seed sowers. We look over to China, and what do we see? A glorious company of Chinese Christians, testifying, by their daily lives, by their self-sacrifice, and their constancy under persecution, their genuine faith in Christ.

As the Chinese see more of the lives, and hear more of the preaching of the missionaries, as they come to understand that they are not seeking wealth, or political power, that they are entirely anti-opium, as well as opposed to all forms of vice and superstition, as they see the upright, peaceful lives of the converts, they acknowledge the beneficent efforts and effects of Christianity. The Chinese government in the treaties of 1860, distinctly expresses, in four separate articles, its faith in Christianity, as pure, peaceable, and virtuous. Quite recently, an important proclamation has been issued by the Foreign Office at Foochow, China, explanatory of the rights of Christians, as established by the treaties with foreign powers. It declares: (1) That contributions levied on Christians for processions, temples, theatrical exhibitions, etc., are illegal; Christians who refuse to pay such contributions are not to be molested. (2) The right of foreigners to leased houses and chapels in the cities and villages, is not to be questioned. (3) Chris-

tians are to be treated with propriety. (4) The term "barbarian" cannot be lawfully applied to foreigners. (5) It is perfectly legal for foreigners to live inland in the departments, districts, cities, and villages, and they must not be annoyed.

The literati in the province of Canton have been so impressed by the work and effect of Christian missionaries, that they formed a society, called the "Society of Sustaining Love," opened six preaching places for the proclamation of the doctrines of Confucius, established some twenty free schools, and opened a hospital with four attending physicians. One of these societies during its first year raised $125,000, another received $75,000.

The number of converts is growing in a constantly increasing ratio. At Ningpo, where twenty years ago there were but twenty native Christians, there are now between four and five hundred, and six organized churches in the vicinity, some of them self-supporting. Who can wonder at such increase, when testimony like the following comes from Ningpo.

A man of respectability and means came into the preaching-room of the mission, and said that he had never heard the Gospel, but had seen it. "I know a man," he said, "who used to be the terror of his neighborhood. If you gave him a hard word, he would shout at you and curse you for two days and two nights without ceasing. He was as dangerous as a wild beast, and a bad opium smoker. But when the religion of Jesus took hold of him, he became wholly changed. Gentle, not soon angry, moral, and his opium was left off. Truly, the doctrine is good."

The Methodist mission waited ten years for the first

convert, now they report some two thousand. When we look at the character of those converts, what wonder that souls are daily added. One man, while at Peking, to attend a literary examination, heard the Gospel at a Methodist chapel, was converted and baptized, when he returned to his own village, four hundred miles distant, and began to preach Christ, first to his own family, and then in the various towns within a circle of twenty miles. In a few weeks his son set out for Peking on foot, bearing with him the names of a number of persons desiring to become Christians. Ting Mi Ai, an unmarried man, was appointed to a poor circuit with five appointments. He believed that his support should come from his people, rather than from the Board in America. For one year he received about twenty-one dollars. When his brethren expressed their sympathy for him in his poverty, and wished to take up a collection for him, he said, "It is all well, life still remains, sinners are converted, and I am content." The collection of two dollars he could scarce be persuaded to take, because it did not come from his people. Others with him are ready to suffer and to want, that when they preach, they need not meet the reproach of the heathen that "their mouths are bought," or that "they eat foreign rice," and hence their words are unworthy of attention, being spoken only for gain. Out of the largeness of their hearts they find still another reason for refusing, as far as possible, support from the Board in America. Hu Po Mi says: "We can only have the light of the sun for twelve hours; then it must go on to shine on other nations. We have basked in the light of the Missionary Society our full time now; we must let it go to shine upon the lands that

are still in darkness, waiting for it." The converts on no mission field suffer greater pecuniary loss than the native Christians of China. They cannot serve as government officers, as heathen and idolatrous rites are demanded of them. In the service of their heathen countrymen, they are unable to observe the Sabbath, if they follow trades, or have shops of their own, they lose customers by closing their business on Sunday, and yet, notwithstanding the disabilities and losses of the membership, nowhere have mission churches been more zealous to become self-supporting.

Scattered up and down the coast of China, from Canton to Kalgan, two thousand miles northward, are these few Christians, striving to live pure and upright lives among the millions of corrupt, bribing, lying idolaters; in times of peace proclaiming Christ by their lives and words, and giving of their poverty for the support of the Gospel, but under persecution showing the true spirit of the martyrs, bearing stripes, stoning, imprisonment, revilings, the destruction of their property, and sometimes laying down their lives for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, with Christian forbearance and fortitude.

We may regard with pleasure and pride the work already accomplished, but it is scarcely sufficient to bring us to a realization of the vast work yet to be done, before the prophecy concerning the Land of Sinim shall be fulfilled. In the provinces where missions are already established, there is not one ordained minister to a million of people—in nine inland provinces are 180,000,000 of Chinese, and not a resident missionary among them, and still beyond these lies the vaster country of Chinese Tartary, as yet unreached by the remotest effect of mission-

ary labor or teaching. That China shall yet become a Christian nation, that the teachings, the prejudices, and beliefs that for the last two thousand years have been instilled into Chinese minds, shall be superseded by the principles of Christianity seems most improbable, but the promises of God are sure and unfailing, and sooner or later, as Christian men and women, God's chosen instruments for the spread of his Word, are active and faithful, shall the moral, intellectual, and spiritual darkness of China's sons and daughters be dispelled.

CHRISTIAN WORK AMONG THE WOMEN OF CHINA.

Since the opening of the first school for girls at Ningpo, by Miss Aldersey, at the close of the war between China and England, the missionaries' wives and the single ladies sent out by different Boards, have kept either day or boarding schools, wherever possible. The attendance, however, was usually very small and fluctuating, as the Chinese feared greatly the influence of the missionaries upon their daughters; withdrawing them from school as soon as they showed any particular signs of advancement or interest, fearing that they were being made Christians through witchcraft. The spiritual condition and needs of the women of China have not been so clearly or forcibly set before our countrywomen, as have the wants of women of some other heathen nations. The social degradation and spiritual darkness of the millions of China's daughters should be better understood, and larger efforts made for their elevation.

The great need of more missionary women to work among the women of China, has long been felt by the missionaries. The seclusion of the women precludes the possibility of their becoming acquainted with Christian doctrine from the teachings of male missionaries, and the powerful influence and authority exerted by the aged and bigoted Chinese women, prevents many Chinamen who are convinced of the truth of Christian-

ity from professing Christ, and turns back to idolatry many weak and trembling believers. Dr. David Abeel seems to have been the first to urge in America the necessity of organizing Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies, asa means of arousing the interest of American women in behalf of their heathen sisters. Dr. S. Wells Williams, in writing of the importance that Christian women, resident in China, should be zealous to bring its women to Christ, says: "The influence and labors of female missionaries in China is, from the constitution of society in that country, likely to be the only, or principal means of reaching their sex for a long time to come, and it is desirable, therefore, that they should engage in the work by learning the language, and making the acquaintance of the families around them. Female schools are the necessary complement of boys', and a heathen wife soon carries a man back to idolatry, if he is only intellectually convinced of the truths of Christianity." China can never be redeemed from idolatry until her women are delivered from the superstitious terrors of Búddhism and Tauism, until they are raised to be man's companions, and not simply his drudges or dolls, nor until she is able to be the instructor of her children. "Elevate the mother and the whole household is raised; gain to Christ some Lois or Eunice, and a youthful Timothy, to preach the everlasting Gospel, may be given us."

The first schools for girls in China were started under great difficulties. The earnest missionary women, who collected their few scholars, sought them out in the highways and byways, and brought them in by promises of presents and rewards. Their discouragements were innumerable. Not unfrequently, just as they began to

feel that possibly their efforts might result in some good, they found their little school rooms empty; some strange story of witchcraft, a petty officer's command, an old wife's fears and predictions, or a prevailing epidemic, had scattered the little flock. In the early days of missionary labor in China, the women could not go into the chapels to listen to preaching, and the missionaries' wives held services for them in their own parlors. Later, screens placed in the chapels partitioned off a space for the few native Christian women, but now they are allowed their proper place. In Amoy the first services for Chinese women were conducted by Mrs. Young in 1845; a year later, she began a school for girls. In 1847 Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Happer held meetings for women in Canton, and Mrs. Bridgman started a school for girls. Upon Mrs. Bridgman's removal to Shanghai, she began the first school for girls in that place, in 1850. Mrs. Bridgman's work for China was long and full of interest. In 1844 she went to China as Miss Gillett, under the auspices of the American Episcopal Board; in 1846 she was married to Dr. Bridgman, and after his death, she still gave her life and labors to China. Many other women, of equal work and devotion, have spent their best years in China, whose toils and successes are still unrecorded. Of fifteen American missionaries, widows, and single women, lately resident in Peking, an English missionary writes:

"One has read through the Four Books—a task which has not been achieved by all of the sterner sex—and has thus qualified herself for high-class instruction. Another has commenced a Roman orthography to save the poor from needing to learn the Chinese character

before they can read the Scriptures. Others speak the language with remarkable fluency and elegance. Others have begun writing Christian books needed in their work. Of the whole number, two have become married, one to a merchant—and she is lost to missionary work —the other to a missionary at another station, where she engages in mission labors more efficiently than before. One is dead (Mrs. Bridgman), leaving behind a fair name for devotedness and zeal, such as have not been exceeded in China. Sickness or approaching old age have taken back two to their native country. The rest are all now engaged in schools, classes, cottage meetings, studying, administering medicine (one is an M. D.) and setting an example of what Protestant sisterhoods can do in a city where there is unlimited room for women's work."

And these are but a few of a great company of noble women missionaries, who have toiled and now toil for China's sons and daughters, the full extent of whose sacrifice and works is known only in heavenly records. The work among the women of China has been and must be for many years to come, a time of plowing up of fallow ground, of seed sowing, and careful watching. The truth has taken root in a few hearts, and borne precious fruit, and in many more the strength of superstition is broken, and as their children grow up, a mother's fears and idolatry will not withdraw them from the Kingdom of Heaven. The majority of girls educated in the mission schools are married to heathen, in fulfillment of the early betrothal. A few who profess Christianity are able to remain faithful, but the majority find the opposition and reproaches of heathen friends, and the require-

ments of idolatry, greater than they can bear. Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, a missionary in Fúchau, has pictured the oppressed and harrassed condition of a Christian Chinaman in the midst of a heathen family. If the man, with his greater strength and authority, finds his life a burden, what must be the sore strait of a woman in like circumstances. Mrs. Baldwin says:

"But suppose that the truth has found entrance into the heart; that, through the blessed Spirit's enlightenment, the man sees the truth, and finds in it that for which his soul longs, and which his most zealous idol worship has failed to give him; suppose he believes in and accepts this 'foreign doctrine,' as it is contemptuously called; now, what has he before him? Pretty certainly the determined opposition of his heathen friends. First, their exhortations to return to the faith of his fathers, and then their hatred and abuse, amounting at times even to personal violence. Father and mother, brother and sister, wife and children, may unite to make his life a burden to him. He is regarded often by them as the vilest of men; as one who has forsaken all the time-honored and precious customs of this ancient heathenism, to follow the empty faith and customs of the hated foreigner. If sickness, sorrow, or calamity of any kind come to the family, he is the Jonah who has brought down the wrath of the gods; if a girl is born, the rice crop fails, or the potato vines yield a meagre crop, this reprobate is the occasion of it all!"

For the young Christian bride, entering a heathen husband's home, there awaits not only threats, hatred, and revilings, but not unfrequently stripes and imprisonment, and sometimes death. But we should not regard

the teaching young girls may receive in our mission schools, nor the efforts of our missionaries, as lost or wasted, if, under severe persecution, or the constant scolding by the husband and his friends, the weak young wife gives way under her trial, and worships the household gods rather than live in a continual quarrel. Cast no stone upon her tried soul, O Christian man or woman, you who join in sinful pleasures rather than appear odd among your associates, you who yield your idea of right or wrong in small matters, rather than make a fuss, nor withhold your pittance from the missionary treasury lest it be spent upon a vacillating heathen. Be content, rather, if some of these trembling, wavering young mothers, teach to their little ones the well remembered hymns, the Sermon on the Mount, and other precious Bible truths, if they shall teach their children that foreigners are not all "devils," that the "foreign doctrine" is the truth, and so unwittingly "prepare the way of the Lord, and make his paths straight" in the hearts of a rising generation. The Chinese have marvelous memories, and their children in this respect excel any but exceptional American children. A missionary on a tour in his district, writes of two schools, taught by Chinese women, as follows:

"This morning we examined the girls' day school. The oldest girl repeated the first twelve hyms in a steady voice, and without the slightest hesitation. We were assured that she could go through the entire book (containing about one hundred hymns) in the same manner. Other girls repeated hymns and the Catechism equally well. One little girl, who knew the whole of Matthew by heart, was so much embarrassed in attempting to

recite in our presence, that we had to excuse her. After one of the girls had recited, I took the book and pointed to various characters at random, to see whether she knew them. She answered promptly and correctly every time. I observed them writing also, and they seemed to be making satisfactory progress. * * * The Ung-le Girls' Day School was quite a feature in the meeting. Eighteen girls, mostly bright looking and well dressed, sat along one side of the room, and gave strict attention to all that was said. Some of the women had curious circular head ornaments, made of a kind of wicker work. The chapel was well filled, and the people attentive throughout. Toward evening we visited the school. One girl repeated twenty-one of the twenty-four pages of the catechism without a mistake. Others recited in Matthew, and the Three Character Classic." These young girls may be bearers of glad tidings to some sin-burdened soul, even as was the little Hebrew maid to proud Naaman.

While many may falter and faint under the terrible pressure of heathenism, and the weight of superstitious fears that were bred in them from their earliest infancy, others stand fast amid the severest trials, and some of the best fruit of missionary labor has been found among the women of China. They receive the truth more readily than the men, and Christianity is a greater boon to them; it honors their womanhood, and they no longer need to plead that during another existence they may be men; when their loved ones die, they no longer feel that upon their wailings, fastings, and bribery of the gods, does the salvation of the dear one depend; they tremble no more before the malevolent spirits that heathenism teaches

them fill earth and sky, but cast their care upon a loving and all-powerful Father, and in the future they look forward to a heaven of rest, instead of a foul and bloody sea. The testimonies of Christian women in China are simple and earnest, and bear within themselves the evidences of their truth and sincerity. One speaks of her effort to live a Christian life, after she had accepted Christ, thus: "I very fully desired to glorify God unto the end. But the devil continually planned and wished to stop my advancement in the heavenly doctrine. Old sins seemed ready to revive, and of all that wicked business I cannot find words to tell you. I was extremely sad. But thanks unto the Lord, for he took me by the hand and saved me, and has aided me to this moment. I was then clear as to the fearful temptation business that had met me, and by trusting Jesus only, I saw that over all I had victory abundant."

Another, speaking of her own and her husband's conversion, says: "I saw he was very much changed from what he was before. This made me very glad, but I could not understand why or how he was so changed. Then I saw him reading a book of hymns. I read it with him; also the New Testament. Then I quickly understood the whole, and my heart was very glad. I rejoiced greatly to receive the Doctrine's preacher. I trusted Him to teach me how to be saved; and now I hope for heaven and happiness. The Holy Spirit made it all plain to me. I wish the women of the foreign country to know that our native women have not Christ's doctrines, but have a very grievous history, and ask them to pray for us miserable women, that the precious teachings may come near to us. For the Great Salva-

tion to reach us is very difficult, because we are so tightly bound by the customs. I can only trust the Lord to cut this rope of Satan, and bring these bad customs to a speedy end, that He may reign here. This my heart truly desires."

A Bible woman, in a report of her work, says: "I have done my best to bear the cross and work for Jesus. Some have heard and believed, while others have reviled and persecuted me. Often, in passing along, people have scolded me, and sometimes, with very bad language, have ordered me out of their villages. But I remembered reading in the Acts of the Apostles, v, 41: 'His disciples rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name,' and I rejoiced greatly."

Here and there a woman hears the Word, and for its own sake, without the aid of foreign teachers, treasures up and lives according to the message of salvation. A missionary tried to establish a mission station in a Chinese town, but after some time gave up the effort as useless. Several years after, some Christians, passing that way, found a Christian woman, who heard the missionary preach once, and for years had been praying that some Christian might come again. "She had been sustained, by the little truth she learned then, during a series of afflictions which had deprived her of nearly all her family; and had clung to Jesus, in spite of the efforts of all her neighbors to convince her that her afflictions were a result of her abandoning idols. In that town, and mostly owing to her influence, there is now a thriving little Presbyterian community."

The English Society for the Promotion of Female Education in the East, has supported missionary ladies

and girls' schools in China, ever since Miss Aldersey, more than thirty years ago, during a time of great peril and insecurity, started alone, and armed only with that brave, undaunted spirit that none but Christian women command, to open a girls' school at Ningpo. At present the Society sustains missionaries in six principal ports, also teachers, Bible readers, and schools. Other Societies, English and European, have sent a number of single ladies to China, and made considerable effort for the elevation of Chinese womanhood.

The missionaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies of America have been but few years in China. Those years have necessarily been years of preparation, yet some good has been done, and some souls saved. Great difficulty has been experienced in finding Chinese women qualified to act as teachers and Bible readers.

The Woman's Union Missionary Society in 1868 sent three missionaries to Peking. This society is still represented by the same number of laborers. Several schools and scholars are also supported by it, that are under the care of missionaries and other societies.

The American Episcopal Board of Missions has for many years had single lady missionaries in China. The Woman's Auxiliary to that Board has assumed the support of eight lady missionaries, seven day schools, and three boarding schools, for both boys and girls, with nearly three hundred children under instruction.

The Woman's Board of Missions, auxiliary to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in 1868 sent two missionaries to China, and now they have but three missionaries and one boarding school in China, as the main strength of this organization is spent

upon the very interesting and promising work in Turkey.

The Woman's Board for the Interior has sent five single ladies to China, who have in charge a boarding school for girls, besides several day schools, and in Peking have a chapel, the gift of one person, as a memorial for a deceased daughter.

In 1871 the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church returned to China the Misses Sarah and Beulah Woolston, who had already labored twelve years in China. At present this Society sustains eight single lady missionaries, fourteen deaconesses and Bible readers, eighteen day and boarding schools, and three hospitals, the latter under the care of medical missionary ladies. The wives of the Methodist missionaries in China had a good foundation laid for this work before the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and they are still most earnest and successful laborers.

The Baptist Woman's Missionary Societies support three missionaries, four schools for boys and girls, and employ nine Bible women in China. These societies are also sending teachers and sustaining schools in Siam, for the enlightenment of the Chinese resident there.

In 1873 the Woman's Missionary Societies of the Presbyterian Church assumed the support of eight missionary ladies already in the field, and sent two single ladies. For more than thirty years, the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church have been laboring in China, and in the stations occupied by them, the missionaries' wives had a prosperous work already established among the Chinese women. The support of this work, and its enlargement, has been assumed by the Woman's Boards, and now they have some twenty missionaries, twenty-four Bible readers and teachers, besides several day, boarding, and training schools.